Collier's

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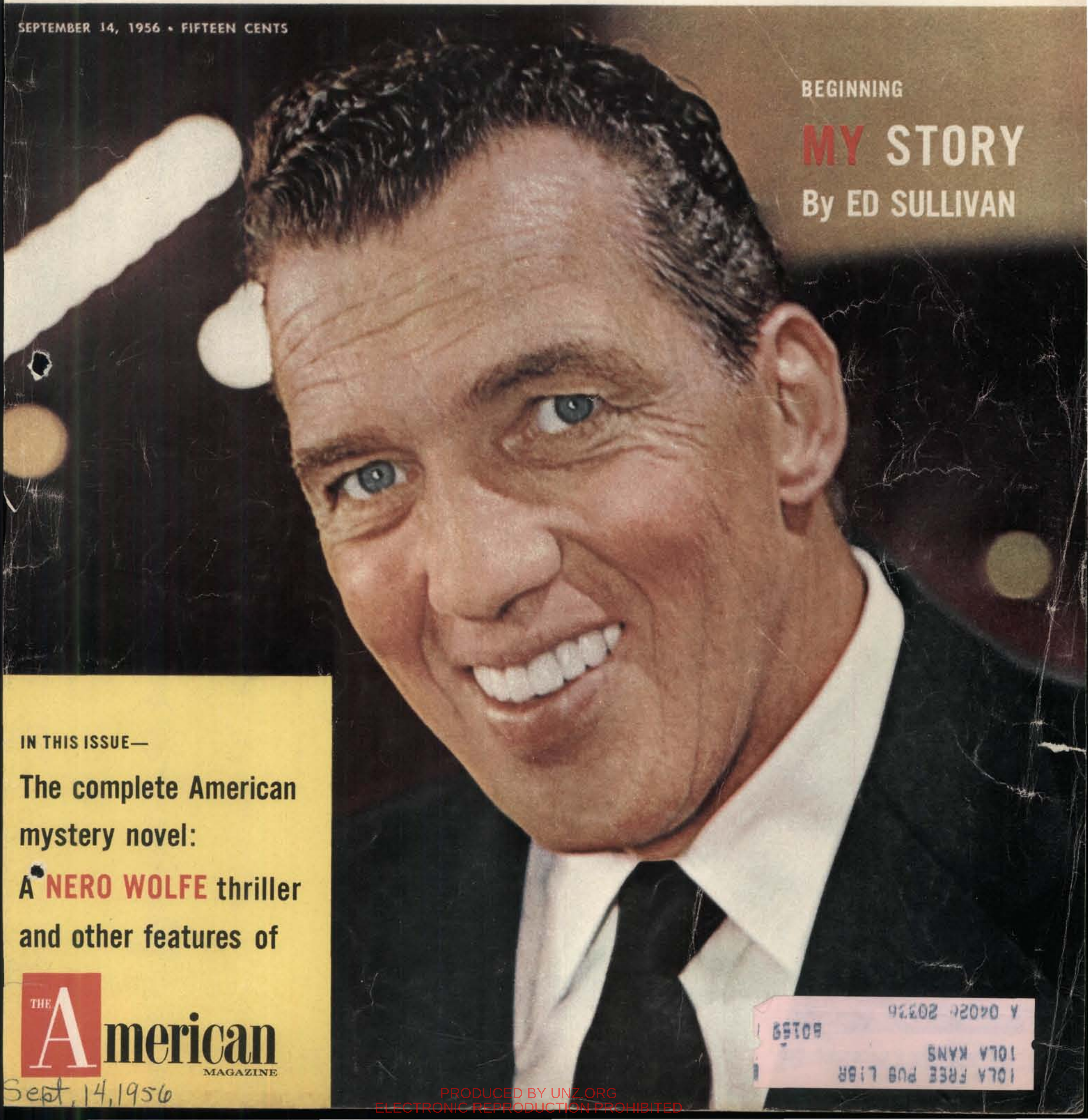
## Francis Wallace's 17TH FOOTBALL PREVIEW

## Where men go wrong about women voters

SEPTEMBER 14, 1956 • FIFTEEN CENTS



BEGINNING

## MY STORY

By ED SULLIVAN

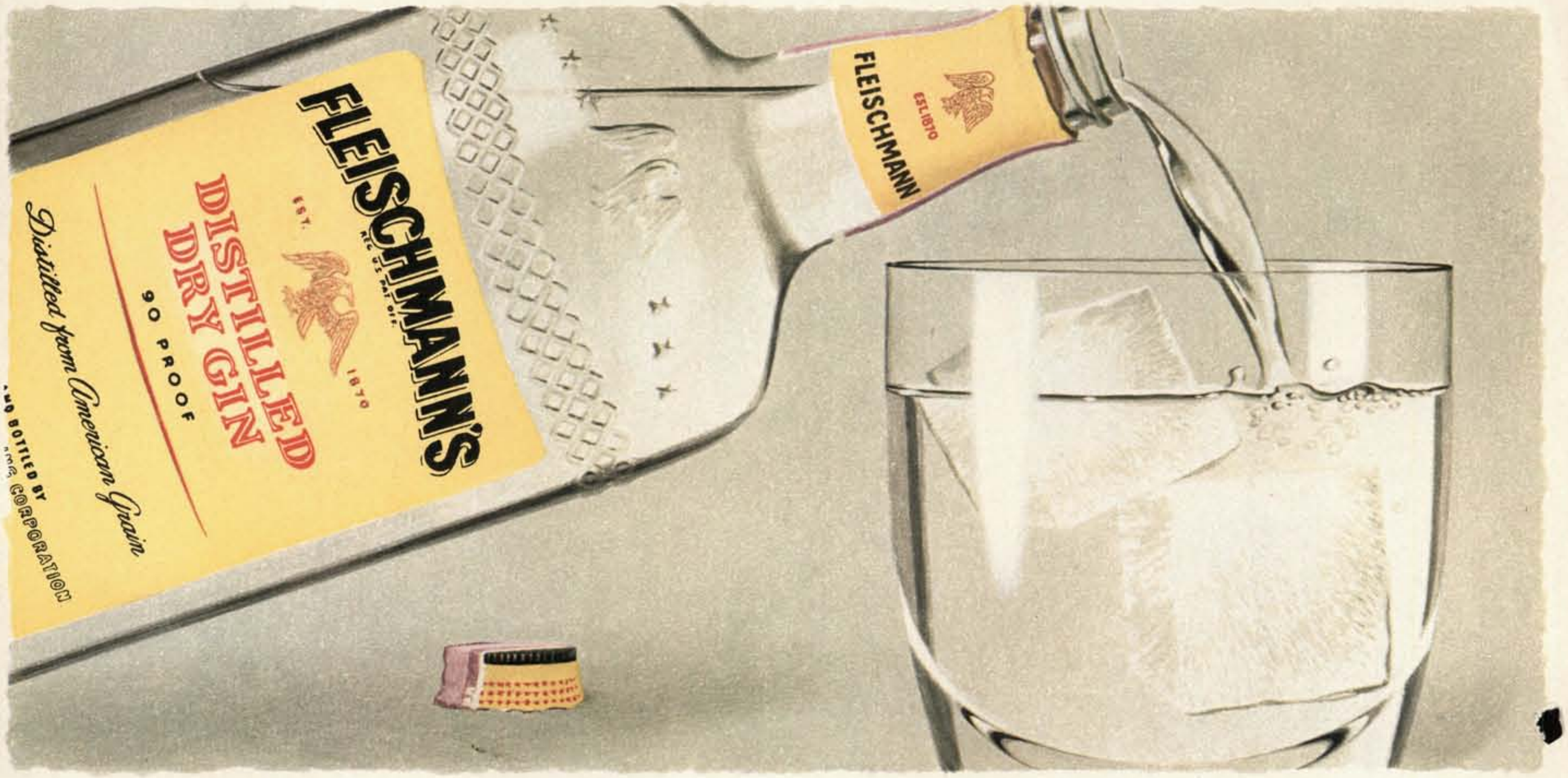
IN THIS ISSUE—

The complete American mystery novel: A NERO WOLFE thriller and other features of

THE American MAGAZINE

Sept. 14, 1956

What? Gin 'n Nothing?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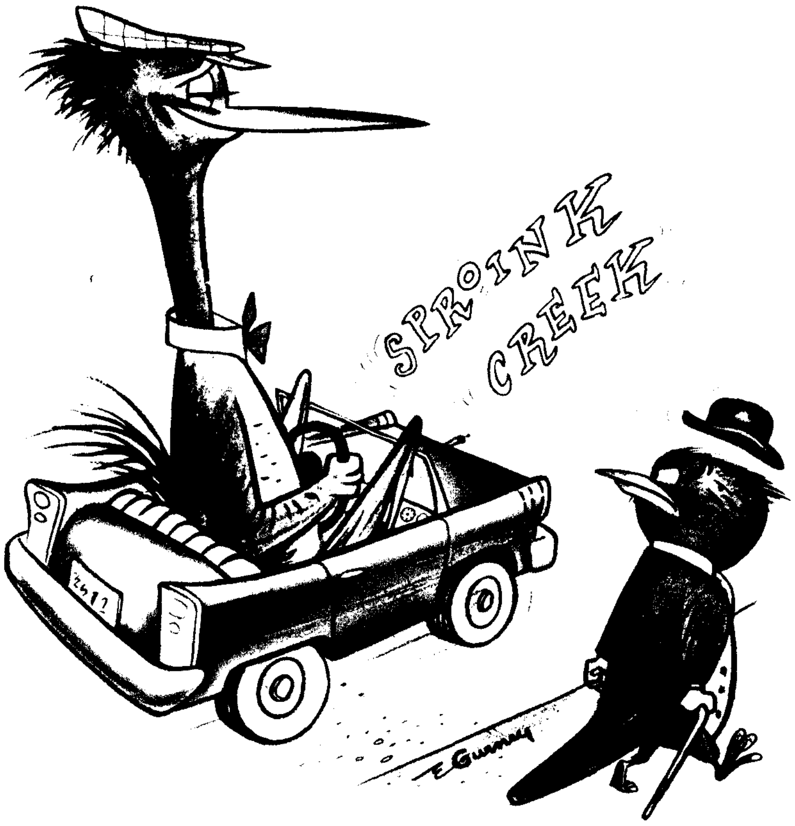
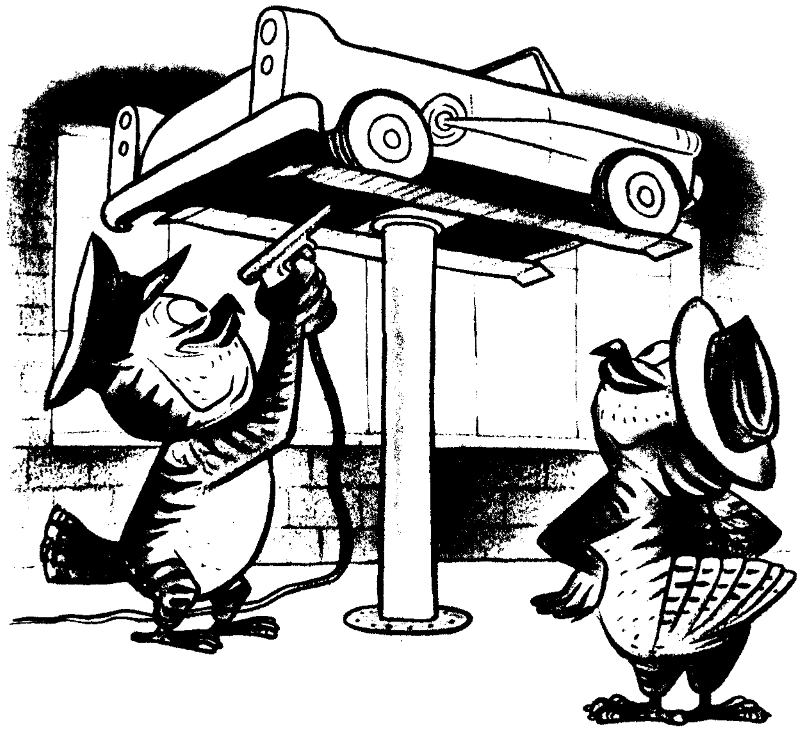
# ROAD BIRDS

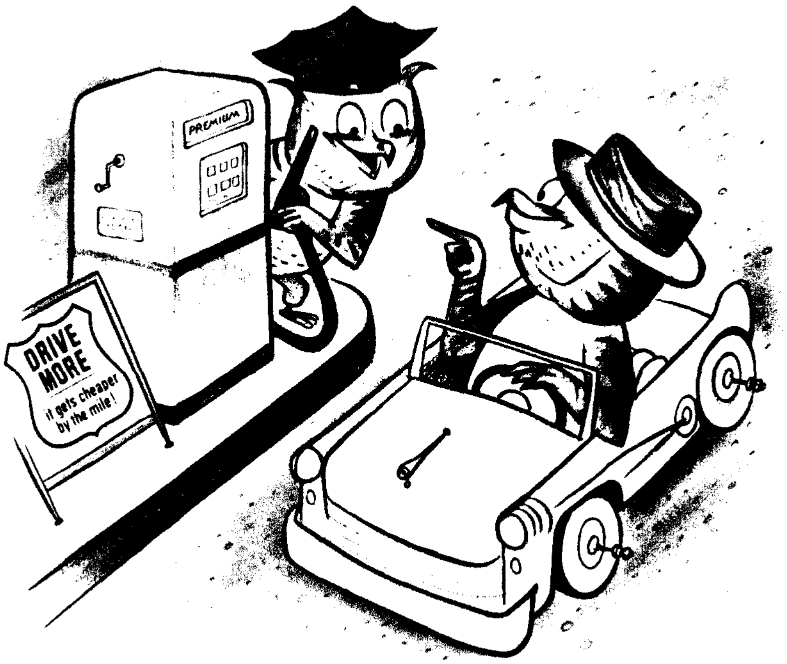
## a series by Ethyl Corporation



**The Creaky Crane** can be identified by his odd call . . . a mixture of squeaks and creaks. He doesn't use his voice to make these unpleasant sounds, but creates them by neglecting to have his car lubricated at regular intervals.



**The Smart Bird** never lets out a squeak. He knows that this kind of noise means some part of his car is being rapidly worn out. So he keeps everything quiet by making a habit of regular visits to his service station.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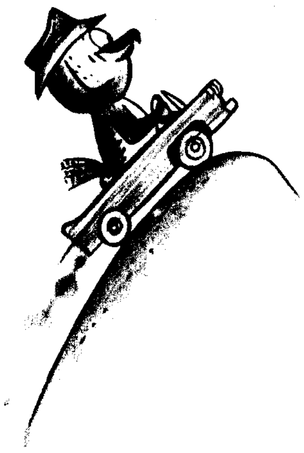
DRIVE MORE
it gets cheaper by the mile!

**The Smart Bird** also has a good habit when it comes to buying gasoline. He always gets premium gasoline. Premium gasoline, with its higher octane rating, lets you take full advantage of your engine's power and performance.

It's smart
to use
*premium*
gasoline



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**Picture OF THE MONTH**

Opposites attract, but *no* opposites attract like the attractive men and women of M-G-M's hilarious composite of laughter and music, "The Opposite Sex"!

Here's an eye-opening look inside the glamorous boudoirs of ladies who have nothing to do but are never idle as long as there's a calory to be counted, a tidbit of gossip to be traded, or somebody else's male to be vamped. It's a silk and satin jungle prowled by cuddling, clawing sophisticats whose law is the survival of the tightest-fitted. The native habitat of these minxes-in-sables runs from Park Avenue to Reno and back, and they stop at nothing in between.

Sound rough? It is! But it's all also very revealing. Especially when June Allyson, perfect wife, learns from all her best friends, and a passing manicurist, just who's been keeping imperfect husband Leslie Nielsen so late "at the office." June's a radiant breath of fresh air in this habitat of high fashion and not-so-high fidelity. Before she decides to fight mire with mire, we meet a round dozen of especially adroit glamor-gal characterizations.

Characterizations? *Annihilations!* The Siren (Joan Collins) is a sexposé all by herself. The Gossip (Dolores Gray) will do anything, or do *in* anybody. The Smart Career Woman (Ann Sheridan) slanders her own sex. The Chorus Girl (Ann Miller) is a-whirl with rhythm. And Jeff Richards, as a dude ranch romeo consoling disenchanted juliets, enhances the romances hilariously.

Racily told in CinemaScope and the new Metrocolor, this big, talent-rich picture appropriately co-stars Agnes Moorehead, Charlotte Greenwood, Joan Blondell and Sam Levene, and guest-stars Harry James and his Band, Dick Shawn, Art Mooney and Jim Backus with Bill Goodwin.

Seven eye-filling song-and-dance interludes to tunes by Academy Award team Sammy Cahn and Nicholas Brodszky underscore the Fay and Michael Kanin's screenplay distilled from Clare Booth's famous original. The title song, a Haitian calypso, and the Psychiatrist's Couch number are tops. And so are famed producer Joe Pasternak and Director David Miller who have most elegantly caught Cafe Society with its elegance down and its war-paint on.

All's fair in love and war – and in "The Opposite Sex", a riotous battle of the sexes you'll enjoy to the last hair-pull!

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# They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

## Now they're helping others do the same

**By REX TAYLOR**

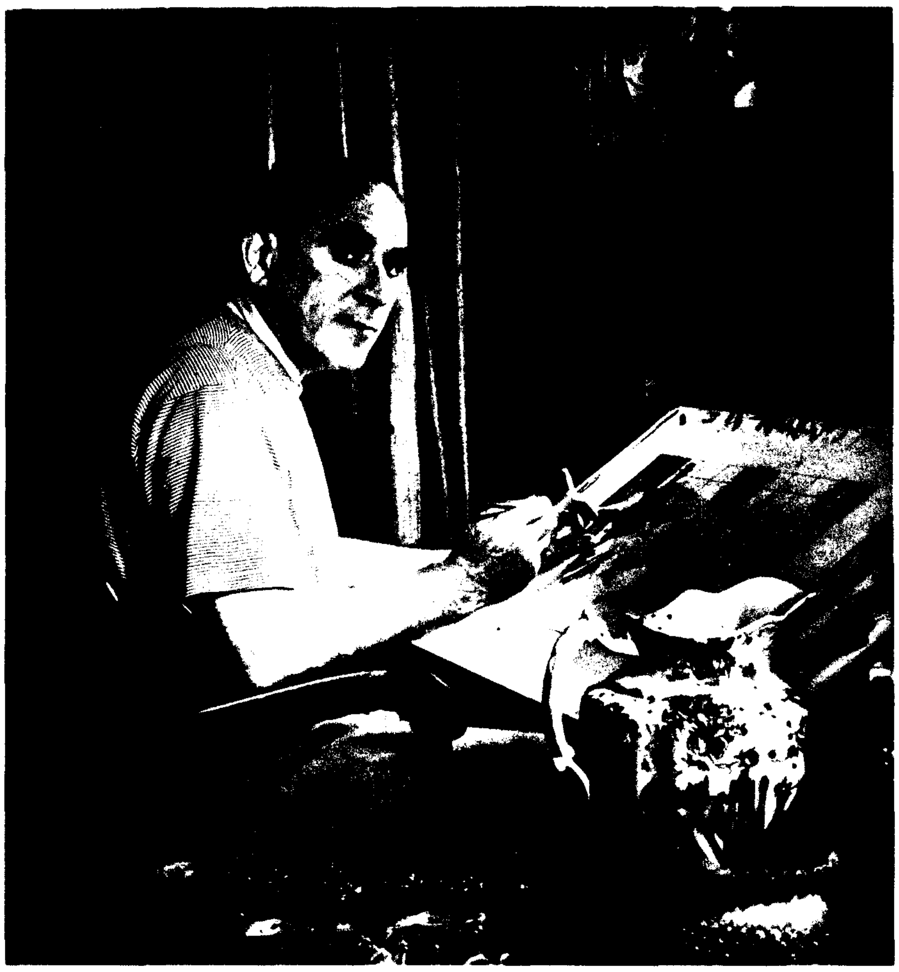
ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. He never got past the seventh grade. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. Soon he discovered that people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 19 he was well launched in the field of commercial art. By 22 he was earning $500 a week. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck and worked in a mill before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, known as the "illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who struggled to support his family in a cold-water flat when he first broke into art, today lives in a magnificent contemporary home, over 100 feet long.

**A plan to help others:** Nearly ten years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists — Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"


(Photo by Ferenz Fedor)

**ALBERT DORNE**—one of the greatest money-makers in commercial art. From the window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slum tenement where he once lived.

(Photo by Roy Stevens)

**NORMAN ROCKWELL**—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the war-born methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw the "glamour girls" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually *draw*, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

**School is launched; students quickly succeed:** Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools — whose campus is the U. S. mail, whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. The school's activities started in a converted old barn in Westport, Conn. It grew rapidly. Today it occupies its own modern building and has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Don Smith is a good example. When he became a student three years ago, Don knew nothing about art, even doubted if he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in New Orleans.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled in the School. Now a fashionable New York Gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "show" where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company—on the basis of his work with the school. Now he helps design new car models.

**"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?"** Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U.S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

**Unique art talent test:** To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it *might* lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

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# Appointment with

ALTHOUGH AS AN AMERICAN citizen I could sue anyone who said this about me, the sad fact is that I am not a very good athlete. There are two things you must not say about any American: you must never cast doubt on his generosity, and you must never voice misgivings about his athletic ability. I shall take up the subject of my generosity at another time, or maybe never. But since we are in the middle of the pursuit of perspiration, what with baseball and football seasons overlapping and the weather all right for tennis and golf, I may be permitted these few observations on sport. Perhaps I may help some poor soul who is similarly afflicted.

I really have no excuses. As a child I was fed (and liked) good Jersey milk from our own farm. I grew up strong and tall and lean, with excellent eyesight and good co-ordination. I have done extremely hard manual labor over long periods. At fourteen I was able to ride a horse 35 miles a day. At twenty-eight I played golf consistently in the low 80's (but never got into the 70's). In my thirties I frequently played 10 sets of tennis a day. I once accidentally and informally broke the interscholastic record for the shot-put. And so on. And of course I never trained. So it isn't as though I had physical handicaps to give me an out. The simple fact, the terrible admission I must make, is that temperamentally I am not an athlete.

In every sport that I have tried I have made good, or even remarkable shots, and in two sports, golf and tennis, I used to have specialties: I had a good serve, and I had a long drive. But I never was consistent, and I know why. I was too easily distracted. I recall needing a five on a four-par hole to get a 79. I flubbed a short chip shot and took a six. It wasn't the pressure: it was simply forgetting that I was playing golf. The other day I had a par, a par, an 8, and a birdie in that order. The 8 tells the story: I forgot to play golf, and the difference between a good athlete and me is that he remembers.

I trust that the State Department does not hold that this makes me a less good American when I apply for passport renewal. I won't even be going in the same direction as the Olympic athletes.

* * *

IT'S A LONG, LONG WHILE from May to December and it's even longer since I have heard a movie actress, or actor, in a radio interview who didn't say, "It was fun making the picture." I wouldn't think of saying a word against Sardi's, the theatrical restaurant where I have been a customer for 28 years and through the second generation; a long, long while. But when I listen to Luncheon at Sardi's, the radio program, I can think of several words to say about the stars and starlets who had such fun, pronounced *fahn.*

They have another pet word: exciting. It has become a pet word of that group of actors, singers, agents, producers, quiz people and hucksters that for want of a better term—and there is no better term—I call the Television Set. They all talk alike, they all think alike. Where the Londoner used to finish a sentence with "And all that sort of thing" the Television Set say "And all that jazz." I mentioned to one of them last winter that we had gone to Canada for a week of rest and change. "Was it exc*i*-ting?" she said.

The girls—and boys—who had such fahn making their latest pictures also learned a lot. They always say that. "I learned a lot working with Joan Crawford (Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, Jeff Chandler, Elia Kazan, Bette Davis, William Bendix)." I have yet to hear the interviewer ask *what* they learned. That would be the $64,000 challenge.

Film Producers, do you know what Kim Gorgonzola was doing when she should have been working? She was having fahn and learning a lot. And now she's bragging about it on your expense account. As a Hollywood veteran I can tell you I had fun, and it was exciting, and I learned a lot and all that jazz. But none of that was in the contract. Indeed, there was a specific clause against it.

* * *

I HAVE MISLAID my newspaper clippings—cuttings, to my friends in Cape Town—about those American midshipmen who acted up at that garden party in England. But apparently a thousand of our boys who were invited to a strawberry festival bypassed the strawberries and protocol and headed straight for the booze.

As a former member of the Navy League I offer my apologies for damage done and social errors committed. In 1814 some British came to our shores and set fire to the White House, but they had not been invited to a strawberry festival, and I seriously doubt that the recent raid on the English hard sauce was motivated by a vindictive sense of history. I never got higher than the simulated rank of two and a half stripes so I cannot pretend to think the way the high brass does, but it seems to me, with my limited experience, that to turn loose a liberty party of 1,000 midshipmen on a lawn fete is just asking for it. At CINCPAC, at Kwajalein, at Los Negros and Manus and the Johnston Islands, I have seen junior officers queue up and gamble for their beer and grog allowances, but I never heard one sigh for a strawberry. A strawberry blonde, yes; but not just a berry. And the Navy has not changed so much in 12 years that I would be led to expect a liberty party to settle for a dish of fruit even with cream on top. Indeed, I'd have begun to wonder about the Navy if they'd gone for the berries. I would not like to think that the Navy has become so dispirited by the fly-boys' budgetary successes that they have given up. No Navy man below commodore should be content with strawberries when there is good Scots whiskey a few cases away.

Perhaps we have all learned a small lesson from the unfortunate incident. We can be fairly sure that the midshipmen were not allowed to forget that they had perpetrated a breach of manners. Nobody gets the cat any more in our Navy, but there are still ways and degrees of punishment, the least of which would be no strawberries for those midshipmen. The high brass have learned, or should have, that time off is not necessarily for good behavior. The English hosts at the garden party? Well, ordinarily I care awfully little what they think of us abroad, so long as our conscience is clear. *They* don't lose sleep over what *we* think of *them.* In this case, however, we have egg on our chins, we are out of uniform, and there are traces of strawberry and cream on our bib.

* * *

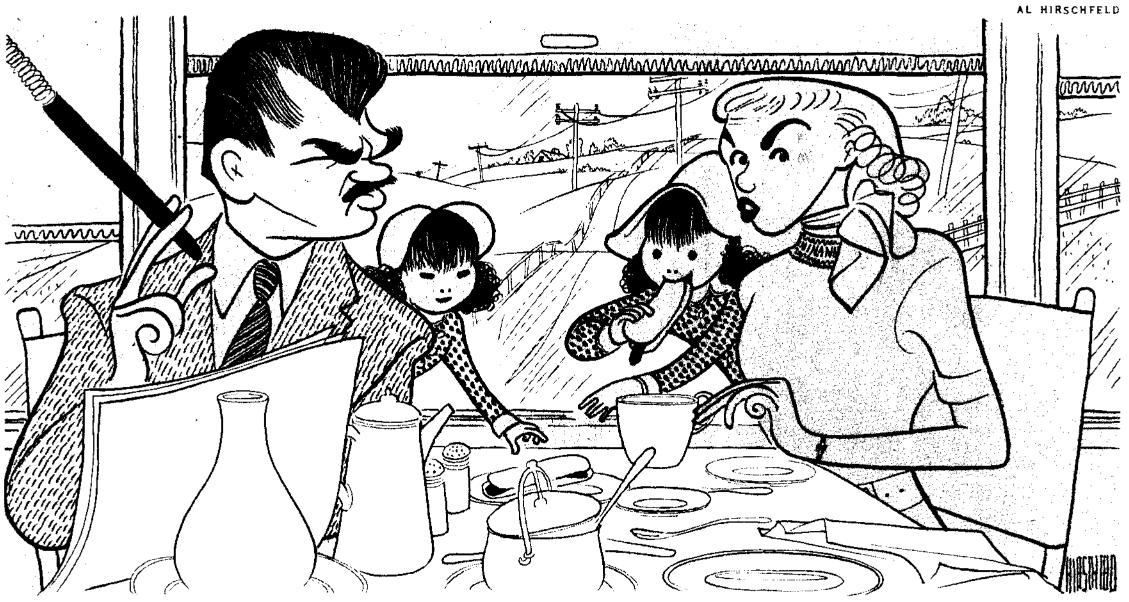
CREDIT WHERE CREDIT'S DUE. Someday in the future I may refer to horse operas or cowboy pictures as "hippic epics." When and if I do, kindly bear in mind that the coiner of that phrase was Charles Poore, the top book reviewer of The New York Times. Hippic epics. Remember it. Come in handy on the late TV shows.

* * *

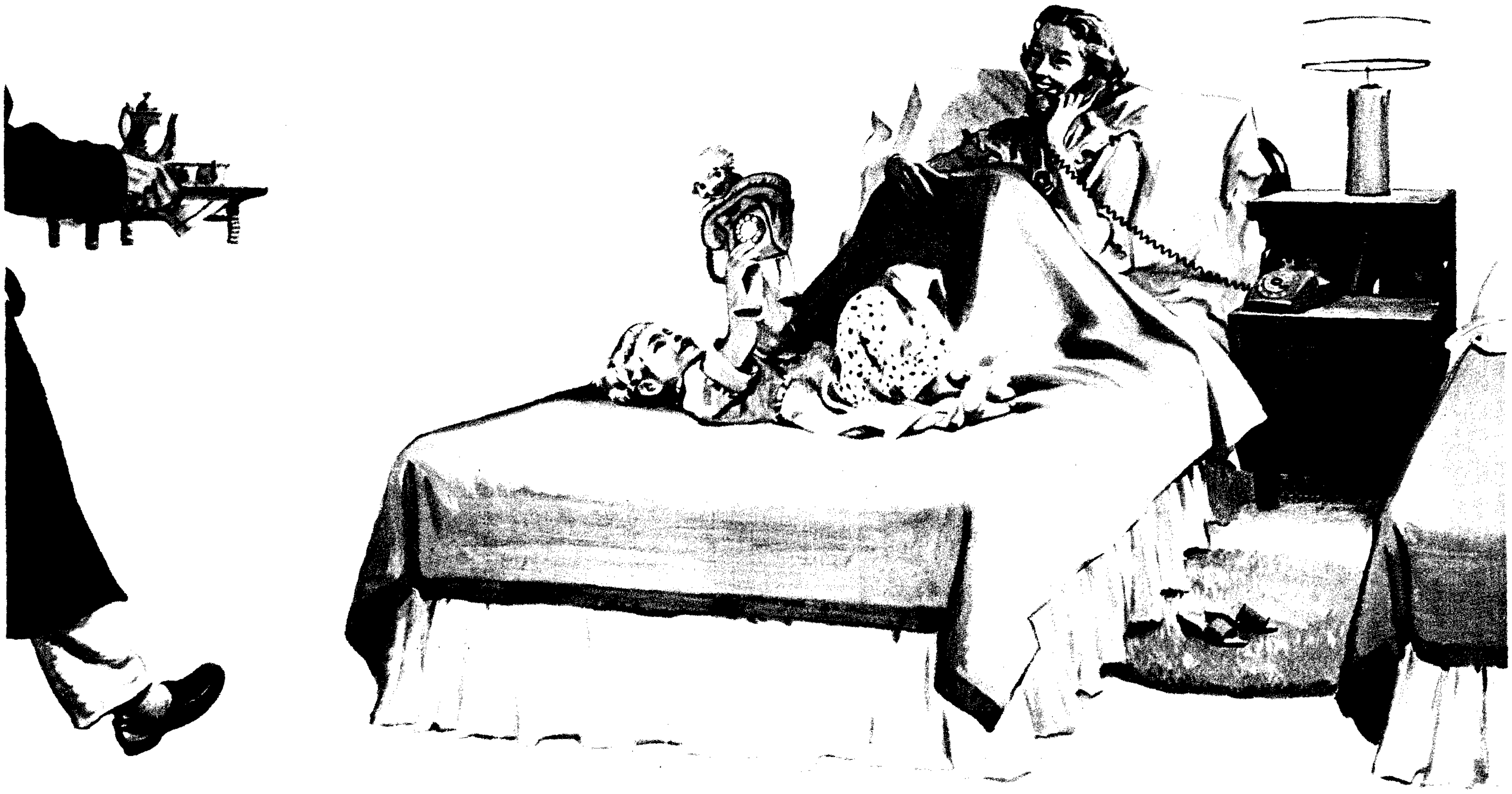
ONE DAY LAST SPRING my small family and I were having lunch in a Wilmington-bound dining car. A man, his wife, and two young daughters were at the next table. They were nice looking and as anyone could tell from their conversation, they had a nice family relationship. The man might have been a band booker, a cigar salesman, an owner of a chain of restaurants or a dentist. But he was neither. He was Ernie Kovacs, with his wife Edie Adams and their children.

I am a Kovacs-Adams fan anyway, but I especially wish them good fortune after watching them *en famille.* —JOHN O'HARA

AL HIRSCHFELD



Ernie Kovacs and his wife, Edie Adams, and their two young children were at the next table in the dining car



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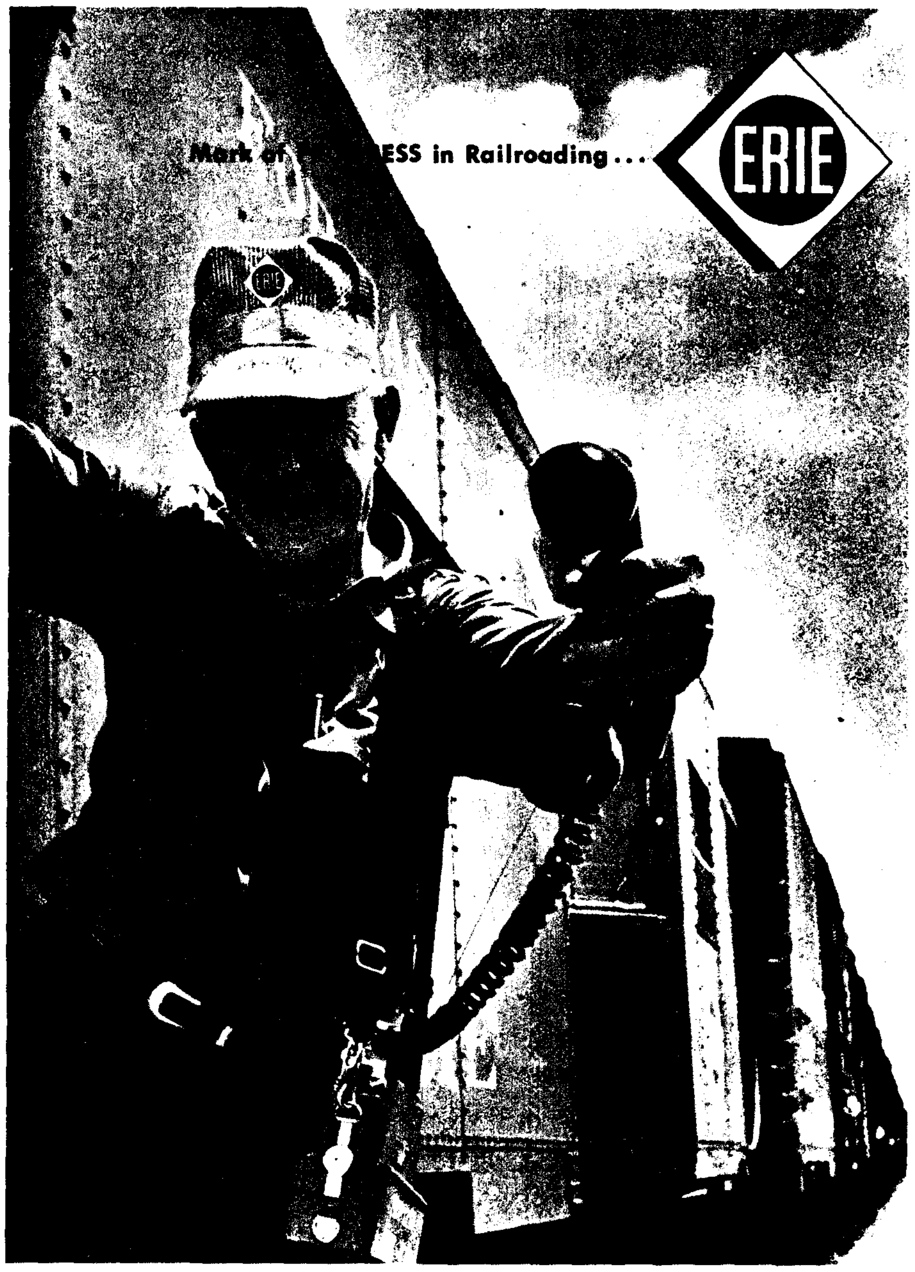
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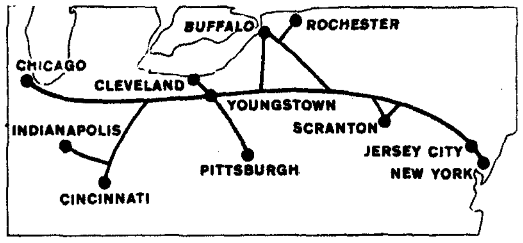

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# Why don't they?

**HAVE** built-in compartments inside garbage-can lids to hold deodorants and insecticides that will keep odors and flies away?—*Mrs. Florence D. Koontz, Moundsville, W.Va.*

**SELL** all products that are poisonous in containers with a raised emblem so that the warning can be felt as well as seen? —*Mrs. John A. Marthaler, Menominee, Mich.*

**MANUFACTURE** all fishing-tackle boxes with air spaces in the bottom so they will float if dropped in the water?—*Steve Bloye, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

**FURNISH** nonslip rubber covers to fit piano pedals so that smooth-soled shoes won't slip and cause the pedal to bang? —*Milton Johnson, Enchant, Alberta, Canada.*

**INSTALL** an automatic timing device on record players to register the number of hours a needle has been used?—*Mrs. Keith Lucas, Elmwood, Ill.*

**MARKET** a roll of heavy paper impregnated with starch which can be dampened and used efficiently as a pressing cloth to starch small areas of garments, such as the collars and cuffs on dresses, blouses and shirts?—*Mrs. Melvin Lindahl, East Orange, N.J.*

**STAPLE** napkins to bags of popcorn and peanuts sold in public places so you can wipe off your hands after eating?—*Mrs. Michael Fey, New York, N.Y.*

**MAGNETIZE** staple removers so that extracted staples will not scatter and can be disposed of easily?—*Mrs. E. T. McKee, Anderson, Ind.*

**PRODUCE** a special brush for dogs that can be attached to the vacuum cleaner? —*Alice I. Przybylski, Stevens Point, Wis.*

**MAKE** light bulbs that turn a certain color shortly before they burn out to warn you when to buy another?—*Frank R. Melka, Brookfield, Ill.*

IF YOU'VE A NEED no one seems to have filled, address a post card to Why Don't They?, Collier's, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Each published idea is worth $5. No contributions are returned or acknowledged. If ideas are duplicated, earliest postmarks get precedence.

# Now they've done it!

**For your medicine chest:** A self-fitting, self-tightening, nonslipping gauze. It clings to itself, conforms to body contours, simplifies difficult bandaging jobs. It can stretch as much as 40 per cent, then return to its original shape without losing any of its elasticity. If you should accidentally drop a roll and the gauze shoots across the floor, it won't unwind itself.

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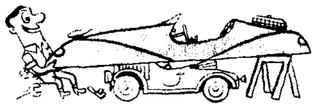
**Like to be able to lift** both sashes right out of your double-hung windows—for easier washing and painting from inside? There are new aluminum tension strips you can install yourself that will do just that. They take the place of sash cords, weights and pulleys, make the sashes readily removable and at the same time make the whole window weathertight.

**Want your own sports car?** A bolt-on sports body may be the answer. The lightweight yet strong laminated Fiberglas body comes in two sizes ready to go on any suitable used-car chassis.

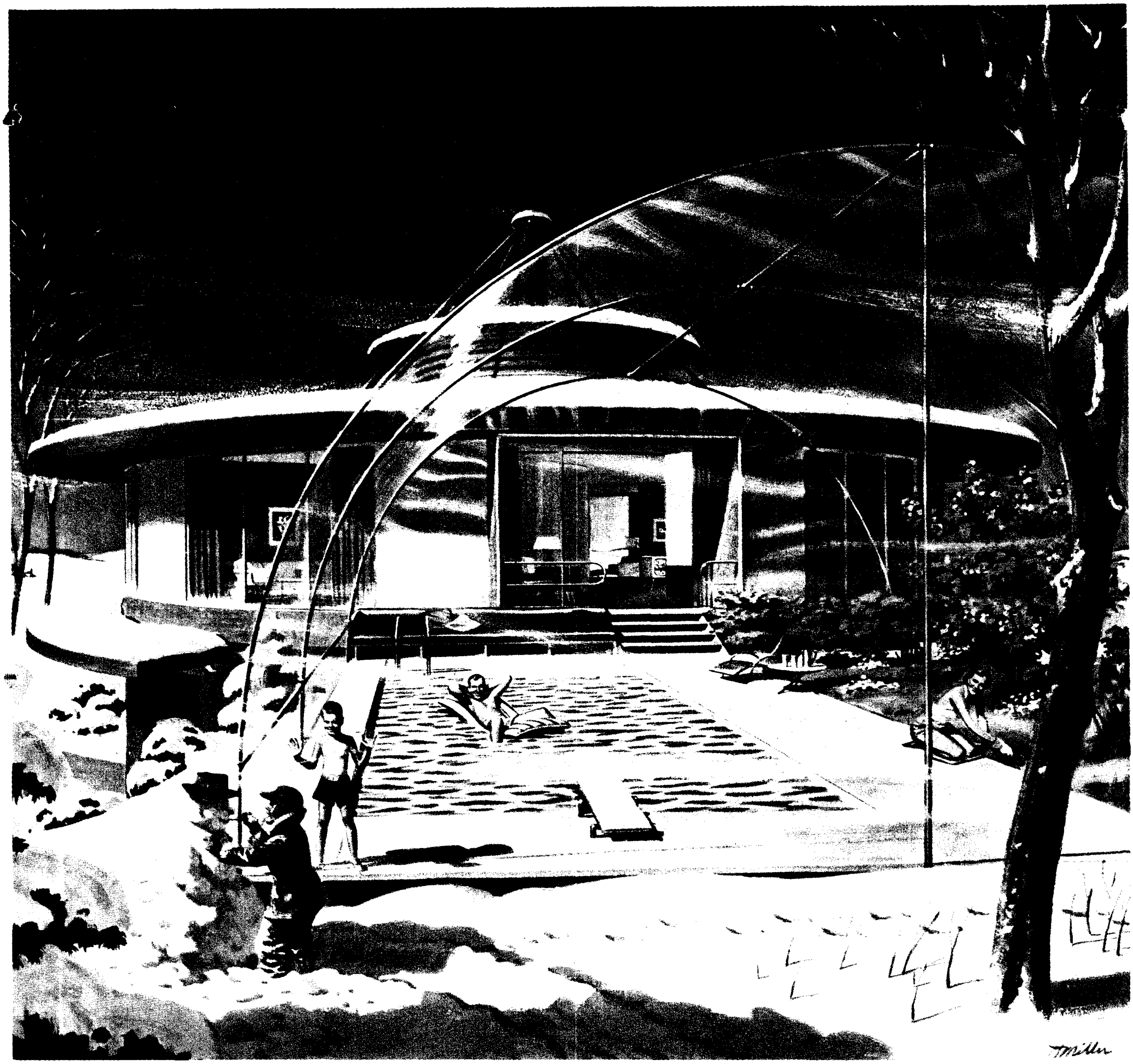


**For your rugs:** To prevent crush marks from heavy furniture, you can now get plastic "lifts." They have rimmed tops to hold any furniture leg and hundreds of little fingers on their bottoms that clear the piling.

**Knocking and hammering** in your plumbing system? To end it, there's a new shock-absorber coil containing a cushion of air. You can install it yourself, and the only maintenance needed is a few strokes of a bicycle-tire pump about once a year to restore the air.

LAWRENCE GALTON

NAMES AND ADDRESSES of manufacturers or distributors of the items mentioned above will *be sent to any reader who requests them. Mail your inquiry,* with a self-addressed stamped envelope, to Now They've Done It!, Collier's, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.



**FUTURE HOMES** will be able to face in any direction—turned from hour to hour or season to season by your electricity. Electrically operated climate-conditioned extensions will permit "spring or summer terraces" all year round—enjoy swimming, winter fun and gardening all at once, if you wish.

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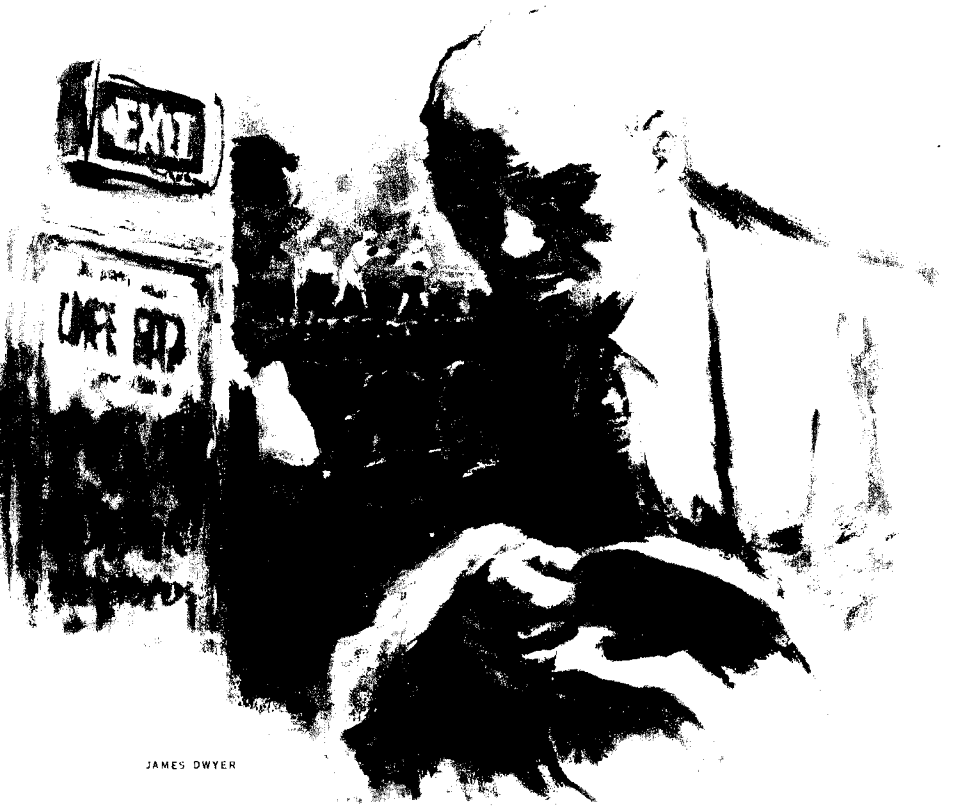
In the new electric age—as always—people will benefit most when served by companies like the ones bringing you this message—*America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

*Names on request from this magazine



JAMES DWYER

# BILLY WHO? By LIONEL OLAY

RARELY did he think of the old days, one way or the other. Mostly he shuffled around the house with his easy, catlike grace, unhurried, seemingly unconcerned. He was not old. He was not yet forty. His face had high cheekbones and there was scar tissue over his eyes, two protruding visors of healed wounds which made him look somehow ominous. His nose had been smashed, of course, countless times, until it had finally congealed in an unnoselike blob slightly off center.

He subscribed to the local newspapers and followed the Class C baseball team during the summer and the high school's basketball and football teams during the winter and spring. Sometimes he tried to interest his sister in them, but she was content to cook his meals and putter around the pleasant two-story frame house he had bought with his ring winnings. It was a peaceful and untroubled life.

Once, for a while, he had been middleweight champion of the world. He had not been a great champion, like Greb, or Mickey Walker or Sugar Ray, but he had been a courageous one. He had finally been beaten, and in the rematch he had received a brutal beating that had to be stopped in the eighth round. After that he fought seven or eight times more, but he could see that the reflexes were gone, that only the raw courage was left, and that it was not enough. His name was Billy Vocicz, pronounced Vochik.

Now he sat around and rooted for the teams of the town he had grown up in and returned to. Sometimes he took a walk and sometimes he stopped at the barbershop or the tavern to pass the time. But he did not like to drink and he felt uncomfortable just sitting in the barbershop when he did not need a haircut. Sometimes they asked him about his fights and he would try to tell them. But all his fights had merged into one ten-thousand-round main event that was mercifully over. He kept himself in splendid physical shape with deep knee bends and pushups, and he watched his diet and ate sparingly, from the ingrained habits formed in his training days.

It had been six years since he'd been to a fight. He'd watch them once in a while on television, but he was not interested any longer in who was going to win. And when two fighters began to punch each other in the head, toe to toe, his face would grow pained and he'd twist his gnarled knuckles; when his sister would see this she'd turn the set off. Rarely did he think of the old days, one way or the other. But sometimes he did.

One evening he was sitting in his rocking chair, reading the local paper. He saw that middleweight champion Rocky Carbone was signed to defend his title against promising young Hurricane Windsor and that they would fight in Detroit, only five hours away by train. He began to think about the old days and about going. He imagined the train ride to Detroit, the seat at ringside; he imagined eating afterward with some old cronies he felt sure would be there, and he imagined the train ride back, safe and sound. He would have to dip into his savings, and he was a frugal man, but, finally, after several days of quiet consideration, he decided to go.

That evening he put in a call to New York, to Max Marx, the national boxing czar. "Hello, Mr. Marx," he said after he'd got the connection, speaking very clearly and carefully. "I don't know if you remember me. I used to fight for you. Billy Vocicz."

"Who?"

"Vochik. Billy Vo-chik. I used to—"

"Oh, yeah. Sure. Vochik. Middleweight. Sure. How ya doin'?"

"I'm fine," Billy said. "Say, Mr. Marx, I was planning to go to the Carbone fight, and I was wondering if you could be of any help in getting me a ticket. I wasn't sure—"

"Carbone? You betcha. I'll have a couple ringside waiting for ya at the box office."

"Well, thank you, I certainly appreciate it. But one is all I need—I'll be coming alone. I certainly do appreciate it."

"My pleasure," Max Marx said. "You'll take a bow from the ring, give you a nice intro. I'll take care of it myself. What are ya doin' these days, kid?"

"Oh, I'm kind of taking it easy, not much of anything," he said. "Well, I don't want to run up a big bill. Thanks again."

"My pleasure," Max Marx said, and hung up.

His sister packed his bag for him and made sure he had everything; at the station they kissed awkwardly and then she stood waving to him until the train disappeared. He was excited about being on a train again, and going someplace. He pictured the Detroit Arena, where he would be tonight. He tried to imagine his bow from the ring. He was not a vain man, but he wanted to do everything right. He decided, finally, on a little bow from the waist, with a nod of the head if the applause persisted. Then he would visit each corner and wish each man well and climb down and it would be over. He leaned back, with a small smile, enjoying the trip now.

HE ARRIVED at the Arena at eight o'clock and found his seat, which was ringside four rows back. Two preliminary boys were on, but there was more activity going on outside the ring where the TV crew was setting up.

Billy spotted the ring announcer and went over to him. "Excuse me," he said, "my name is—"

"Look, don't bother me now, I hafta find Max Marx. What is it?"

"I'm Billy Vochik," Billy said. "Mr. Marx told me I should take a bow from the ring. I wondered what I should—"

"Oh, yeah, he gimme a slip." He waved a fistful of white slips. "You be up there with the other guys. Take a bow, go to each corner, get out. Don't make a big deal out of it. This is TV. Forty million people. We gotta make it look good. You know what I mean?"

"I do," Billy said, "I sure do."

Billy milled around in the crowd. He did not see anyone he knew or could remember. The prelim ended and when Billy saw two young fighters in street clothes get into the ring, he followed them up. The ring announcer came in, followed by Carbone, and then Windsor. The ring announcer waited for a signal from the TV at ringside. Somewhere someone was giving a beer commercial.

". . . and now let's go *inside* the ring and over to Johnny Barbetto, the ring announcer." The bell sounded and the ring announcer began to read from the slips.

". . . and now," he said, "I'd like to introduce some celebrities we have here with us tonight, ladies and gennalmen. First, one of the most promising newcomers to hit the scene in a long, long time. Undefeated in his last four starts, he's to fight rough, tough Mickey Mangano next Friday night right here in the Arena; here he is now, Virgil Mosby!" The young fighter acknowledged the applause, shyly waved, went to each corner to mumble something, and left the ring. Billy watched him carefully, noting every detail.

The announcer began to read from the next slip: "And the always popular, crowd-pleasing welterweight who lost a split decision here last week, Paddy Harper!" The other fighter stepped forward, hands high over his head. There was a sprinkling of boos. Billy stood there alone.

"And here we have," the announcer went on, reading from the next slip, "former middleweight champion of the world, one of the greatest two-fisted sluggers ever to come out of the Middle West, here he is, the immortal Billy Vo—" He rubbed the slip as if to see it better. "The immortal Billy Vo—" He peered at the slip. "The immortal Billy *Who?*" he said loudly.

The crowd started to laugh. *"Sonny Tufts?"* somebody at ringside yelled out, and it hit the microphone and the whole Arena started to laugh.

Billy walked stiffly over to the ring announcer and whispered in his ear. "Vo-chik," he said, "like c-h-i-k." The bell rang for quiet.

"Sorry, ladies and gennalmen," the announcer said, laughing, "here he is, the immortal Billy Vochik!" The crowd burst into exaggerated applause and wild cheering. Billy walked to the center, bowed stiffly from the waist. He saw that both fighters were smiling at him and he smiled back and climbed down to his seat. The laughter and applause continued until the bell had to ring again for order.

He sat there eyes straight ahead, his neck and ears burning, conscious that everyone was watching him. He thought of his sister, seated at the set, watching. He got up, very stiffly, and folded his coat over his arm and started the long walk back to the exit. When he was almost there the bell sounded for the first round and the crowd became silent, but he did not turn around. THE END

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# LETTERS

## The Greatest Gustatorial Gift

EDITOR: Glory be! Hallelujah! John Gould (How to Eat a Lobster, July 20th) sets the cockeyed world straight on Heaven's greatest gustatorial gift to mankind. . . .

. . . Hand me one of those paper towels (made in Maine, by gosh!) while I wipe off my chin.

DICK TUTT, Mount Sunapee, N.H.

. . . Tempted, taunted and tantalized my appetite. . . .

A. A. PARRINETH, Huntington, N.Y.

. . . Brought back memories. . . .

VERA L. TRISLER, Fort Smith, Ark.

. . . The author is "off base" when he talks about lobsters getting the "bends" out of water. What this condition is I do not know, nor . . . does anyone else in the industry. . . .

. . . Maine lobsters have been shipped by air . . . to Brussels, Belgium, and then . . . to the Belgian Congo, without loss of life. To say that "a real bent lobster is suspect" is . . . slander. . . .

A. C. BABSON, President, Consolidated Lobster Co., Gloucester, Mass.

. . . John Gould . . . doesn't know all the facts when he says that lobsters do not suffer when thrown alive into boiling water. . . .

I suggest that he read the report of Dr. Joseph Sinel, distinguished British physiologist. . . . A summary may be obtained from the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. . . .

ESTELLA DRAPER, South Portland, Me.

## The Wonderful Switch Hitter

EDITOR: I have just finished reading the article As Casey Stengel Sees Mickey Mantle, by Tom Meany (July 20th). I think it was well written and one of the best stories I have read about the wonderful switch hitter. . . .

LORETTA SANTILLO, Wallingford, Conn.

. . . A great ballplayer. . . .

RITA MARY ESPOSITO, Hamden, Conn.

. . . Mickey has hit many a round-tripper this year, but I doubt if he has just "lost one" in the photo on page 74. . . .

GENE MERLINO, N. Hollywood, Cal.

. . . Why the action on the part of the umpire? . . .

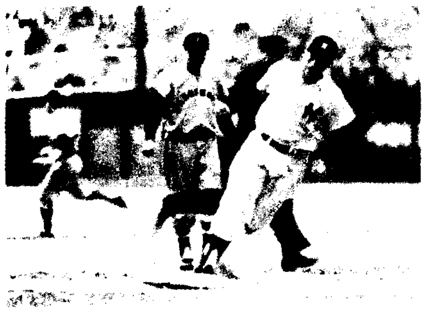
ED RANDOL, Kentfield, Cal.

. . . Why is:

1. Mantle obviously digging so hard rounding third?
2. The Washington shortstop . . . seemingly racing out for a relay from the outfield? . . .

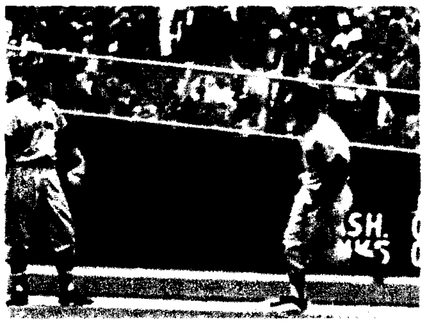
DAVE WOOD, North Randolph, Mass.

P.S. I'd almost bet that grounder he's trying to beat out was a foul ball.



MARVIN NEWMAN

*Reader Wood almost hit that one out of the park. The debated picture (above) shows Mantle running out a third out. Since he was passing third base, and scored only once during the game, Collier's caption writer erroneously concluded the picture represented the famous homer that bounced 18 inches below the right-field façade roof. In photo below, Mickey is trotting around the bases after* that one.



MARVIN NEWMAN

## Gaza Strip

EDITOR: When I returned to the States a few days ago from seven years of journalism teaching and editing in Lebanon, I expected to find little which would illuminate an intelligent person seeking the keys to stability in a troubled area. David Douglas Duncan's splendid treatment of the Gaza Strip (Aug. 3d) and its problems was therefore a hundred times welcome . . . The cynical or confused internationalist may well become attentive when Duncan joins words and film.

HALL WINSLOW, New York, N.Y.

. . . Your beautiful picture essay of the Gaza Strip in some instances may be considered more fuel for the tinderbox you so graphically describe. By your omission of the underlying facts of the refugee population you show a distorted picture . . . You didn't give the reason for the astounding increase over the first influx—these nomadic people came to enjoy the fruits of the United Nations. They never had it so good! . . .

MRS. ISRAEL NIGROSH, Belmont, Mass.

. . . Very interesting, but tainted by an extreme pro-Arab prejudice. . . .

ALICE WAXMAN, New York, N.Y.

. . . A half-true article—not a word about the fact that the Arabs originally waged the war against Israel, not a

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JUST THE TICKET
*for a wonderful year at school*–NEW MOTOROLA

word about the fact that Egypt wants the refugee situation to remain unsettled. . . . Mrs. Meyer Klein, Emmaus, Pa.

. . . Collier's is to be congratulated for having the honesty and courage to print an article on the Arab-Israel situation in which the . . . Israelis are not presented as martyrs. . . .
J. S. Claflin, San Bernardino, Cal.

### *Magnificent Philosophy*

Editor: After reading Listen to Frank Lloyd Wright (Aug. 3d), I admire Mr. Wright more than ever. I believe his philosophy the most magnificent I've ever read, especially the part, To Youth . . . I am fifteen years old and choosing my high-school courses in the hope of studying architecture and interior decorating. My goal is to study under Mr. Wright. . . .
Linda Lee Loos, Colby, Wis.

### *Furious and Sickened*

Editor: I'm furious and sickened by your picture of the President (Collier's Cover, July 20th). . . .
Mrs. Smith Ely Jelliffe, Butler, N.J.

CHARLES CORTE

*As explained in the cover story (page 8, July 20th), the picture of President Eisenhower was taken by United Press photographer Charles Corte in March, 1956, before his recent illness. The picture is reproduced above.*

### *Scramble on the Forrestal*

Editor: The picture story of the Forrestal (Scramble on the Forrestal, July 20th) is wonderful. You have . . . clearly shown her new capabilities and her power. With the Collier's editorial (Comment, July 20th) it should produce increased public understanding of the . . . necessity for carriers. . . .
Adm. Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, Washington, D.C.

### *Caught near Clifton*

Editor: We have just read your issue describing the Catfish Derby held . . . in Savannah, Tennessee (July 6th) . . . We feel that credit should be given . . . where due. . . .

The 130-pound catfish mentioned . . . was caught a short distance from Clifton, Tennessee, which is 27 miles from Savannah . . . by Tom Cooke, Jr., and O. Brown. . . .
Mrs. Tom Cooke, Jr., Clifton, Tenn.

*Author Pete Barrett says he was told the 130-pound cat was caught "below the dam," but admits this is a relative term and that the record fish could have been caught a few miles farther downstream.*

### *Let 'em Fight*

Editor: Referring to Lieutenant General Elwood R. Quesada's article How to Make Peace at the Pentagon (Aug. 3d), may I ask: "Why should we want peace at the Pentagon?" Since the birth of this grand and glorious nation, we've eternally been fighting among ourselves . . . So, let's encourage the boys to fight out all of their defense problems, just as they're now doing, but with more and better ringside, blow-by-blow news coverage for us, the people. Come what may, we'll harvest the victory over any and all our enemies. . . .
J. Louis Cobb, High Point, N.C.

### *Held Spellbound*

Editor: Old Yeller (by Fred Gipson, June 8th–July 6th) held me spellbound. . . . Mrs. O. R. Davis, Brackettville, Tex.

. . . Not since Tom Sawyer has my fourth-grade class so enjoyed a story as they did Old Yeller. . . .
Bette Wills, Reddick, Ill.

**The Cover** Marvin Koner

**Ed Sullivan has been dubbed "The Great Stone Face" by TV critics, but that's a misnomer, photographer Koner says. Koner ought to know. For five weeks, he accompanied the TV star virtually everywhere he went—from his New York City apartment-office to rehearsal, from his Connecticut country home to the golf course, from his native town of Port Chester to far-off Trinidad. Along the way, Koner shot hundreds of photos for Ed Sullivan's My Story (page 19). "Actually Ed has a mobile face," Koner says. "His expression changes constantly, and he does smile—often"**

**5. Portable TV**—tiny, terrific, and easy to carry! Aluminized tube. Choose from four 2-tone colors: Antique White and Mocha, Flame, Citron, or Cerulean Blue. Model 14P.

**6. Portable radio-phono** plays all 4 speeds, has a fine AM radio built in. White and Copper or Blue Tweed and Navy. Model 57RF. $79.95 (Others low as $32.95)

**Wasn't it Shakespeare** who said "Alle worke and no play maketh a dulle student"? We're not sure who said it—but here are six colorful ways to *avoid* it!

**Just the ticket for you,** because they're made by the people who've been sending the smartest sets in their class off to school ever since 1928.

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Nothing so good...

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When the savory aroma of clam broth and steamed chicken mingle in the air, that's the time for sparkling, tangy Carling Black Label Beer. Everybody likes its delicious goodness—and its economy, as well, for top quality Black Label sells at the popular price. That's why Black Label sales are now four times what they were four years ago. And every day *more* people say...

Hey, Mabel—
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# 48 states of mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Miss Bernice Hessler is a baby sitter with more than 12,000 hours to her credit. One of her recent sittings in Kansas City, Missouri, involved a young man of seven who was willing enough to go to bed but who firmly refused to say his prayers. Did he not want to go to heaven someday? He did not. By skillful questioning, Miss Hessler managed to learn why paradise had ceased to attract him. His sister had started harp lessons about two weeks before.

* * *

In northern Minnesota there's a candidate for something who told Mr. Nils Kneiper that he was making three speeches that day and four the next. Mr. Kneiper, a resident of Duluth, said that seven different speeches in two days was a pretty rugged schedule. "Nope," replied the candidate for something, "not seven different ones. Same speech each time, only I holler at different parts." Sounds as though he's running for President.

* * *

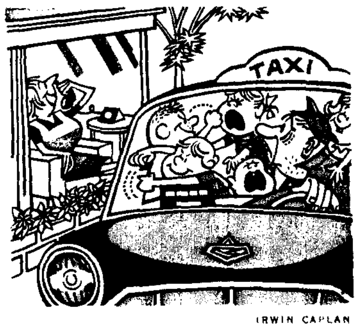
That new pen that Mr. H. G. Kelley bought in Burbank, California, was "unconditionally guaranteed." Guess what happened. The first thing he wrote with it was a check. The bank returned it to Mr. Kelley saying there were insufficient funds to cover. Second thing he wrote (same pen) was a letter to the manufacturers wanting to know what they meant by "unconditional guarantee." Mr. Kelley says: "Fellow never knows whom to trust these days."

* * *

It is said by Mr. Lenny Bench "on good authority" (himself incidentally) that his wife patronizes a supermarket in Butte, Montana, which has a checker over whose head hangs this sign: "Just married. Please count your change carefully."

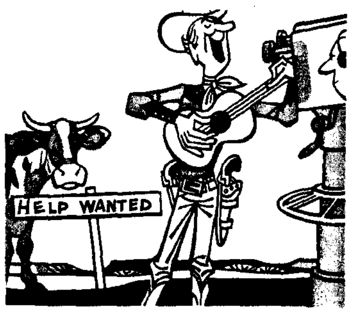
* * *

She summoned a taxicab. When it arrived, she stowed five very young children into it and dashed back indoors saying she'd be out in four-five minutes. She was, too. Retrieved the kids, gave the driver a dollar, and said: "Had to make a long-distance call. Had to get the children out of the house so I could hear." Understand this incident took place in Lewiston, Maine, but don't guarantee.



IRWIN CAPLAN

You are hereby notified that old 48 looks forward to the nearby day when both parties will be advertising for candidates. We can almost read them now: "Short hours, good wages, fine working conditions, paid holidays, pensions, fringes, everything." After hearing from the Oklahoma State Employment Service, nothing is going to surprise us: Oklahoma is advertising for cowboys. Our informant blames the cowboy shortage on rising guitar prices and better pay and shorter hours on TV.



* * *

In Tennessee, the Davidson County school board has adopted a few new rules. For one thing, public-school pupils planning to get married must notify their principals at least five days in advance. Also, expectant mothers will be required to quit school for a spell. Sounds reasonable. Between 150 and 200 of the cute rascals are eloping every year. School Superintendent J. E. Moss says that "some students feel the only way they can get attention is to go away and get married."

* * *

Summer-school teacher whom we may not name or place thinks you may be interested in a few of the answers his pupils produced in a written exam: Q. What is unusual about Denver, Colorado? A. Very little. Q. Who saved the Mormons from the locusts? A. Daniel Webster. Q. How much of Nevada is owned by governments? A. Most of it. Q. For what reasons are the Black Hills important? A. Cowboys hide there. And now, customers, when you stop your superior chortling, *you* answer.

* * *

Too bad we hadn't heard about Milwaukee's District Judge Robert W. Hansen before we attended one of our own local meetings where teen-ager vandalism was discussed. At our meeting a number of corrective ideas floated around, but all were rejected because great care had to be exercised lest the lads' spirits be broken, or something. Later, old 48 learned that in Milwaukee Judge Hansen had sentenced a young vandal to work for free, repairing the damage he'd done to a couple of new dwellings—$740 worth. Work to be supervised by the contractor. The change in the Milwaukee youth's viewpoint after a week was most gratifying. Spirit intact, too.

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**2.** When you switch to Prestige Tubeless Tires your Kelly Dealer will allow you the full value of all the mileage left in your present tires—plus the full value of tubes you no longer need! You get the maximum allowance . . . and it'll go a long way toward putting tough, safe Kellys on your car!

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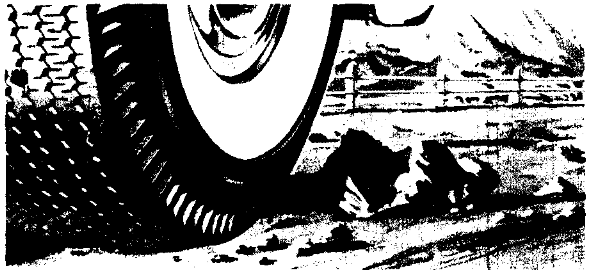
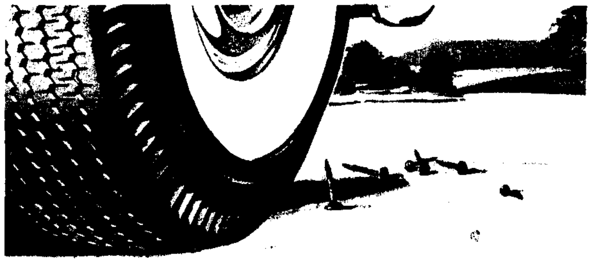


**Blowout Safety!** The stronger, Safety-Welded cord body gives the Prestige almost unbelievable resistance to impact damage . . . makes it lighter, cooler-running, softer-riding.



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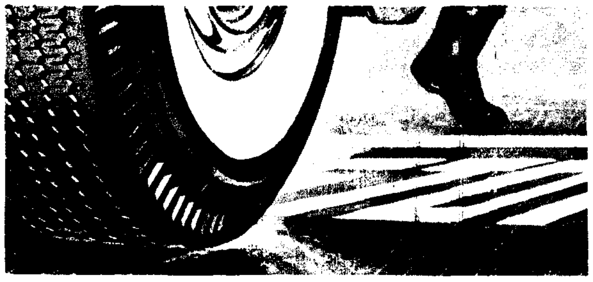

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PREAM
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IF YOU LIKE IT "WITH"... YOU'LL LOVE IT WITH PREAM!

Here is Pream, the modern dairy miracle that's made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products. Convenient, fresh-tasting Pream® is powdered—doesn't spill or spoil in daily use.

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NEW RECIPE

Eggs à la Pream with Never-Lump White Sauce

Combine 4 tbsp. Pream with 2 tbsp. flour and ½ tsp. salt in saucepan. Add 1 cup water. Cook and stir until mixture boils and is thickened. Add 1 tbsp. butter and blend thoroughly. Pour mixture over quartered, hard-cooked eggs and sautéd mushrooms that have been placed on toast triangles. Garnish with parsley. A simple and delicious dish!

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PREAM

# COLLIER'S CREDITS

STARTING IN THIS ISSUE you'll be seeing familiar features from The American Magazine, our sister publication which was discontinued with its August issue: Why Don't They?, Now They've Done It!, It's the Law! and, in every other issue, the Complete Mystery Novel.

Incidentally, Rex Stout reports that his mystery novel (page 72) is the result of a coincidence—something supposedly taboo in a good detective story but often a blessing in real life.

"I thought it would be interesting to write a murder story," he says, "in which all the suspects were private detectives. I started letting characters and situations float around in my skull, but people other than detectives always horned in on the plot, which wouldn't do. After three days of this, I picked up the morning paper and read:

PRIVATE AGENTS IN STATE TO FACE WIRETAP INQUIRY, and: INVESTIGATION SLATED OF ALL LICENSED DETECTIVES AND THEIR EMPLOYEES.

"Within an hour I had worked out three different plots to pick from, and all I had to do was decide which one I liked best.

"Life would be wonderful if a writer could always depend on that kind of help from the morning paper."

★ ★ ★

RONALD SEARLE is a young (thirty-six) Englishman, who tells us, "I enjoyed illustrating the Wodehouse serial. I am always happy when there is plenty of stomach to be sketched in." Elsewhere on this page is a picture of Searle dressed for a recent excursion to the Chelsea Arts Ball in London.

Searle is on the staff of Punch, where his drawings or cartoons can be seen every week, usually. He has also illustrated and/or written a lot of funny books. He did both for The Rake's Progress, his latest.

Concerning himself, he says:

"I live a comparatively peaceful village life near the center of London; I can see the top of a tree in Kensington Gardens from my window. I am married, have a twin boy and girl. My wife is a journalist and edits a magazine; when she is not doing that she is broadcasting for the B.B.C., cooking very well or reading to the children. I am left-handed and so is she, but the children are not. I cannot drive a car and the beard is real.

"I have never wanted to do anything else but earn my living as an artist, and I still find myself slightly surprised at being paid for enjoying myself."

JOHN VICKERS

Searle arrayed for the Chelsea Arts Ball

★ ★ ★

ED SULLIVAN'S daughter Betty has always been the expert on the family, he tells us, and has a huge collection of letters, pictures, clippings and other key things. When the idea for My Story (page 19) came along, he asked her to collaborate on the job. Betty is married to Bob Precht, an executive at CBS-TV, and they have two young children, but she found the time to help her father.

MARVIN KONER

Betty Sullivan helps her dad on My Story

"Without her," Ed says proudly, "I just wouldn't have been able to do it."

★ ★ ★

WE TELL THIS STORY with the utmost satisfaction. In 1948, after she had been married 10 years, Florence Jane Soman decided for the first time in her life to write a fiction story.

When it was finished, she made her way from her home in Brooklyn to the office of the largest literary agency in New York.

There the switchboard operator, who had been through this before, said, "Just drop your manuscript on the pile, dearie."

Why keep you in suspense? Two weeks later the story sold to a top magazine for a top price. And she's had about a hundred published since, like the one on page 58.

★ ★ ★

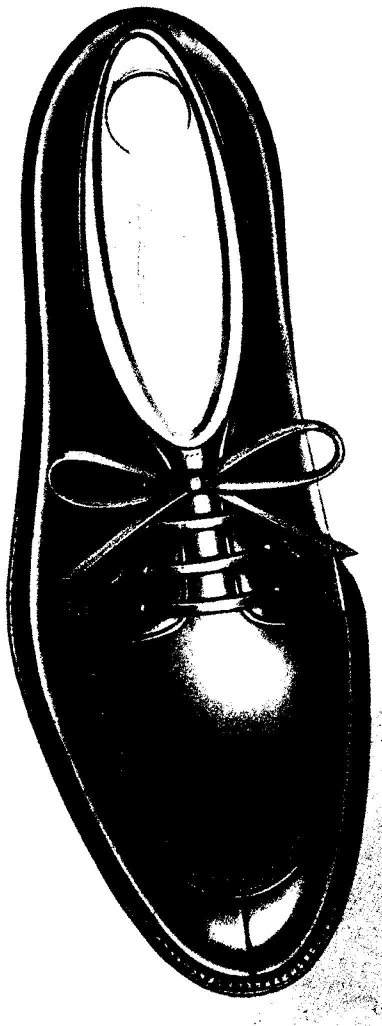
ON PAGE 32 is Walter Davenport's report on women voters, and herewith we present his report on some extraneous matters in Indianapolis:

"The photographer who was with me, Archie Lieberman, sighted a lawn studded with about 40 tombstones, all conventional sizes and shapes. The guy was not a collector but a tombstone dealer. We drove in, Archie saying that this fellow's wife's political ideas might be somewhat more solemn or even more funereal than what we'd been hearing.

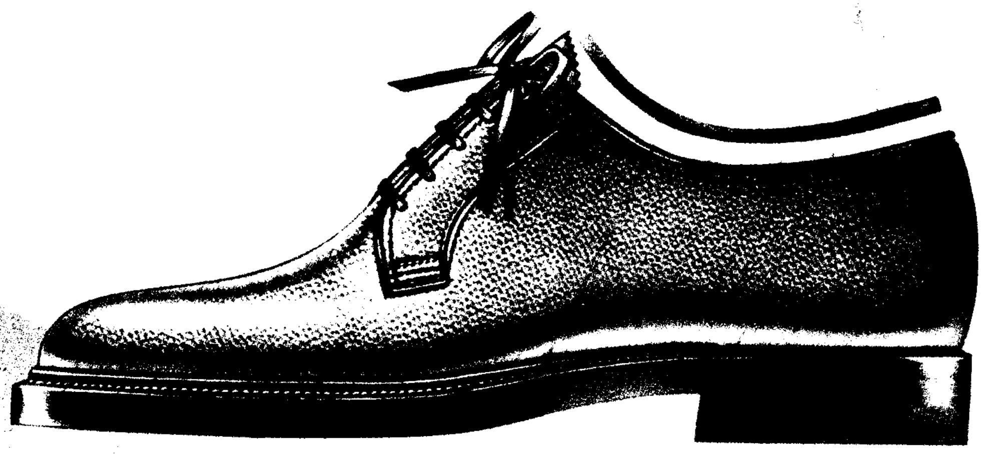
"I had a hunch that all wouldn't be well, and I was right—for once. No sooner had we parked the car amid the tombstones than wisps of blue smoke rose from under the car hood. Insulation or something was on fire.

"The repairman arrived a half hour later and said—with a grave expression, of course—it's a fine place to park a burning automobile."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.



The Belair, S-1729;
black calfskin
Norwegian front blucher.



The Viking, S-1403;
plain toe blucher
in tan random grain; storm welt.

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Undisputed Winterweight Champs!

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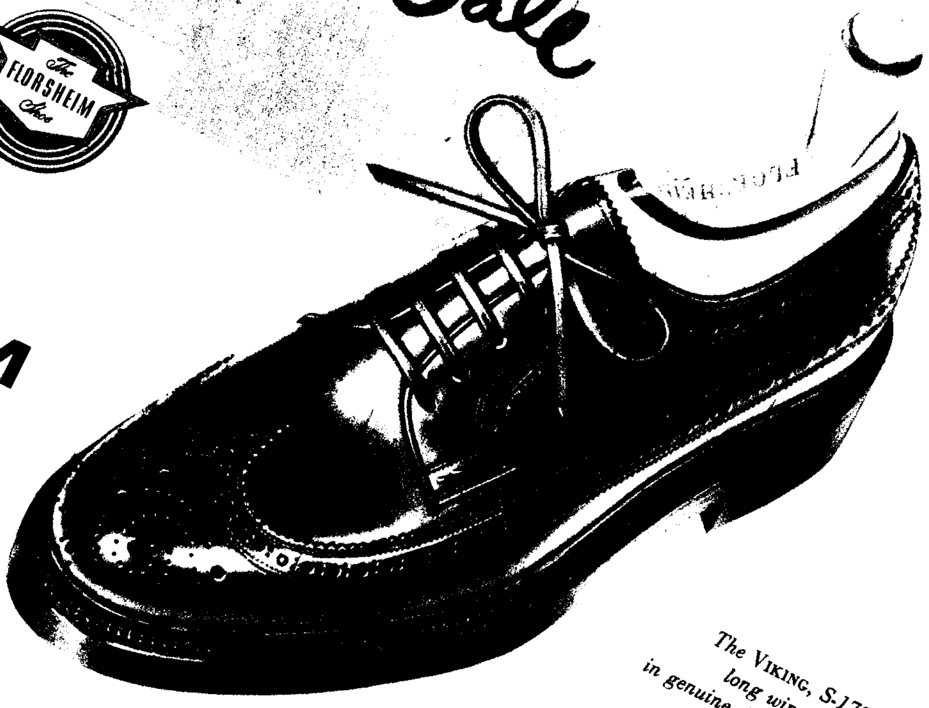

The Viking, S-1724;
long wing blucher
in genuine shell cordovan;
storm welt.

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**LISTEN TO** Lowell Thomas Newscasts on the CBS Radio Network. See local listings for time and station.

Collier's, September 14, 1956

# MY STORY

By Ed Sullivan

*Beginning his own candid story of his rise to fame, and of the friends and foes he made along the way. "My life," he says, "has been an incredible thing"*

YOU only live once, but if you play your cards right, once is enough," counsels comedian Joe E. Lewis. Well, in my case, a lot of people must have helped me play my cards right, because too often I've defaulted on the implicit obligation on all of us to do the best we can with the tools God gives us. For a small-town kid, my life has been an incredible thing—the sort of improbable adventure I might have dreamed up while romanticizing over a Horatio Alger book under the cherry tree in our back yard on Pearl Street in Port Chester, New York.

At Griffin Hospital in the charming little Connecticut town of Derby, while convalescing from my recent auto accident that so easily could have proved fatal, I've had time at last to reflect on the amazing years—and to write my story. Consider that a village sports writer who once earned $10 a week on the Port Chester Daily Item (circulation 3,900 at the time) now has a Sunday-night show that reaches 50,000,000 viewers; now writes a column in the New York Daily News, with the nation's biggest circulation, and, as a newspaperman insinuated into show business, has traveled this world from Capri to Copenhagen, Tokyo to Stockholm, Reykjavik to Rio. And in these travels I've been privileged to meet and work with the great and glamorous people of our world, and found most of them not so different from the generous-hearted neighbors of Port Chester.

Our town, Port Chester, was the rootingest town in the world. The people were modest, sincere, helpful. The village churches of all denominations were crowded each Sunday. Nobody hated anybody. The people had pride in themselves. Your name or color or religion cut no ice. You stood or fell on your own performance.

I've found that the standards that obtained in Port Chester are also in the make-up of Paris, London, Dublin, Boston, Pittsburgh, Des Moines and San Diego. Towns differ, people don't. I remembered that when I started my TV show.

The modesty of the truly great ones is always startling. A. C. Blumenthal, some-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARVIN KONER

*"At home somebody was always playing the piano in the parlor and somebody was always singing"*

time Broadway producer, once dropped in backstage at Loew's State Theatre, where I was playing a week's engagement in vaudeville. He and a friend, whose name I didn't catch, came up to my bedraggled dressing room, which had a broken window overlooking West 46th Street. I apologized because I was writing my column between shows, so they seated themselves on the dressing-room cot. A.C.'s friend expressed interest in the column, and asked how long it took me to finish it and some other questions that hinted he did some writing.

"I didn't get your name," I apologized.

"Wells," he said. Suddenly, I realized he had a British accent, so I said jokingly: "There's another English writer by that name, H. G. Wells."

"You dope," said Blumenthal. "He *is* H. G. Wells."

THEY WATCHED our next show from the orchestra pit, craning their necks up at the stage. Next day, I got the nicest note from H. G. Wells, saying how deeply he had appreciated the matinee. He particularly had enjoyed an old film over which I did the narration, an anthology covering Sarah Bernhardt and her first motion picture, Lillian Russell, Rudolph Valentino, Theda Bara, the Dempsey-Tunney "long count" and Pearl White.

Carl Sandburg, when he was on our TV show, spent most of the time between rehearsals helpfully telling me of acts he had seen around the country which he believed would do well on our stage.

On July 24, 1953, when I staged a big show at the U.S. Marine Base at Quantico, before an audience of Cabinet members, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Marine enlisted personnel, I didn't think President Eisenhower would be at the show because he'd had an exhausting day of conferences with these officials. But the President was there. A high Marine officer quoted Ike as saying: "If Ed and his performers were good enough to come down here, I guess I can spare two hours to enjoy them."

To comfort families all over the country who might be terrified at the thought of mental illness in their homes, Pulitzer prize winner Josh Logan revealed on our Sunday show that he had once suffered a mental breakdown. "It can be cured, just as tuberculosis or scarlet fever can be cured," said the producer-director. The result of his message to the nation was immediate. States which long had balked at giving money to mental-health programs were galvanized into action.

Oscar Hammerstein II, co-author of Oklahoma! and other Broadway hits, explaining his earlier refusal to quit show business after 11 years of flops, said it was because he had the love and encouragement of his wife, Dorothy. I asked Gloria Swanson, who had just made a brilliant comeback in Sunset Boulevard, how a woman past fifty had sustained her faith after a series of major discouragements. "I believed in God," said Gloria.

Margot Fonteyn, greatest ballerina of Sadler's Wells, flew back to London the same night after doing our show. The next Sunday she carefully timed a cable so that it arrived an hour before we went on stage. It was a message of appreciation to the orchestra leader Ray Bloch: "Tell him my music never has been played so sensitively."

The bigger they are, the nicer they are.

Prince Michael Romanoff, now a West Coast restaurateur, once philosophized on the reason for the niceness of the great. At the time, in the 1930s, I was living in one of the upstairs apartments over Billy La Hiff's Tavern, on West 48th Street, a center for stars of the theater and sports. Romanoff, then down on his luck, joined us nightly for dinner.

"Edward," he said in his sonorous voice, "as a newspaperman, you should probe the thinking of people more deeply. I pose this intriguing laboratory test to open your eyes. Some night, you must take me to the Stork Club or El Morocco. You will seat yourself at a table and then observe my entrance. As I walk to your table, I will speak to various occupants of various tables. Winthrop Rockefeller or John Jacob Astor and their like will invite me gaily to sit down and have a drink. Yet the phonies in the room studiously will avoid me, because I am broke and they are insecure."

Romanoff, no dope, was right. We made the test one night. The pattern of behavior of the phonies was as he had predicted. The truly big people, having nothing to hide, nothing to fear, greeted Mike warmly.

The big ones think simply, speak simply.

The late Dr. Deno O'Connor, of Chicago, once took some Notre Dame students to Europe for their vacation. In Dublin, he apologized to Premier Eamon de Valera for interrupting his busy schedule. "Nonsense," said the Irish leader. "What other man in Ireland can have these young men explain the Notre Dame shift?" Long before I ever dreamed I'd be working for his grandsons, I met Henry Ford the elder. He conducted James Edgar, a young friend of the Fords, and me through the Rouge plant, key to his empire, and later showed us Dearborn Village and the schoolhouse he'd constructed for children of his employees. "If children fail in school, I blame the teacher," said Mr. Ford. "A teacher must hold the child's interest, not the other way 'round."

My first big story, as a New York sports writer, was an interview with Jack Dempsey in 1923. He was stopping at the Hotel Alamac, and when he opened the door of his suite I was overwhelmed at meeting my idol. He'd ordered breakfast for me in advance, the first time I'd ever seen grapefruit served in a bowl of ice! "When I was a kid," he said, "I never saw a grapefruit." He knocked himself out to think up a story for me that would have a new angle—no easy task for a champion who had been interviewed ten thousand times by experts in the field. My scoop was that on July 4, 1910, when Jack Johnson was kayoing Jim Jeffries at Reno, Nevada, young Dempsey was training in the cellar of his home in Salt Lake City. "Sports writers always have reported that I started fighting about 1913," said Dempsey. "Actually I was working at it five years before then, but I never dreamed then I'd be the heavyweight champion."

Dempsey's kindness to a youngster was identical with that of Ty Cobb, the baseball immortal, who left a dinner table to chat with this unknown young writer. "Incidentally, for your women readers, I'll give you a diet tip," Cobb concluded. "I use it all the time. Before dinner, tell them to drink a glass of buttermilk. It cuts down your appetite." Twenty years later, on our show, I asked jockey Eddie Arcaro, who had just won the Kentucky Derby again, if he could recommend some diet for women anxious to lose weight. Inasmuch as jockeys always are plagued by weight problems, I figured Arcaro should have the answer. "There's one simple exercise that will do the trick," said Eddie. Out in our audience, I could see women leaning forward eagerly. "Push yourself away from the table," said Arcaro.

Before World War II, my wife and I went to Europe on the ill-fated Normandie with Jack and Mary Benny. One night, while we were enjoying the stirring gypsy music on Budapest's St. Margurita Island, in the Danube River, the manager of the night club introduced Jack to a distinguished old Hungarian novelist. In a hushed voice, the manager of the club told the old man that Jack, in America, made $16,000 a week.

"Interesting," agreed the old gentleman, "but tell me, Mr. Benny, do you enjoy your work?"

If the same question were addressed to me, I'd say truthfully that I've enjoyed my life enormously. Rarely has a day gone by in which I haven't thanked God for the fantastic pattern of it, topped off by a wonderful family and two darling little grandchildren. Surely there have been heartaches, bitter setbacks, discouragement. Many times we didn't have much money in the bank. Inescapably, I've had to fight with ambitious men who willingly would have derailed me, as happens daily in all lines of business. In our field, these feuds are spotlighted and, in the telling, often garbled. In this series, I'll tell you the truth about them and the principals involved. And I'll tell the reasons why I changed my mind about Elvis Presley and went ahead and hired him for three shows, paying $50,000—the largest sum I've ever paid an individual performer. Starting with his first appearance on September 9th, he gets $16,666.67 for singing just two songs.

ONE OF MY PUBLICIZED FEUDS has been with Frank Sinatra, who at various times in his tempestuous career has slugged or kicked newspaper cameramen. Actually, Sinatra is capable of the most wonderfully generous gestures, if he initiates them. Yet tell him that he must do something and he takes off in a tailspin of revolt.

Down through the years, Sinatra and I had been extremely good friends. During World War II, he did a tremendous job entertaining the war wounded and raising money in War Bond drives for me. As a result, when two writers for the Hearst newspapers, Westbrook Pegler and Lee Mortimer, began to work him over, I pitched in and recited some of the fine things Frankie Boy had done.

For example, there was the time that he'd rushed from New York to Cleveland to do a newspaper benefit show for newsboys in that city. Then he flew out of Cleveland in a snowstorm to meet me at Richmond, Virginia, where in two solo shows he made it possible for us to sell $500,000 in War Bonds. On another occasion, I asked him if he'd go out to Halloran Hospital, on New York's Staten Island, and entertain the war wounded. Frank did a ward-to-ward job that required him to sing about 27 songs.

As I presented this picture of his war work, Pegler and Mortimer withdrew from the attack. Sinatra sent word to me that he'd never forget my fight in his behalf. He sent me an autographed wrist watch. He said kiddingly, as a playback to the comedy legend that he had no blood and had to support himself on stage by holding onto the microphone: "Ed, you can have my last drop of blood."

In the meantime, he showed his gratitude by appearing at all sorts of benefits which I was conducting. He tripled up with Maurice Chevalier

*floor of*
*ter, Helen,*

*tor for the*
*was taken*

*From his mother (above) Sullivan says he inherited his love of music and painting*

*"Physically and mentally," Sullivan says, "my father was a completely fearless man"*

*Ed (fourth from left) was graduated from St. Mary's Parochial School in 1914. Teachers deplored fact he wasn't as good a scholar as his sister*

*Between sips of coffee, Sullivan types column in Hollywood in 1938*

*Ed introduces late Carole Landis at the 1943 Harvest Moon Ball in New York*

*Long a friend and confidant of show and sports celebrities, Ed indulges in some horseplay with (from l.) Joe Louis, Mrs. Hal LeRoy, Bob Hope, Hal LeRoy in 1943*

*Ed greets a soldier-patient in Tokyo during a 1956 trip*

*On 1931 radio show: (from left) Lou Clayton, Sullivan, Angelo Palangelio and Jimmy Durante*

*In 1936, Jack Dempsey bids bon voyage to Ed and wife*

*"Surely there have been heartaches, setbacks. Many times we didn't have much money. But I say truthfully I've enjoyed life enormously"*

and the late Bill (Bojangles) Robinson for me, at a Heart Fund show. He flew in from the Pacific Coast to appear at an annual Easter brunch at New York's Monte Carlo night club for another Heart Fund show.

This was the background of my relationship with Sinatra. After the war, I saw very little of him, but ours was a deep-seated friendship that didn't require daily contact. The record, on both sides, was enduringly built.

Then, in the spring of 1955, I made a $32,000 deal with Samuel Goldwyn, the sum covering studio technical costs, to represent on film 30 minutes of Guys and Dolls, starring Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Sinatra and Vivian Blaine. Goldwyn wanted this TV coverage as exploitation for his costly pictures; I wanted it as a coup for our show.

To my amazement, Sinatra let loose a howl of rage from the Coast. He wouldn't do anything for my show or me unless he was paid $25,000. My phones started ringing. Would I comment on Sinatra's blast at me? I answered that I didn't believe he had attacked me, that I hadn't spoken to him at all, and that the contract for $32,000 had been signed with Goldwyn, who was solely responsible for delivering 30 minutes of material to me.

By this time, the case had become a *cause célèbre*. Sinatra continued to pop off. What had started out, in my mind, as a silly little thing, magnified out of all proportion by newspapermen during a dull stretch in entertainment news, now was shaping up as a vicious attempted smear of me and the Toast of the Town show.

I phoned Arnold Grant, my friend and lawyer, and asked him if my impression that this was a smear job was erroneous. "No, it isn't," he said. "Sinatra apparently feels that your failure to nail his charges is weakness. He'll get bolder every edition. You'd better step in with a vigorous and clear-cut definitive statement."

At that exact moment out on the Coast, the Screen Actors' Guild, whose president is Walter Pidgeon, passed a rule to prevent "newspaper personalities on TV from using movie celebrities without paying for their services." Newspapers quite naturally tied the action in with Sinatra's attack on me.

I immediately contacted the Guild. "Good Lord, Ed, the action had nothing to do with you," Pidgeon told me. "It was taken to prevent Hollywood columnists from exploiting performers. You always have paid them."

UNFORTUNATELY, THE STORIES from the Coast failed to place the guilt on Hollywood gossip columnists who were planning to use stars free, so I ran full-page, back-page ads in the Hollywood Reporter and Hollywood's Daily Variety in the form of an open letter to Walter Pidgeon. I'll quote pertinent portions of it.

"Dear Walter:

"Let us waive the important fact that the SAG ruling actually was directed at other columnists, not me. Let us waive, for the moment, the fact that I haven't talked to Sinatra in some years; and let us overlook the fact that Sinatra, regularly trounced by us when he becomes part of the rival network's 'spectaculars,' hardly qualifies as an impartial or disinterested witness.

"What I particularly resent is Sinatra's reckless charge that 'Toast' does not pay performers. To date, we have paid out over $5,000,000 in salaries and, incidentally, rendered substantial benefits to motion pictures, motion picture artists, studios and theater operators.

"If Sam Goldwyn approached Sinatra, that hardly is my concern or problem. Certainly I never approached Sinatra. My negotiations with Mr. Goldwyn involved an offer by me to pay a substantial sum of money, $32,000 covering studio technical costs, to represent on film, 30 minutes of Guys and Dolls as an exclusive preview. Sincerely, Ed Sullivan.

"P.S. Aside to Frankie Boy: Never mind that tremulous 1947 offer: 'Ed, you can have my last drop of blood.' "

Sinatra, four days later, ran a rather feeble answer in the same Coast trade papers.

"Dear Ed,

"You're sick.

"Frankie.

"P.S. Sick, sick, sick!"

Shortly after, I went to Hollywood to film the Guys and Dolls stuff. As I'd never met Marlon Brando and Jean Simmons, when I went out on director Joe Mankiewicz's set I frankly wondered what was going to happen.

I found out immediately.

A hand tapped me on the shoulder. I swung around.

"Ed. I'm Marlon Brando. If there is anything any of us can do to make your stay out here enjoyable we'll do it."

And they did, too. Sinatra never showed up, while I was there.

People regularly ask me how I feel about Frank Sinatra, now.

Disappointed, certainly, but I can't summon up any bitterness. I prefer to remember him as he was during the war years, doing a man-sized job, selflessly entertaining the wounded, selling War Bonds at Richmond, Virginia, playing our Heart Fund shows. In those memories, Sinatra in his generosity and talent looms 10 feet tall. For the later years, perhaps the explanation is that Frankie Boy sometimes has acted sick, sick, sick.

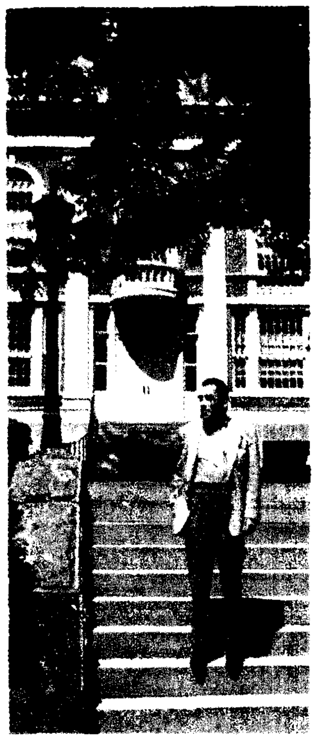
But all of us have these "chalk" periods through which we must pass. In France, once, on a visit to the great wine caves at Rheims, I asked the Pommeroy superintendent why only that particular area was allowed to label its bottled wine as "champagne." He explained that only in that section, beneath the top layers of earth, ran a subsurface of chalk. "So when the roots struggle through the chalk, M'sieu, completely deprived of food, they acquire the tartness of taste that makes champagne unique. So you see, even wine must fight and suffer to achieve distinction."

PERHAPS NOW I SHOULD TELL YOU something about my parents, my four sisters and my two brothers.

My father was Peter A. Sullivan. My mother was Elizabeth Smith. They grew up in Amsterdam, New York. My grandparents, on my father's side, were Florence Sullivan and Margaret McNulty. My grandparents, on my mother's side, were Edward Smith and Ellen Dailey. I was named after my mother's father.

From my mother's side of the family, I think, came my love of music and painting. My mother was a fine amateur painter and had a "green thumb." She grew all sorts of flowers, and our house and garden always were filled with them. The Drurys and Finnans, on my mother's side of the family, produced fine musicians and painters. My three sisters and my brother still live in Port Chester. My sister, Helen, who is Mrs. Piercy Culyer, is a fine pianist and organist. Helen has always been the genius of our family, and I was always referred to as "Helen Sullivan's brother." My sister, Mercedes, Mrs. Hugh Murphy, is a fine amateur painter. My brother Charles, who is an estimator with a major construction company and who is married to Dora Kelly, is a fine singer and was a fine violinist. My kid sister, Frances, Mrs. George Hagele, could have been one of the great dancers of the stage; that was the opinion of Hal LeRoy, a pretty good hoofer in his own right.

As unlike as my mother and father were—she was always gay, he always stern and introspective—they had in common the most rigid sense of integrity. They taught all of us to respect the rights of all people; they taught us to respect the rights of the underdog; they taught us that all people come from God and are destined to go back to God, and they agreed that every race or creed has its shameful parts.



*Ed revisits Port Chester High School. He was in 1918 class*

First, let me tell you something about my father. He was the second oldest in a family of eight, only his sister Julia holding seniority. As the eldest of the sons, he and the brother next in line, Michael, worked while my uncles Florence and Charlie studied at Union College, and my Uncle Dan went to St. Francis Xavier in New York City.

It is unfortunate that my father didn't go to college. He was a brilliant mathematician. My sister, Helen, inherited his flair for math. At Port Chester High School she sailed through state exams, algebra, solid geometry and so on with perfect marks of 100. Yet I well remember that Helen some nights would be puzzled by a geometry problem and would ask my father to help her. And he'd solve the problem after the briefest survey.

He had the same ability in debate—the debates that would develop when all of his brothers would come to Port Chester on a Sunday. Though my Uncle Florence was a famous New York lawyer and my Uncle Dan and Uncle Charles had been honor students in college, my father could always outreason them.

He was—my father, that is—keenly interested in the rights of the laboring man, and keenly suspect of the tycoons of the day. This, mind you, was 45 years ago. I remember that he once startled us by predicting that J. P. Morgan would, someday, be called to Washington to explain his financial manipulations. He was, too—in 1933.

Physically and mentally, my father was the most completely fearless man I ever knew. My brother Charles is a great deal like him.

I was born in New York City, in the Harlem section of East 114th Street. I was one of twins, but my brother Dan died when he was about two years old. We were baptized by Father D. J. Leahy, pastor of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church on East 117th Street.

After the death of my twin brother and my kid sister, Elizabeth, who are buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, Amsterdam, New York, my parents decided they'd better move into the suburbs before we all died. I was about five when we moved to Port Chester. I still recall the excitement of Helen, Charles and me, en route to Port Chester, when we first saw cows grazing in the country fields.

Any memory of our house in Port Chester—we had the top floor of a frame two-family home—is a very clear recollection that somebody was always playing the piano in the parlor and somebody always was singing songs by Victor Herbert or other composers of operettas. Later on, my father added a phonograph, so from the time we were kids we were saturated with Caruso, Melba and the opera greats of the day.

Each time I have a Siepi, a Roberta Peters or a Lily Pons or Risë Stevens on our stage, I think how pleased my father would have been had he lived to hear them introduced by his son. He died in 1950, within a few days of his ninetieth birthday. To the end, though his sight was failing, he could distinguish me faintly on the TV screen. It never ceased to astonish him.

My mother, who died in 1929, had a wonderful and gentle personality. She was a compound of her painting and flowers and, though she enjoyed opera music, she had her greatest thrill when Helen took her to New York to hear John McCormack. Another time I took her to see the musical show Sunny and she was delighted. The colors of the production, the music—these were right down her artistic alley, and she loved Jack Donahue, who played opposite Marilyn Miller.

During my childhood, Port Chester was a sleepy little village, the streets shaded by trees. Down the block was a family that still used oxen and I can still hear our neighbors calling "Gee-haw" to the beasts. Doctors traveled in horse-drawn carriages. There was a village smithy, and although later—after my nose had been twice broken in football—I was to lose my sense of smell, I can still remember the sharp odor as the smith planted the red-hot iron on the hoofs of the horses.

The great thrill came in the fall when all of us kids would perch ourselves in the park at the end of Pearl Street, high above the Boston Post Road, and watch the raccoon-coated guys and gals whiz along in Locomobiles, Model-T Fords, Pierce-Arrows and low-slung Packards en route to the Yale-Harvard, Yale-Princeton or Harvard-Princeton football games. (You can understand my grief at not being able to recall a Mercury in those early Post Road parades of cars.)

The main junction in Port Chester was (and still is) Liberty Square. In my days there were watering troughs for horses. Each year the horse traders, often gypsies, would set up their stands and sell horses there. And the medicine men would come there to sell liniments guaranteed to cure all ills. These medicine men, I think, were my first contacts with great showmen. They had great pace, and great authority with an audience—the same traits I later was to enjoy in the great performers on our television stage.

Off Liberty Square, toward Byram River, was the wooden home of the Port Chester Daily Item, where I later was to get my first newspaper job. On the sides of the frame buildings in Liberty Square, on election night, publisher Tom Blaine would hang white cloth screens and project election results on them as a service to his readers.

FIRST HELEN, THEN CHARLIE, then I, then Mercedes, then my sister Frances proceeded through St. Mary's Parochial School. Because Helen was the whiz of the family, all of us who followed her had tough going. Later, when we went to Port Chester High School, we had the same deflating problem, teachers saying: "Your sister Helen was *such* a bright girl."

Helen was also organist in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy. Charlie sang in the choir. As the unmusical younger brother, I was designated to pump the organ. I was about ten years old at the time. For pumping at Low Mass, I was given a nickel. For High Mass, I received 10 cents. Once a year, when I pumped for Christmas Midnight Mass, I got 25 cents. But there was a catch in all this: I had to put the money in the poor box.

At high school, because Helen and Charles had gone to work after graduation and were bringing money home, I had time to go out for all sports.

Some years back, I was invited to deliver the alumni address at a banquet for the Port Chester High School football team. The toastmaster was one of my favorite teachers, the late Edward DeWitt Snow. Mr. Snow had a wonderful sense of humor and he ruled his classes with it.

In introducing me, he was in great form. Recalling the afternoons he'd

## *"Ed," Sinatra said, "you can have my last drop of blood." But a decade later they were feuding*

spent traveling around Westchester County rooting for our teams, he noted that I'd won 10 varsity letters. The youngsters were still gazing at me admiringly, and I was trying to look modest, when Mr. Snow added:

"As happens in the case of many athletes, Edward was not quite so impressive in other and perhaps more important areas of schoolwork. In the early days when he was a student here, New York State Board of Regents insisted on 72 state credits before presenting a certificate of graduation. Edward Sullivan squeaked through with 72½, which is drawing it as thin as possible. Ten of his credits came from Latin, in which he was notoriously poor. Luckily he sat near Bill Cigliano, who apparently took Caesar and Sullivan through Gaul."

After school, my brother Charles and I used to walk to Rye, about three miles, to caddy at the Apawamis Club. The pay then was 35 cents a round. If you brought back a dollar to your mother you felt like a big wheel and she increased your ego. I was the regular caddy for the broker, Russell Colt, and the first time his wife followed him around the course I was plenty awed: she was Ethel Barrymore. Gene Sarazen and I were recalling this a few weeks back when he and I, both former caddies at Apawamis, played there in their annual charity tournament.

From Port Chester to New York City, via the New Haven Railroad, was exactly 26 miles. It was a terrific adventure to make the trip when I was a kid. Today, kids go to airports to watch planes land or take off. In my day, we went to the Port Chester railroad station and got the identical thrill. When the express train from Boston thundered through, on the inside track, brother, that was living! And there was the unforgettable day when the campaign train bearing William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic Presidential nominee, paused briefly at our railroad station as a mark of respect to a local party chieftain.

We kids missed Mr. Bryan. Naturally, we thought anybody that important would be riding with the engineer, the glamour boy of our generation.

The first stage show I ever saw on Broadway was the 1918 hit Lightnin', starring Frank Bacon. This was an earth-shattering event! My date was a stunning Port Chester High School girl, Alma Burnes, who lived on North Main Street. We walked about a mile to the railroad station though the day was scorching hot. When we got to Grand Central Station, I looked surreptitiously at the diagram which my sister Helen had mapped for me. "Go west on 42d Street to Broadway. Turn right and you will see the theater." We walked, of course. After the play, a tremendously exciting experience, we went to Lorber's and had sandwiches and milk.

Years later we did a TV show from the Boston Opera House. A big moment in the show was a scene from Lightnin', with Victor Moore playing the Frank Bacon role.

After graduating from high school, I became a newspaperman—on the Port Chester Daily Item as a $10-a-week sports editor. Eventually I was to work on many newspapers. It is a dubious distinction to remember that of all the papers which employed me, only the Item and the New York Daily News still survive. I shipwrecked all the rest—the Hartford (Connecticut) Post, the Philadelphia Ledger, the New York Evening Mail, Pulitzer's Morning World, Macfadden's New York Graphic, and five or six others.

CAPTAIN JOE PATTERSON, who brought me to the News after the Graphic collapsed my $375-a-week job, was the greatest publisher I ever have met. In that first year at the News, I received just one memo from him. And it taught me a lesson I've never, or rarely ever, forgotten.

I'd covered, in my column, the American unveiling of Samuel Goldwyn's "newest discovery," Anna Sten. Goldwyn launched her with a costly national ad and billboard campaign. I wrote that Anna had bored me.

A memo was on my desk, the next day, from Captain Patterson. "I do not say that I disagree with your opinion," read the memo. "However, I am deeply disturbed that any writer of mine would recklessly jeopardize the professional career of a young actress."

I read the memo, and reread it. And as the meaning sank in, I thought to myself: Here, indeed, is a great man.

In November, 1940, I had a job offer from Billy Wilkerson, publisher of the Hollywood Reporter, the movie colony trade paper. Captain Patterson was on a fishing trip with his wife, Mary, and I wired him. His answering wire, dated November 16, 1940, is one of my prized possessions:

"If you can better yourself permanently, I would not wish to stand in your way. Mary suggests your health might be involved and that, of course, is a matter you know best. But I want to make it clear I consider you one of our best men and that, *rebus sic stanibus*, you can stay with us as long as you want. J. M. Patterson."

Whenever I feel low, I dig out that wire.

*(To be continued in the next issue)*

*On steps of old Port Chester home, Ed signs autograph for neighborhood fans*

*Sullivan relives a childhood thrill at Port Chester station: watching Boston express thunder through on the inside track*

*Ed greets Andrew Stanley, who worked with him on Port Chester Daily Item*

*Ed obliges with autograph in front of Our Lady of Mercy Church, where as boy he pumped the organ*

*Far left: In earlier era of good feeling, Ed presents a plaque to Frank Sinatra for help in raising money for the Heart Fund. Next left: Elvis Presley, shown here giving his autograph to fans, was signed by Sullivan for the largest amount he's ever paid to an individual performer—$50,000 for three TV shows. Below: Ed and Jack Babb, ad agency liaison man, watch a rehearsal for the Sunday night TV show on monitor set*

In this public school, children are led from the dark world of blindness into the light of normal classroom life. A young mother's love started this program, and it is sustained by the love of sighted schoolmates.

The blind children at Roosevelt Elementary School engage in regular school activities with sighted students, and they also learn to adjust themselves to their own world. Arlene Jenezon, one of younger blind children, is still learning to get around alone, as in the picture at left. And below, she dips in a folk dance with a sighted schoolmate

# These children share their eyes

The long corridor of the Roosevelt Elementary School in San Leandro, California, was filled with jostling, chattering children, going back to class after the noon recess.

A pretty little girl with red pigtails walked down the hallway slowly, occasionally touching the wall with her hand.

The little girl, Arlene Jenezon, is blind. But at Roosevelt, nobody gave her a second look. Blind children are no oddity there. The reopening of the school this September 11th will be the start of the sixth year in which a small group of blind children have attended classes with over 700 sighted children. The latter help along their sightless schoolmates whenever they can, but the core of the school's program is to teach the blind to live as self-sufficient and normal a life as possible. This year there are nine blind children at Roosevelt. They eat, study, exercise and attend regular classes with the sighted children. The only difference is a Resource Room where they study Braille and typing one class period a day.

A typical episode occurred last spring in one of Roosevelt's regular classes: fifth-grade teacher Joan Weismann called on Steven Protti to lead a test. Steven read a question aloud from his Braille book. "John, you answer that," he said.

"John's not here, Steven," Miss Weismann said.

"All right, Joe," he said. "You answer it."

Arlene Jenezon has been in Miss Marjorie Tuttle's kindergarten class. At five, she was just beginning to comprehend her own blindness.

One day last spring, when all the children were drawing, Miss Tuttle said: "You better string beads instead, Arlene." The little girl smiled. "Oh, well, I guess I'm blind." It was the first time she had uttered the word.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WAYNE MILLER

# They have all life's fullness at their finger tips

Arlene Jenezon was just beginning to realize the meaning of her blindness when she took part in this kindergarten class in finger painting last spring

Steven Protti (l), eleven and in the sixth grade, is the most active of the blind children at outdoor games. He runs rather than walks around the playground and, helped by a sighted classmate, is a champ high swinger

Mickey Boyle follows the assignment in Braille book as a classmate reads aloud

Arlene Jenezon and other kindergartners listen to a teacher's story at the piano

Mickey Boyle, Eddie Stevens, Myra Sue Bowling, Judy Wilkinson make a record

When blind children first started going to Roosevelt School in 1951, the sighted pupils tended to be overprotective.

"They used to take me by the arm and say: 'There's a stairway ahead. Now up, one, two, three,'" twelve-year-old Judy Wilkinson recalls. But now the sighted children understand the blind children want to make their own way.

Roosevelt's principal, Burdette Miller, believes the better the blind children can get along in a normal school, the better adjusted they will be for later life.

Miller says: "Roosevelt is a school for kids who can see. We are working blind children into our program. But the whole program would be a failure if this turned into a school for the blind."

All but two of the blind children come to school by cab. The exceptions are Mickey Boyle, who lives nearby and walks to school, and Eddie Stevens, who has blur vision and who takes the bus. "One day," Miller recalls, "Eddie got on the wrong bus and ended in Hayward, 10 miles away. A speed cop brought him back to school on a motorcycle, with the siren screaming. We thought Eddie might like it and get the wrong bus again after that experience, but he hasn't missed since."

Once in school, the blind children fade into the crowd. But these children give even Jim Kennelly, the school caretaker, a surprise now and then. One day he was watching carefully as Mickey, ten, and his blind friend, Norman Townsend, eleven, rode their bikes full clip down a concrete ramp, turned sharply, and rolled between a tree and the side of the building.

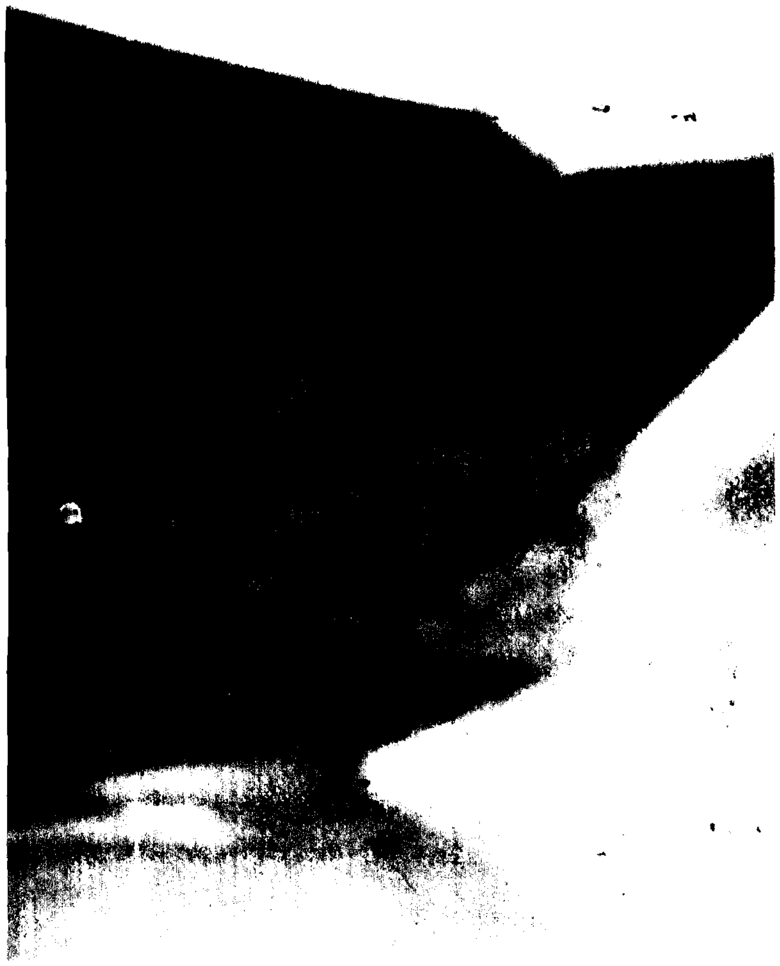
As they pushed their bikes up the ramp for another try, he called, "Norm, Mickey, why don't you take your bikes over into the play field? It's safer there."

The boys obeyed but returned to the ramp five minutes later. "Gee, Mr. Kennelly," said Mickey. "That's no fun. We don't like to ride out there. You can't see a darn thing."

Mickey Boyle concentrates with head bowed as a sighted student reads to him. This type of help from the blind children's sighted classmates happens frequently, both in

Mickey takes part fully in recess with his classmates who can see. The boys are having a roughhouse, no organized game, and Mickey tries to grab a boy who promptly falls to the ground

The only special class for blind children is one period a day in the Resource Room where they learn Braille and typing on standard typewriter. Above, Mickey gets his lesson from Miss Jerrine Lucas



arithmetic and reading classes when there is no Braille material

Mrs. Pat Boyle started blind children program so that Mickey (checked shirt) could have a home life with his younger brother (facing camera)

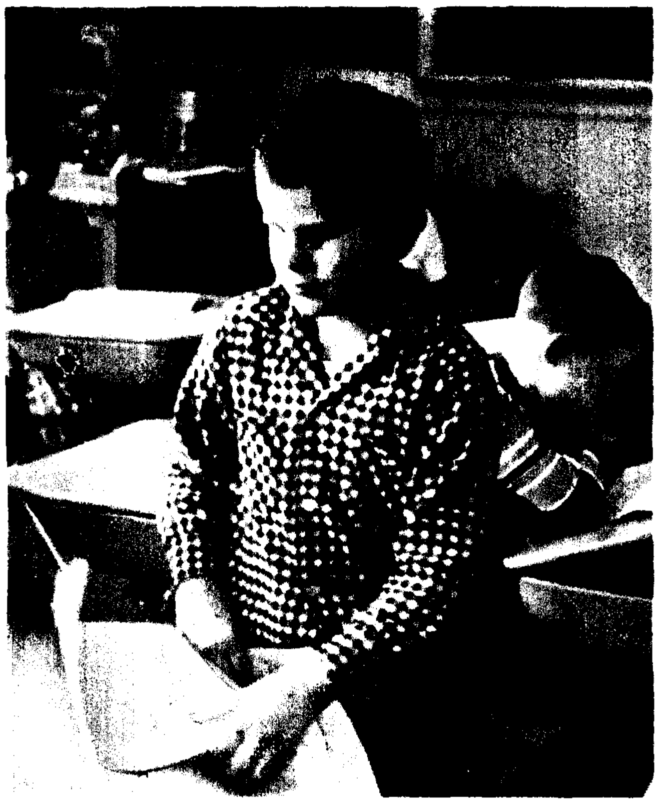
# For her son, she defied darkness

When Mickey Boyle was two, his mother, Mrs. Pat Boyle, began a three-year campaign to have blind children attend school with sighted children in one of San Leandro's regular schools. Mrs. Boyle, a thirty-seven-year-old registered nurse, didn't want Mickey to attend a school for the blind because he would have had to be a boarder. "I was determined Mickey was going to have a home life with his brother and sister," she says. "Besides, he's going to live with sighted people. Why shouldn't he start in school?"

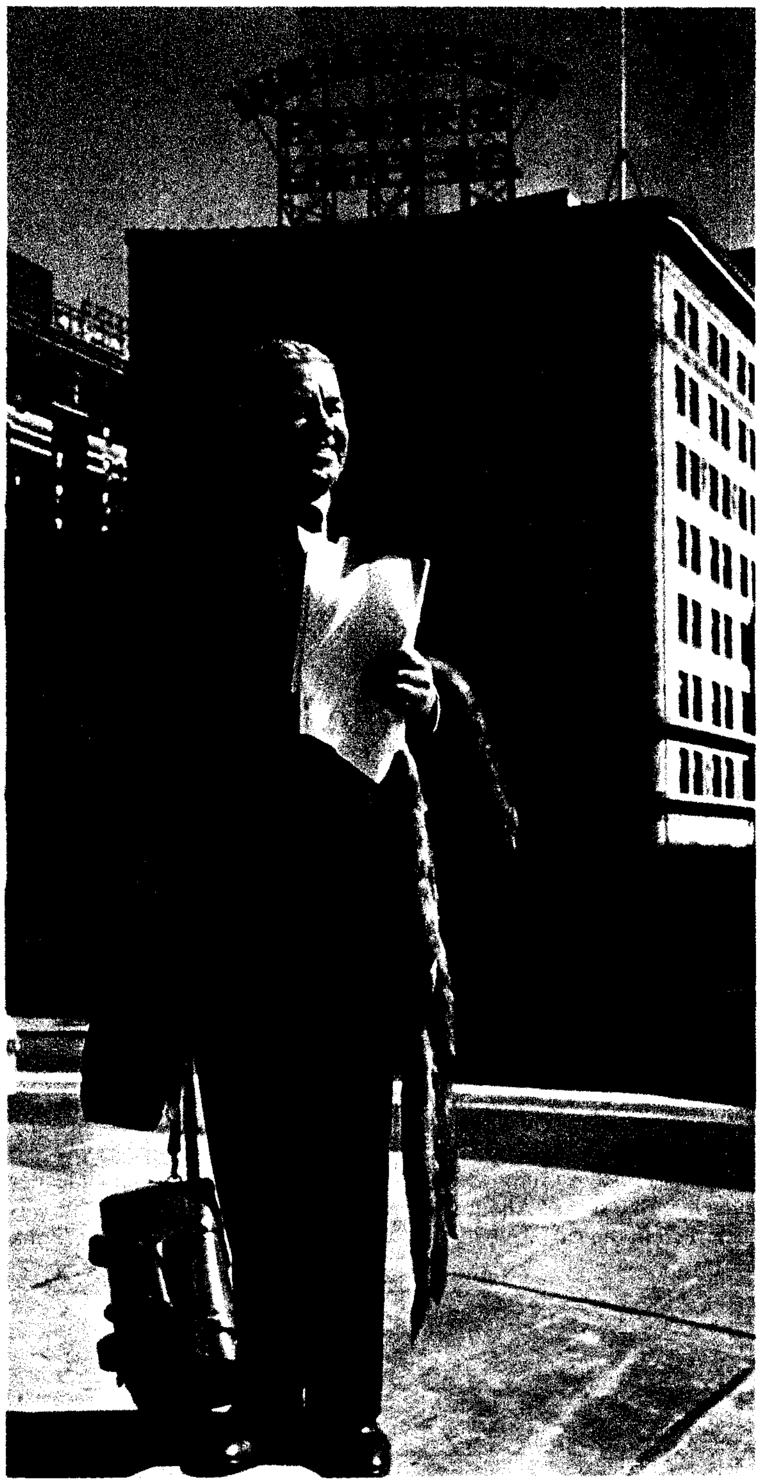
She studied at San Francisco State College, corresponded with the American Foundation for the Blind, talked with officials of the San Leandro school system. After consulting many experts, the officials decided to start the blind program at Roosevelt School in 1951.

The program's success is witnessed by the graduation this spring of Judy Wilkinson who is now going to Garfield Junior High School, also in the San Leandro school system. Judy was second in her class in grades and a leader in popularity. She says: "About the only thing the kids got mad about was that I can read in the dark."

—PIERRE SALINGER



Mickey is a monitor (left) in his grade. Above, he runs back to school after lunch with brother



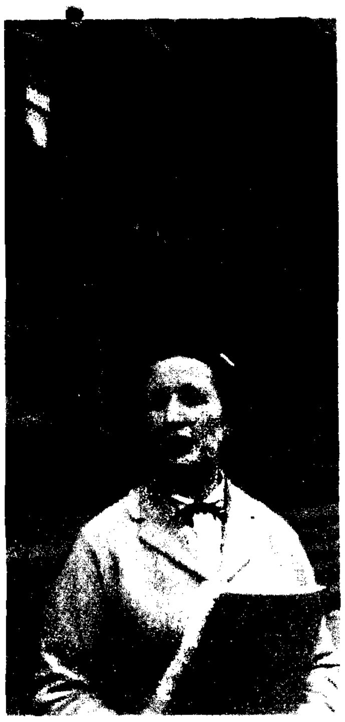
THE AUTHOR

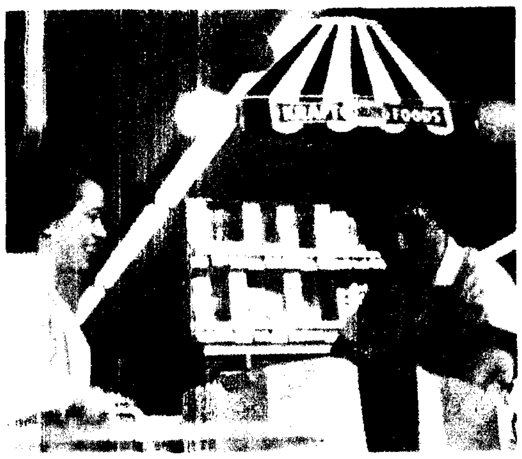
# Where men go wrong about WOMEN.

By WALTER DAVENPORT

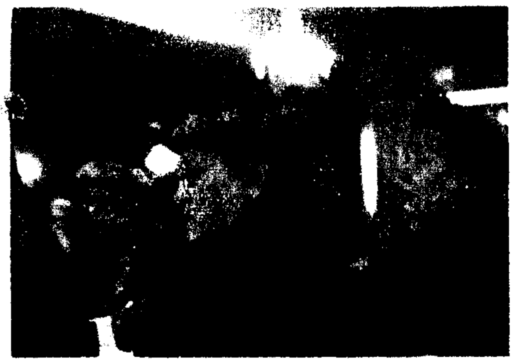
A cross section of that new political phenomenon—voting females—is quizzed by a Collier's editor. He got told, and now tells you, why the ladies are voting much more and much differently than expected

The four photographs at left include Gladys Pohlmann, Indianapolis City Councilwoman (far left); housewife Opal Kremer and daughter (center above); supermarket cashier Helen Piper (bottom center); department store executive Quanah Crowder (l.)





# VOTERS



Top row, l. to r., Marjorie Snyder, official of Indiana G.O.P. Central Committee; farmer's wife Helen Ferguson; factory worker's wife Marceline Richardson. Lower row: businessman's wife Lila Kaufman; Indiana Political Workshop forum

JUST before we left for the interior we described our quarry to a Washington veteran who has survived, with better than average success, many balloting safaris. An unusual quantity of the wisdom and cunning he has picked up in his battles for political survival has stuck to him. He wished us luck and was benevolent enough to withhold a reminder that wiser men than we had hit the same trail only to come out mentally and physically the worse for it.

We were going to Indianapolis, Indiana, to ask women why they vote as they do, why they are voting in ever-increasing numbers, why they are overtaking and even passing men in their interest and activity in politics. Thus, the bare bones of our mission. Before we finished the job or, perhaps more accurately, got as far as anyone was likely to get, we saw a great light.

Up to a certain but never fixed point, the woman voter is a lady. Pushed beyond that by the candidate's stale burblings on time-tattered issues and/or by his blind and unimaginative adherence to a creaking political machine, she is more than likely to become a Nemesis—particularly his—and ballot him back to whatever he was doing before he decided to become a public payrollee.

"It is not hard to explain in a sort of vague way," said our survivor of the political wars. "Every so often," he explained, reaching into his capacious bag of memories, "women get causy. You can gentle them around for just so long. The old sweet-nothings stuff, if you get what I mean. And then someone will come along with a ringing call to arms, a cause. And suddenly," he concluded with a sigh, "they'll throw party affiliations and party leaders—bosses, some call them—out the window. Believe me, sir, a woman with a cause can be a fearsome thing." (Later, when we got out in the field, we indeed found women less tolerant, to put it gently, of party hacks and political clichés than their shoulder-shrugging husbands.)

We did not fix haphazardly on industrialized Indianapolis and its rural surroundings of Marion County for our research. In both Republican and Democratic National Headquarters there is unusual bipartisan agreement that we would find the facts of political life in that 400-square-mile area.

On the banks of the Wabash there is no accurate table for the political tides. They flow erratically, leaving first one party then the other in low water. Eisenhower swept the state in 1952. In the 1955 municipal elections, however, the Democrats won cities which had been as Republican as Vermont hamlets. Just about everything warranted to keep professional politicians, especially candidates, in a clammy sweat has happened and can recur in Indiana. And Marion County is its palpitating heart.

We emerged into the streets of Indianapolis in time to catch a number of women coming out of a political-discussion session at the Continental Hotel. A dozen aspirants, all men, had spent the morning pleading their causes, stating reasons why, in their opinions, they merited the distaff vote. It is only fair to assume that some of them were plausible and even convincing. But their audience seemed to be concentrating on two of the candidates.

"I have never heard a candidate more irrevocably committed to the virtues and against sin of all sorts," said one of the ladies. "He was one hundred per cent for motherhood, the church and America. You'd think he was talking to our blessed grandmothers."

"And the other man," said the woman wearing what looked like a large hubcap on her blonde head, "belonged to six lodges."

"Eight," said a mink-stoled lady nearby. "I counted them."

There was much more of the same, leaving us pretty sure that neither office seeker did himself much good, votewise, that morning. And we were subsequently to learn that women in general regard God-and-the-flag political bushbeaters with swiftly ebbing enthusiasm.

In a job like this you knock on any door. That's how we met Mrs. Vivian Wells, an industrial worker's wife and, incidentally, a persistent demander for Plain Answers to Simple Questions, an unorganized but rapidly growing movement among women voters.

In her precinct, Mrs. Wells said, "Women voters outnumbered the men two to one at the latest elections." Why? Hard to say exactly. But the men

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

## The ways of a woman in politics—leaping the fences and scratching the hacks

are inclined to shrug things off, don't see what can be done about a lot of things that need to be done. But women are all house cleaners at heart. Sort of look upon brooms, mops, dusters and disinfectants as weapons peculiar to their sex. "Understand?" We nodded.

Well, in the latest local elections the women had a slogan: Scratch the Hacks. Here was that Cause we'd heard about in Washington. And the women need nothing more. Scratch the Hacks.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE HACKS—the interminables who grew pot-bellied, waffle-tailed and bag-eyed in public office—can be compared to one of those cellar-to-attic house cleanings, the kind that jars and confuses the easygoing male.

Women, Mrs. Wells went on, are born ticket splitters. They may be registered Republicans or registered Democrats but let them get together to talk things over, and they'll emerge from the kitchen on Election Day and leap party fences. Scratching hacks? Mister, it's a pleasure.

Hack-scratching? Applecart-upsetting? Are these the ways of a woman? Mrs. Floyd Holland nodded. Her husband, who is a school janitor, nodded too. Men are fond of saying that women fear change, Mrs. Holland said; and that, thus, female votes, however increasing, are not menacing the old, organizational setups. Mrs. Holland shook her head. So did Mr. Holland. It's the men who fear the applecart upsets, she said. Women have taken to looking at the applecart's contents. If they don't like what they see, well, that's just too bad for the applecart.

Men, to Mrs. Holland's way of thinking, still talk and think as they vote—in a rut. Not that she doesn't understand why. Sometimes a man's job depends on his party affiliation and loyalty. Then again he fears change—change which might upset his business. Personal friendships induce him sometimes to regard bad government with an uneasy tolerance seldom shared by women, she concluded.

"These are bad times for old wives' tales about how women vote," Mrs. Holland said. Mr. Holland nodded again, more vigorously.

A Mrs. Annie Furrmann had something to say about the feminine fondness for ticket splitting. She said she doesn't know "one solitary woman who votes a straight ticket unless she has a political job." It is—well, sort of woman's nature. Let's say (she said) she's got two children, a boy and a girl. Let's say one of them gets out of line—disobeys, or something. That one gets a clout or is fined a week's allowance, or something. Anyway, a stern warning. Punished. Well, that's the way she feels about politicians and parties. Clout the bad ones regardless of sex or party or personal predisposition. She asked us whether her theory sounded screwy. We hedged; said only another woman could answer that. She flapped her hand at us.

In Indianapolis and on Marion County's farms we talked to scores of women. Without exception, all derided the predictions so frequently made in 1920, when the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution became effective, that government would become cleaner and more efficient as the woman vote increased. Also, that the quality of male candidates would consequently improve. Nonsense, they said. Rot. Bunk. Short snorts like that. The woman voter, they said, is still a human being, with all the ability of the male to vote for the wrong candidate and be bamboozled by well-constructed but false propaganda. But, they added, it is extremely dangerous to tell a woman the same lie twice.

Only two women foresaw the day when a woman would become a Presidential candidate. Neither said that she'd necessarily vote for her. Both denied with some heat that this latter is due to the familiar male theory that jealousy deprives many female candidates of the votes of her sisters. Rather, they agreed, a woman lacks the administrative qualities of a man.

But, said Mrs. Lydia Wellcome, a woman as President might be "influenced in big things by what men regard as little things—the kids, for example, or primary schools or TV shows."

You may accept it as a fact that, in a manner of speaking, women carry the simple problems of their individual homes with them as they enter the polling booths. Men, to the contrary, vote with their business affairs uppermost in mind. This is as true as it is trite. Witness the testimony of Mrs. Opal Kremer.

MRS. KREMER WAS BUSY when we arrived. She was painting the kitchen and at the same time carrying on a school-report-card discussion with her small daughter. Mrs. Kremer, wife of an Indianapolis police sergeant, is always busy. She is a Democratic county worker and a personal-tax assessor in the effervescent Nineteenth Ward. A practical woman, Mrs. Kremer, not bowed down with theory but rich in experience. Is there a difference in the way a woman votes? Different from the man's way? No, she didn't think so. But there might be this: as a mother she is closer to the children. Mrs. Kremer wouldn't be surprised if the woman has her children's future high in her mind when she goes to the polls. Maybe women vote thinking of tomorrow and men merely of today. Maybe. Maybe. And yes, politics is a pretty personal thing with women.

Mrs. Kremer's last statement was endorsed and elaborated on by a congressman, who shuddered as he pledged us not to mention his name. First he listened to what we had learned thus far in our questioning. Why do women vote the way they do? He professed to be less interested in that than in the "new vigor with which they are carrying on as precinct workers." In particular, those women vote-rousers who form committees all

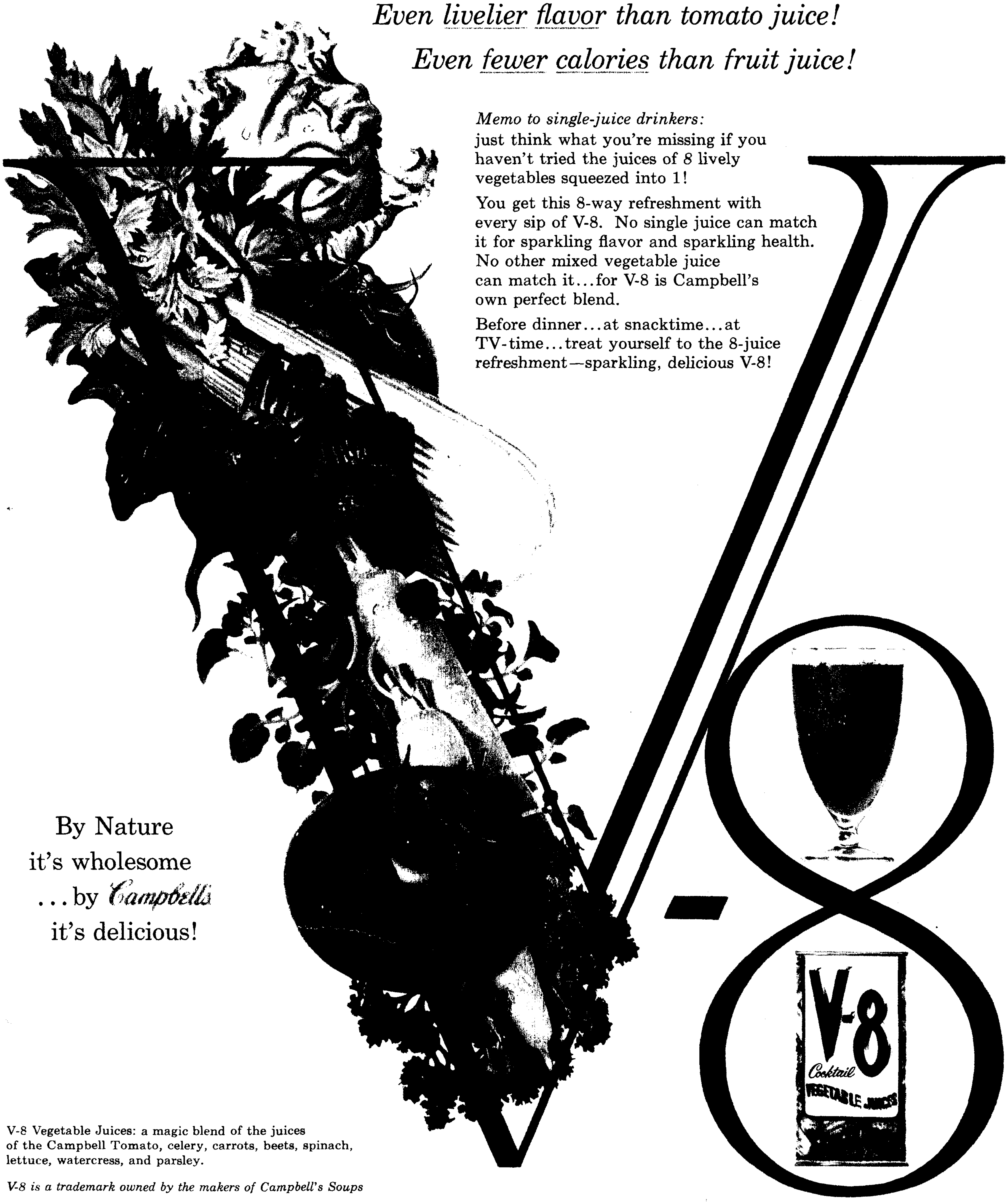
### THE WAY WOMEN VOTE

| ACCORDING TO MEN | ACCORDING TO WOMEN |
|---|---|
| Wives listen to the family breadwinner on Election Day. They vote the way their husbands tell them to. | Men get in a political rut. Nowadays it's often the woman of the house who keeps her tired businessman posted on campaign issues. |
| Women fall for any candidate who says he's against sin and stands foursquare for home and motherhood. | We can see through those old clichés. But naturally we relate political issues to our own family security. |
| Women take politics personally. | Right! |
| Women are jealous of female candidates and won't vote for another woman. | The women we like aren't always the ones men pick, that's all. Confidentially, there are some of us who think women can't hold down every political office. |
| The matinee-idol-type candidate is sure-fire stuff with the fair sex. | Not so. He doesn't have to be handsome. We like them neat and manly. |
| Why can't a woman be like a man? Females don't have any real political loyalty. | Men are too loyal to party hacks. Why shouldn't we split our tickets if it means getting the best man for the job? |
| Women vote emotionally. | We call it intuition. |

# 8 ways refreshing anytime!

*Even livelier flavor than tomato juice!*

*Even fewer calories than fruit juice!*



*Memo to single-juice drinkers:* just think what you're missing if you haven't tried the juices of 8 lively vegetables squeezed into 1!

You get this 8-way refreshment with every sip of V-8. No single juice can match it for sparkling flavor and sparkling health. No other mixed vegetable juice can match it...for V-8 is Campbell's own perfect blend.

Before dinner...at snacktime...at TV-time...treat yourself to the 8-juice refreshment—sparkling, delicious V-8!

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it's delicious!

V-8 Vegetable Juices: a magic blend of the juices of the Campbell Tomato, celery, carrots, beets, spinach, lettuce, watercress, and parsley.

*V-8 is a trademark owned by the makers of Campbell's Soups* steamed up with a cause. You know, my friend, what the fellow said about the scorned woman.

They'll start by telephoning an officeholder, sweet as honey cake. About two weeks later, he said, they'll call again. Bittersweet this time. They'd like to have your word, sir, that you'll vote for us. Or for our side. Or our legislation. Well, sir, if you don't mind, I'll call you just before election. Whether the officeholder minds or not, he said, she calls him.

This time she's no Lorelei. You tell her that you are not voting her way. "I'm surprised, sir," she snaps. "I shall have to tell my husband and friends that you are not with us, that you're opposed to our candidate and this legislation that the country needs so much. You will hear from us." And, he said, you do.

The woman committee worker (and the woman in general), he sighed, does not take political defeat for her side philosophically. Her side, her candidate, her cause is a matter of great and lasting importance. And she will work up a *personal* dislike for the candidate she is opposing. If he is elected, her distaste for him becomes intense. That he may turn out to be a better-than-average officeholder rarely softens her. Disappointed women, he said, never forget.

We said we detected a tinge of blackmail. He was shocked. Blackmail? Not at all, not at all. It is merely, said he, that women frequently like to have their own way and strive by devious means to get it. "At any rate," he said, "don't mention my name."

OUR NEXT LEAP left us on the teeth of an old saw: Does a woman take her politics from her "better half"?

So far as she was concerned, Mrs. Ford Kaufman, wife of a successful investment counselor, said women are registering and voting in ever-increasing numbers "to take some of the burden *off* their husbands."

"This is a tough competitive age," said Mrs. Kaufman. "It is unfair to expect one's husband to be the wife's guide and interpreter of politicians and their issues. He has plenty to do in his so-called breadwinning. He comes home tired. He hasn't the time to, he can't, devote his days to investigations into political situations and personalities. That is becoming more and more the responsibility of the wife. I very decidedly believe that it's up to us women to keep ourselves informed on such matters and discuss them with our husbands—discuss them intelligently from a background of facts."

Mrs. Margaret Jones, a housewife, was certain the days are vanishing when husband and wife voted "hand in hand." In that fading past the precinct worker took it for granted that the men in the family guided or even dictated the votes of their women. Suddenly, it seemed, women's political discussion groups sprang into being—"like overnight." Come to think of it, these groups multiplied fast "during the second World War and Korea while the men were overseas fighting." Or maybe it began before that—in the early thirties, when the government began doing things to alleviate the family privations of the great depression. Women, Mrs. Jones said, were thinking in terms of food and shelter, and women were thankful for the aid Mr. Roosevelt brought to their doors. Anyway, the more women talked among themselves, the more convinced they became that they needed no mere male to lead them to the polls.

Younger women—say between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five—seem somewhat less independent in their convictions. Particularly the unmarried. There was Miss Emma Klobb, for example, busy on Washington Street making some sort of traffic tabulation. She seemed glad enough to quit for a while and talk. She hadn't registered yet, felt that she should but, well—she didn't just know. Her boy friend, an ex-GI, hadn't and said he wasn't going to. Reason: it didn't matter who got elected. Miss Klobb admitted that this was somewhat soggy thinking but, then, she wasn't "going to get into an argument with him about politics." Did she think she might change her attitude after she was married? Maybe. "Most women do," she said.

But Miss Quanah Crowder, an executive in the L. S. Ayres & Company department store, told us that her young women employees are not at all like that. They are registering. They are voting. They are chronic ticket splitters, lightly scornful of strait-jacketing partyism and particularly contemptuous of party bosses.

Look. Their favorite veterans have come home from the Pacific, from Europe, from wherever. The lads have been doing some brand-new thinking. Like this: the world is cockeyed, old methods and mores are junk, too many of their elders have tradition-suffocated minds, snake-oil medicine men trying to cure new diseases. And there should be some better way of squandering one's youth than keeping watch on the Rhine or the Yalu. The veterans are passing their thoughts on to the girls. And the girls latch onto them and vote them.

Presently, we found ourself surrounded by kids on the apparently limitless playgrounds of the Pike Township consolidated school near Indianapolis. We were talking to two of the teachers—Miss Esther Myers and Mrs. Elloree Northcott. Both teachers believe that the women's vote became a thing to reckon with when World War II fetched them out of their homes into industrial jobs. Women got together in huge numbers. They got fresh points of view. State and national legislation that affected them became more important to them. And, ever since, they've been voting more independently of their menfolks. They have enjoyed meeting with large numbers of their own sex and talking things over. And now, back home from their industrial jobs, they are still meeting. Political discussion clubs, for example.

Back in the city, Mrs. Ralph Mahlke, wife of an Indianapolis fireman, gave it as her opinion that wars and rumors of wars fetch women to the polls in numbers untouched by the conventional caterwauling of office seekers. Republican or Democrat, that candidate whose belligerence is farthest below the boiling point, whose policies are the most internationally conciliatory—well, that's the candidate most women she knew were voting for.

Thus far we had turned up very little to substantiate what professional male politicians had said when we told them what we were planning to write about. Sure, here and there a woman would give us to suspect that her "emotions" dictated her vote. But our own experience in digging into American voting habits told us that emotion-voting is not exclusively a feminine quality. Very far from it.

If there is any reason to believe that the farm woman's voting motivations are different from the city woman's, we didn't find it. Each apparently votes in the interests of family security as she sees it; although today, as ever, the farmer's wife is more concerned with teetering farm produce prices than her city sister is with, say, stocks and bonds or even union wage scales.

Nor did we find anything to back up the oft-repeated male contention that the woman voter is highly susceptible to the matinee-idol type of candidate. "That sort of male thinking," one woman said, "is more directly than indirectly the reason we are voting in greater numbers. It's old, old stuff. Antique-shop junk. It's evidence that the male politician has not changed his frayed brand of thinking. And because he hasn't, because his campaign methods and phrases are just about the same as his grandfather's, the demand calls for something new. And I believe we women are supplying that."

The physical appearance of the male candidate, either in person or on television, is a field thickly dotted with land mines. Two farm wives probably put it as succinctly as anyone. Mrs. Fletcher Ferguson, whose husband raises hogs and beef cattle in Marion County, said, "His appearance counts, but not too much. If he looks sloppy, a woman is apt to decide he thinks sloppy. And yet he mustn't be a slick dresser—not too sharp, as the kids say. He must look—well, as though he was used to being well dressed. And it's very necessary that he look like a man. Doesn't have to be handsome. You know what I mean. Manly."

A Mrs. McCulley, wife of a commercial truck farmer, thought that women study a candidate's face, sometimes so intently that they miss things he says. There are, she went on, lots of jokes about woman's intuition, but it's there all right. Like with door-to-door salesmen. There are some whose "eyes and mouth" could sell her anything.

OF COURSE IT WAS to be expected that an inquiry such as this would lead to women who weren't particularly concerned with how women voted or why. There was, for example, Mrs. Anna Chusck, waitress. She was out of a job at the moment but wasn't too concerned because her husband had a good one in the Allison Division of General Motors. Anyway, she was in no hurry. Before applying for a job she always ate lunch in the place, paying for it like anyone else. If the quality of the food was not to her liking, she just wouldn't work there anyway.

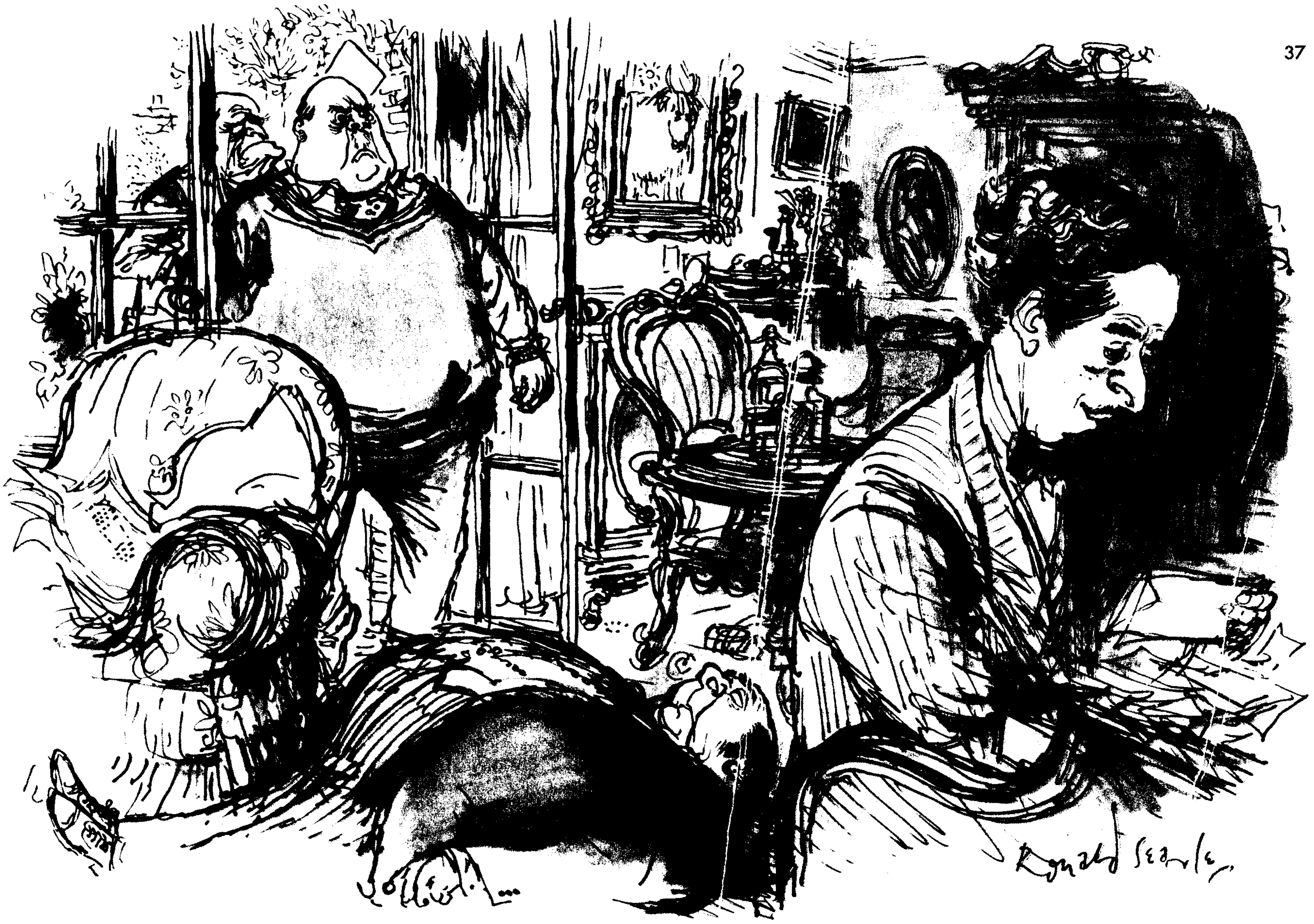
Sure, she had registered. Vote? She shrugged. Maybe. But no particular theories about why and how. There are a lot of things she doesn't understand—what they're saying about foreign policy, for example. She wishes that somebody would put it into words a body could understand. It takes a college professor to know what they're talking about.

A woman Mrs. Chusck knew—a Mrs. Boland—stopped to ask what she was saying of such importance that a man had to write it down. "Listen," said Mrs. Boland, "write this down. Us women can understand what's going on in our precincts. Even in the city. Like graft, overcrowded schools, holes in the streets, curfews for the kids, and stuff like that. But when we listen to those people in Washington about what's going on outside the country and why we ought to agree that what they're doing about it is okay—well, it doesn't make sense. Straight talk in simple language. That's what we want."

In the eye of the Indiana political whirlpool, the Claypool Hotel, we had a leave-taking chat with a State senator—male. "So all you had to do," said he, "was find out why women vote like they do."

"What do you mean 'all we had to do'?" we demanded.

"I could have told you without all the fuss," he replied. "It's because they're women." THE END



Keggs was out cold and someone was rifling his desk. "Hey," Lord Uffenham announced to Mortimer Bayliss, "there's a bally burglar in here!"

# Something fishy

### By P. G. WODEHOUSE

*Chicanery was rampant on all sides; the question now was who'd get found out*

THE STORY: In 1929, just before the Crash, a group of millionaires met for dinner in New York and, at the suggestion of MORTIMER BAYLISS, a sardonic bachelor, formed what they called a "marriage tontine" for their sons. Each was to put up $50,000, for investment, and the total sum would go to whichever of the sons was the last to marry. The sons were not told of the plan; the one outsider who knew of it was HAROLD KEGGS, the host's English butler. Now, twenty-seven years later, the men who had formed the tontine were gone; only Bayliss and Keggs remained. Bayliss was curator of the Bunyan art collection, owned by ROSCOE BUNYAN, playboy son of one of the millionaires. And Keggs, retired, lived in a London suburb; with him lived a former employer, LORD UFFENHAM, who was down on his luck, and Uffenham's niece, JANE BENEDICK, who was engaged to a sculptor her uncle thoroughly detested. Keggs, through the years, had kept close check on the young men involved in the tontine, and now only two were unmarried. One was Roscoe Bunyan, and Keggs—seeing a chance to cash in—told him about the tontine, now worth about $1,000,000. Only one person stood in the way of Bunyan's collecting the money, Keggs said, and for $100,000 he would tell Bunyan the young man's name. Then, Keggs suggested, if Bunyan gave the young man a good job, the young man could afford to get married—and thus Bunyan would win the jack pot. Bunyan agreed to this, in writing, and was told his rival's name: BILL HOLLISTER, who worked at an art gallery. Meantime, Lord Uffenham, who had had to lease his ancestral home, Shipley Hall, to Bunyan, hoped to restore his fortunes by the sale of some paintings. In the course of this transaction, Bill Hollister met and fell in love with Jane, Uffenham's niece. Then Bill accompanied Lord Uffenham to Shipley to consult with Mortimer Bayliss; they were shocked when Bayliss pronounced the paintings practically worthless.

***The Second of Two Parts***

LORD UFFENHAM was a resilient man, one of those who can meet with triumph and disaster and treat those two impostors just the same, as recommended by Mr. Kipling. When thunderbolts hit him, he tottered, but it was never long before he found himself jerking up and becoming aware of silver linings in the clouds.

It would, of course, have been pleasant, he was thinking, to have made a packet out of the ancestral pictures, but you had to look at these things from every angle. If, he reasoned, he had become a man of substance, with money to give away in large handfuls, it would scarcely have been possible for him to deny a loved niece her cut. And then what? Why, first thing you knew, some clergyman would have been saying, "Wilt thou, Jane, take this Stanhope?" and she would have been say-

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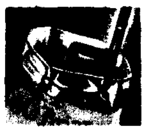
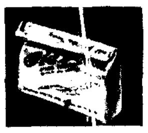


Fills without a single slip



Folds down neatly till smoked completely

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
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ing, "Well, Lord love a duck, what d'yer think I bought this wedding dress for?" And there she would have been, in the soup, tied for life to that frightful marble-chipper. So really, upon his soul, the clear-thinking peer told himself, things might have been a dashed sight worse.

BILL HOLLISTER, however, was feeling as if something hard and heavy had hit him. He had come to be very fond of Lord Uffenham, and his heart bled for him. "I'm awfully sorry, sir," Bill said. "About the pictures."

"Oh, that? Don't give it a thought," said Lord Uffenham buoyantly. "One can see how it happened, of course. What yer've got to bear in mind is that I'm not the first Viscount by a long chalk. I'm the sixth. That means that there were five Viscounts before me, all needing the stuff, and there were the bally things standing there waiting to be cashed in on, so they cashed in on them, and very sensible, too."

Bill was relieved. "Well, I'm glad you take such a philosophical view."

"Easy come, easy go is the way I look at the thing. But Jane isn't going to like it, I'm afraid. She was counting on those pictures to restore the family fortunes. I'd better go and phone her."

"I'll come with you. I want to talk to Jane."

"To express sympathy?"

"No, to ask her to marry me."

Lord Uffenham started. This opened up a new line of thought. Often he had dreamed wistfully of a Prince Charming who would someday pop up out of a trap and, if encouraged to play his cards right, take Jane's mind off that sculptor before it was too late. And here, standing beside him, was the very man. "What an admirable idea!"

"I was on the point of doing so at lunch today, when you came along and interrupted us."

"You love the wench?"

"I do."

"Quick work."

"That's the way we Hollisters are. We see, we love, we act. *Voilà!*"

"How d'yer mean, *voilà?*"

"A French expression, signifying, 'There you have it in a nutshell.' I must remember to tell Jane that. She thinks all the French I know is *l'addition* and *oo la la!*"

Bill, standing beside the telephone while his companion rumbled into it, listened with growing impatience. "So," said Lord Uffenham, summing up, "there yer have it in a nutshell. *Voilà!* . . . Hey? I said *voilà!* A French expression."

Bill could endure it no longer. "Here, give me that telephone."

"Oh, yerss, I was forgetting. Here's someone wants to talk to yer, Jane."

Bill took the instrument, and Lord Uffenham whispered a warning. "Pick yer words carefully. Don't rush her."

"I won't. . . . Jane? Bill speaking. Look, Jane, will you marry me?"

"That's what I meant by rushing her," said Lord Uffenham disapprovingly. He was thinking how much better the great bustard would have handled such a situation. The great bustard, as he had recently learned from his Wonders of the Bird World, when entertaining feelings for a female bustard deeper and warmer than those of ordinary friendship, does not shout proposals of marriage over the telephone. It ruffles its back feathers, inflates its chest and buries its neck in it, thus showing tact and leading up to the thing gracefully.

He was about to pass these nature notes on to Bill, when the latter spoke. He had replaced the receiver, and was standing with a stunned look on his face. "She says she's engaged to someone called Spine."

"Twine. Stanhope Twine. Sculptor. Lives next door. A young slab of damnation who wears blue suède shoes and yellow corduroy trousers."

"She can't love a fellow like that."

"Just what I tell her. But there it is. *Voilà!*"

A determined look came into Bill's face. "This will have to be adjusted. I'll go and thresh it out with her."

"She won't be there. She was just going off to her school friend, and you know how it is when girls get together. She may not be home till midnight. Come and have a spot of dinner tomorrow. Seven o'clock. Don't dress."

Bill looked at Lord Uffenham with gratitude and approval. The old gentleman might be an odd shape, but he got some good ideas. "I will. Thank you very much."

"Yerss, that's how matters stand, my boy. She's gone and got herself engaged to this herring-gutted young son of a sea cook, and the voice of reason is powerless to drive any sense into her fat head. Lord love a duck," said Lord Uffenham, "when I think of Jane wanting to marry Stanhope Twine and remember that her sister Anne came within an ace of marrying an interior decorator, I ask myself if there may not be a touch of eccentricity in the family."

IN THE manner of Roscoe Bunyan toward Mortimer Bayliss there had been since the visit of Keggs to Shipley Hall more than suggestion of coldness and hauteur. Roscoe had not at all liked the other's description of him as a mean-souled young wart hog. But the news contained in the letter beside his plate on the breakfast table was so stimulating that he allowed his frostiness to melt. "I've heard from Pilbeam," he said.

Mortimer Bayliss looked up from his eggs and bacon. "You have? Splendid. Who is Pilbeam?"

"The man I hired to steal back those love letters of mine."

"Ah, yes. The private eye. And has he done it?"

"He says he has brought the matter with which I entrusted him to a satisfactory conclusion, and would be glad if I would call at his office at my convenience."

"Prose stylist, eh? And now, I suppose, you will notify the unfortunate girl that the engagement is off."

"Yes."

"Love's young dream! It's only a week or so ago that you were raving about this actress—this Elaine Dawn. You told me she was wonderful."

"She is. She's a knockout."

"Then why don't you marry her?"

"And lose that million?"

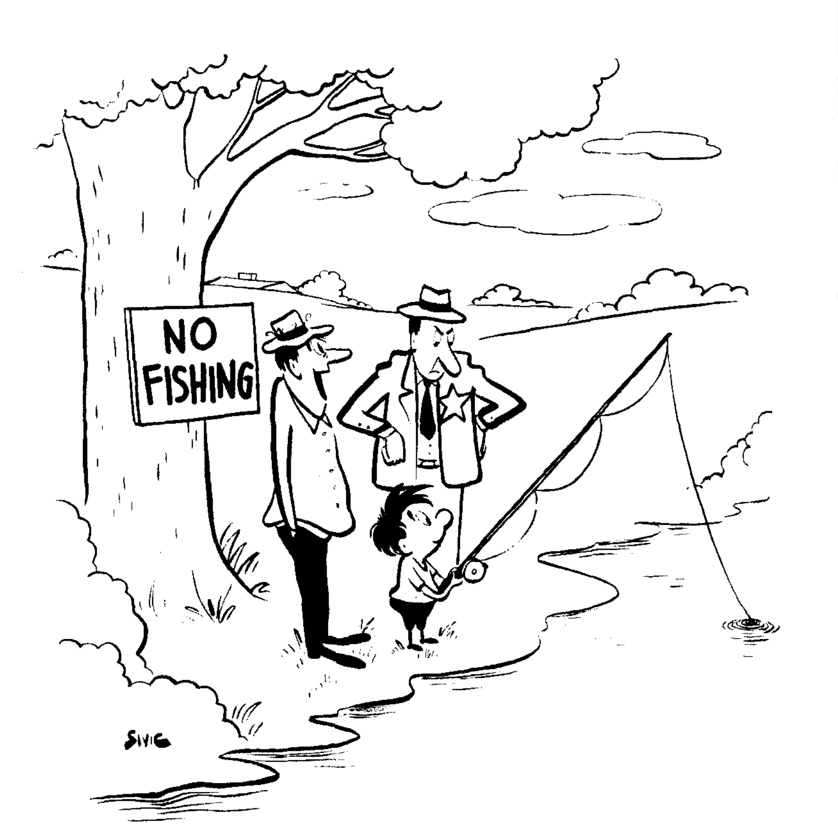
"You don't need another million."

"Talk sense," said Roscoe, and went off to telephone Percy Pilbeam that he would be with him shortly.

THE prudent man engaging the services of a private investigator sets more value on astuteness than on physical beauty. In the case of the managing director of the Argus Inquiry Agency this was fortunate, for though it is possible that there were more repellent human bloodhounds in London than Percy Pilbeam, they would have taken a considerable amount of finding. He was a thin, pimpled young man with small eyes set too close together, he marcelled his hair in a fashion distressing to right-minded people, and his upper lip was disfigured by a small and revolting mustache. But though the over-all picture he presented was calculated to make the judicious grieve, to Roscoe, so profound was his relief that the fatal papers had been recovered, Pilbeam looked quite attractive.

"So you got them?" Roscoe said sunnily. "How did you manage?"

Percy Pilbeam ran a pen airily through his marcelled hair. "Easy. She has to be at the theater every night. I waited till she had gone, got in, hunted



"He can't read"

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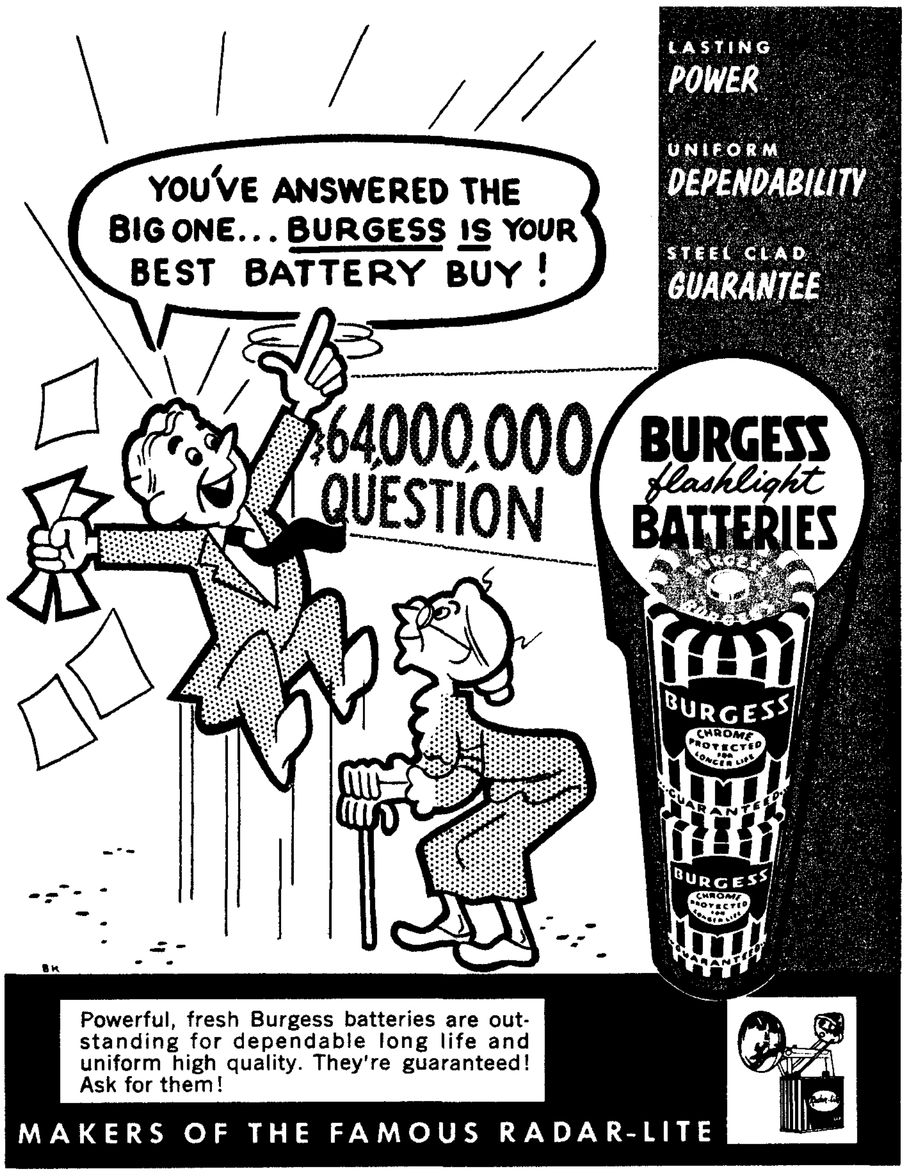
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around, found the letters and got out again. It was simple . . . Well, when I say simple," said Pilbeam, belatedly thinking of the bill he would be sending in, "it wasn't, of course, by any means. There was great nervous strain."

"Oh, you wouldn't mind that," said Roscoe, also thinking of the bill. "Not a man with your experience."

"Nevertheless— I beg your pardon? You said something."

This was inaccurate. Roscoe had not spoken, he had given a sudden gargle, a sort of strangled sound not unlike that made by a cat which has swallowed a fishbone the wrong way, and the reason he had gargled was that, to quote the poet Keats, a thought had come like a full-blown rose, flushing his brow.

Even the most stolid have their dreams, and ever since he had set his name to the Keggs contract, visions had been rising before Roscoe's eyes of somehow obtaining possession of that contract and tearing it up, thus rendering the subtle butler powerless as a force for evil. And he had thought of a capital way of doing this, a plan complete in every detail; but he needed an agent, and it seemed to him that in Pilbeam he had found one.

"Look," Roscoe said. "I want you to take on another job for me. The same kind."

"You mean you've written some more letters?" said Pilbeam, surprised. This would make the third lot penned by this client, and that constituted a record. So far in his experience even Baronets, who are notoriously lax in morals, had been content with two.

"No, no, it isn't letters this time. It's—well, it's a paper I want to get back from someone. I signed a sort of agreement and I want to get out of it, and the only way to get out of it is to pinch the thing. It would be easy," said Roscoe persuasively. "All you would have to do is call on the man—"

"On what pretext?"

"I've thought of that. This fellow Keggs—"

"Is that his name?"

"Yes. He used to work for my father. This fellow Keggs lives in Valley Fields and owns some house property there. You go to him—here's the address—and say you come from me and you're looking for a house down there and has he anything that would suit you? Then, when he brings out the drinks—he'll be bound to bring out drinks—you slip a kayo drop into his and there you are."

PILBEAM was shaking his head. The scheme as outlined did not offend his moral sense, for he had not got one, but it struck him as unpleasantly hazardous. At a never-to-be-forgotten point in his search of Miss Elaine Dawn's apartment the doorbell had suddenly rung, and he had distinctly felt his heart leap from its moorings. He shrank from a repetition of that experience.

"I'd be prepared to pay something special," Roscoe said.

Pilbeam's head ceased to shake. He wavered. Just as Roscoe liked making another million, so did Pilbeam enjoy being paid something special. "What is this agreement you speak of?" he asked, interested but refraining from committing himself.

"Oh, just an agreement," said Roscoe. His native prudence forbade him to tell all. The private investigator who learns that he is saving a client a hundred thousand dollars is a private investigator who puts his prices up. "It's just a paper. I imagine it would be in a sealed envelope, probably marked *Agreement* or *Contract* or *In re R. Bunyan, Esquire*, or something."

"And where would it be?"

"Bound to be in his room somewhere. In a drawer in the desk or somewhere."

"It would mean a long search."

"Not for a man like you," said Roscoe ingratiatingly.

Pilbeam disdained to comment on this. He fondled his disgusting little mustache for a moment.

"I'll do it for a thousand pounds, cash down," he said.

A sharp spasm ran through Roscoe. Five thousand pounds to Keggs, a thousand to Percy Pilbeam. His soul, what there was of it, seemed to wince and shudder. "You wouldn't feel like doing the job for a hundred?" he asked.

Pilbeam said he would not.

"A thousand pounds is a lot of money."

"Quite," said Pilbeam. "That's why I like it."

ON THE rare occasions when Lord Uffenham entertained guests to dinner, it was Keggs's kindly practice to come out of his retirement for the evening and lend a helping hand, buttling as devotedly as in the old Shipley Hall days. Keggs was consequently the first thing Bill Hollister saw when he arrived at Castlewood for dinner on the following night, and the spectacle rocked Bill back on his heels. The last thing he had expected to find in this remote suburb was a vintage butler of obviously a very good year. Recovering, he gave his name, and was surprised to find that he was being eyed with respectful interest.

"Excuse me, sir, might I inquire, if it is not a liberty, if you are the son of Mr. Joseph Hollister, formerly of New York City?"

"Yes, that's right. You knew my father?"

"I was for several years in the service of the late Mr. J. J. Bunyan, and Mr. Hollister, senior, was a frequent guest at our table. The resemblance struck me immediately. If you will step this way, sir. His lordship is in his study."

The study was a large, airy room, comfortably furnished in country-house style; for Lord Uffenham, on being driven from his Garden of Eden, had been at pains to bring with him all the chairs, rugs, pictures, books and personal belongings he liked best. On the walls hung photographs of him at every stage of his development: the schoolboy, the undergraduate, the Guardsman, the *boulevardier* and the warrior of the battlefields of Loos and the Somme. It would have interested Bill to examine these, to see if the sixth Viscount had always been that peculiar pear shape. But he was given no opportunity of doing so, for his host thrust him into a chair, handed him a cocktail and began to speak.

"Holloway . . ."

Bill said the name was Hollister, and Lord Uffenham said Oh, was it, adding that the point was immaterial, for now that they were such close friends, he proposed to address him as Fred. "It's about Jane, Fred. I'm sorry to say yer've made Jane ratty with yer. Ever since you asked her to marry yer yesterday she's been going about in a sort of dream, looking like a dying duck. She's in shock."

"Oh, no, really," Bill protested.

"In shock," repeated Lord Uffenham

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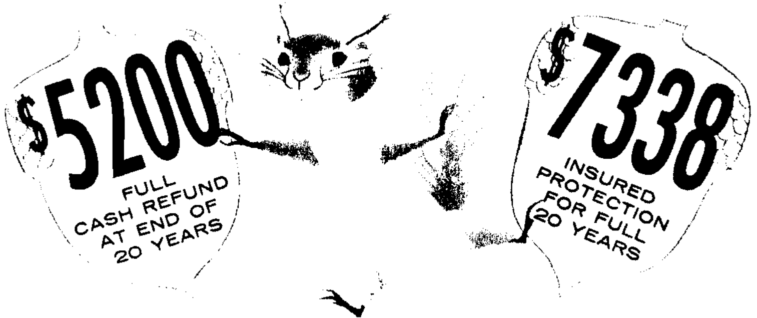
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firmly. "And why wouldn't she be, hearing a chap who was practically a ruddy stranger bellowing over the telephone 'I love yer, let's get married'? Why, there was a girl I used to know in nineteen twelve who got in shock once because I didn't like her new hat. Took a diamond sunburst to bring her round, I remember. You shook the wench to her foundations, my boy, and if yer want to pry her away from the hellbound Twine, yer'll have to spit on yer hands and pull yer socks up. You ever read poetry, Fred?"

"Quite a good deal," Bill Hollister admitted. "Why?"

"I was thinking that once in a while these poets stumble on something that makes sense," Lord Uffenham said. "Remember the feller who said that women were gosh-awful pains in the neck when things were going right with men, but turned into bally angels when they had hang-overs."

"'O woman! in our hours of ease . . .'"

"That's the one. My old guv'nor used to recite it whenever he got a bit bottled. Well, there's a lot in it. Take Jane. At the moment ratty, but if pain and anguish were to wring yer brow, she'd be all over yer. It was the same with her sister Anne. A fine young chap called Jeff Miller was dotty about her, but the clothheaded girl would have none of him, being under the extraordinary illusion that what she wanted was a putty-souled interior decorator named Lionel Green. And then one evening by the greatest good luck a sweet little woman called Mrs. Molloy, who was staying at Shipley at the time, hauled off and walloped Jeff over the head with my tobacco jar."

"She did?"

"Bang on the occipital bone. It's a long story. She and her husband were crooks, and Jeff caught them trying to loot the house. He started hammering the stuffing out of Molloy, so Mrs. Molloy very naturally crowned him with the tobacco jar. And that, of course, made everything all right."

BILL blinked. He had that dizzy feeling of not being equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation. "All right? Why?"

"Because it opened Anne's eyes. She looked into her heart and read its message. Seeing Jeff lying there insensible and giving every evidence of having handed in his dinner pail, she knew that he was the one she loved, and she flung herself on his prostrate form and started to kiss him like billy-o, at the same time saying 'Oh, Jeff, darling!' or words to that effect. Never gave Lionel Green another thought. Interesting story. Throws a light on feminine psychology."

"It must have been a solid tobacco jar."

"It was. I bought it when I went up to Cambridge. When you're a freshman, the first thing yer buy is a stone tobacco jar with the college arms on it. I'll show it to yer," said Lord Uffenham, lumbering across the room and returning with the blunt instrument. "Good value there," he said, regarding it affectionately. "Forty-odd years I've had it, and still unbroken. Jeff's head didn't even dent it. Bless my soul, I can see the scene as plainly as if it had happened yesterday. There was Jeff squaring away at Molloy, and Mrs. Molloy—Dolly, her name was, and, as I say, a sweet little woman, though of course with some defects—upped with the jar and let him have it. Like this," said Lord Uffenham . . . He lumbered to the door. "Jane," he called.

"Yes?"

"Cummere. Young Holloway's had an accident. I was showing him that tobacco jar of mine, and my hand slipped."

IT WAS some little time later that Bill, awakening from a disordered nightmare in which strange violent things had been happening to him, became aware that someone shrouded in flickering mist was offering him a brandy.

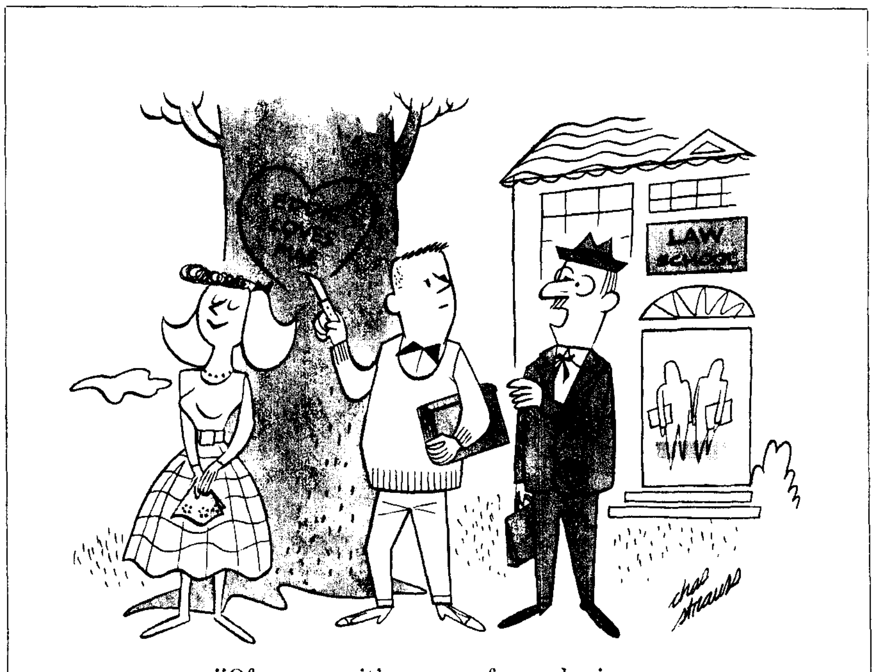
"Take a sip of this, my boy," said Lord Uffenham, for it was he. The altruistic peer was wearing a look of smug satisfaction. Wellington probably looked like that at Waterloo.

Bill took a sip, and found his head clearing. "Was that," he asked coldly, "you?"

"Hey?"

"Did you hit me with that tobacco jar?"

"Yerss, that's right. Bring the young folks together, that's what I say. As I had anticipated, it worked like a charm. In comes Jane, sees yer prostrate form, flings herself on it and kisses yer like nobody's business, crying 'Oh, Bill, darling! Speak to me, Bill, darling! Lord love a duck, are yer dead, Bill, darling?' and so on and so forth. The usual routine. Odd that she should have called yer Bill, of course, when yer name's Fred, but the salient point is that she said 'darling' and showered burning kisses on yer, making it plain that the thing's in the bag. She stepped out a moment ago to get some cold water and a sponge, and," said Lord Uffenham, starting nervously, "I hear her coming back. I'll be moving along."



"Of course, it's none of my business, young man, but legally you're putting yourself in a compromising situation . . ."

COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

Jane entered, bearing a basin, and as she saw the head of the family, her eyes flashed fire. "Uncle George . . ."

"Quite. Quite. But got one or two things to attend to just now, my dear. See yer later," said Lord Uffenham, and vanished like a diving duck.

Jane put the basin down. The fire had died from her eyes, and they were moist. "Oh, Bill!" she said.

"Oh, Jane!" said Bill.

"This," said Jane some moments later, "can't be doing your head good."

"It's doing *me* good."

"Shall I bathe it?"

"No, thanks. It feels fine. I'm glad, though, that it didn't happen when my Lord Uffenham was younger and stronger."

"Don't mention that man's name in my presence!"

"Nonsense. I won't hear a word against the sixth Viscount. He moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, but he gets results. He brought the young folks together."

"Nevertheless, I do wish that the men who marry into our family didn't always have to be hit over the head with that tobacco jar."

"Have you no respect for tradition? But I see what you mean. One of these days some suitor with a thin skull is going to land the old philanthropist in the dock on a murder charge."

"There won't be any more suitors, because there aren't any more Benedicks."

"Well, I've got the one *I* want, so who cares? But what do we do about this Stanhope Twine? He should be informed. What steps do we take?"

"We don't need to take any steps. He's taken them."

"You mean—"

"He has released me, as it's called. I thought his manner seemed a little strange this morning, when I was telling him that there would be no money coming in from those pictures, and this evening, just before you arrived, I had a note from him. He said he felt he had no right to—"

BILL interrupted her: "Don't tell me. Let me guess. Take the best years of your life?"

"Yes. He said it was wrong to hold me to my promise when there was so little chance of his ever having enough money to marry on, so . . . Well, that's how I come to be in a position to throw myself away on Hollisters. Oh, Bill, the relief!"

"What did you ever see in the man?"

"I suppose I was dazzled by the yellow trousers."

"I'll buy some tomorrow." Bill paused, listening. "You don't keep an elephant here, do you?"

"No. Though Uncle George has

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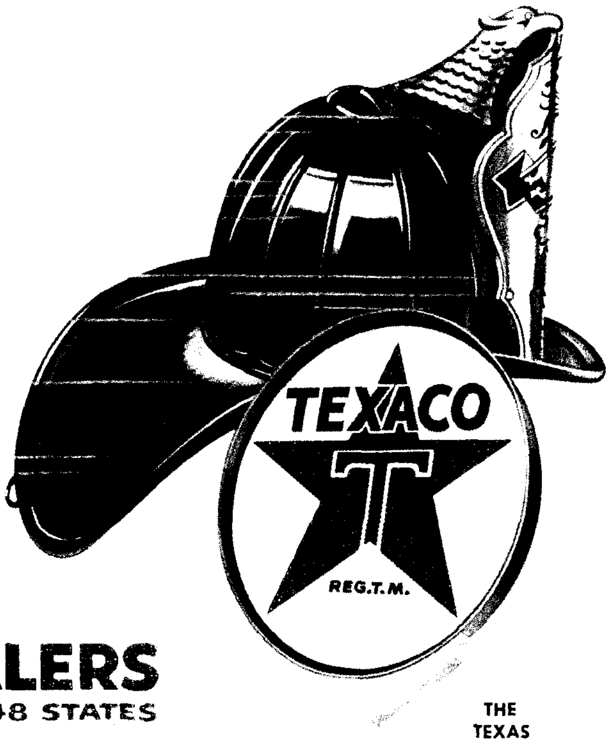

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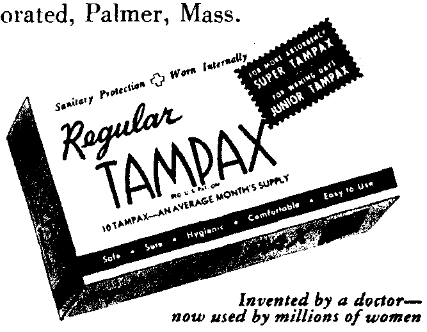
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often talked of buying an ostrich. He wants to see if it will really bury its head in the sand. Why do you ask?"

"I thought I heard one coming up the stairs."

It was not an elephant, it was the sixth Viscount Uffenham. He burst into the room, looking—for him—quite animated. "Hey!" he said. "What's going on in that ruddy kitchen? Smoke's billowing out of it in clouds and it smells to heaven."

Jane uttered a stricken cry. "Oh, death and despair, the dinner!"

Lord Uffenham followed her, as she darted out, with an amused eye. "Women!" he said, indulgently. "Well, how did things work out?"

"Fine, Uncle George. You are not losing a niece, but gaining a nephew."

"Excellent. Couldn't be better."

"And here's something that will make your eyes sparkle. I had a letter this morning from Roscoe Bunyan."

"Pie-faced feller, that Bunyan."

"But with a heart of gold. He's given me the most stupendous job. He said Mortimer Bayliss is getting senile and past his work, and he wants me to sign on as Bayliss's assistant, eventually to take over the curatorship of the Bunyan collection. The salary he named took my breath away. I'm rich!"

"Lord love a duck!"

"Well, anyway, rich enough to support my Jane in the style to which she has become accustomed. How soon can one get married?"

"Like a flash, I believe, if yer get a special license. Oh, hullo, Keggs."

Keggs had floated in, looking grave. "Miss Benedick desired me to step up and inform your lordship that she regrets that it will be impossible for her to provide dinner tonight," he said in a hushed voice.

Lord Uffenham waved dinner away with an airy gesture. "Gone west, has it? Well, who cares? Keggs, I want yer to fill a glass and drink the health of the young couple."

"M'lord?"

"Young Fred Holloway here and my niece Jane. They're getting spliced."

"Indeed, m'lord? I am sure I wish you every happiness, sir."

For a moment after Keggs had drunk the toast and departed there was silence, on the part of Lord Uffenham a sentimental silence. He was deeply moved.

"So you two young people are jumping off the dock! Well, well, well. Did yer know," he said, coming out of a momentary reverie, "that the herring gull, when it mates, swells its neck, opens its beak and regurgitates a large quantity of undigested food?"

"That isn't a part of the Church of England marriage service, is it?"

"I believe not. Still, it's an interesting thought."

Jane came in. She was dirty and dispirited. "There won't be any dinner," she said. "We'll have to go to that pub you and Mr. Keggs sneak off to in the evenings."

Lord Uffenham stared. "What?" he cried. "Go to the Green Lion on a night like this, when yer've seen the light and given that perisher Twine the heave-ho and hitched on to a splendid young feller whom I can nurse in my bosom? Not by a jugful. We'll go to Barribault's!"

THE following Saturday afternoon found Lord Uffenham rather at a loose end. Jane and Bill had gone to a matinee, and Keggs, summoned to the study for a chat, had excused himself on the ground that he had a number of little things to attend to, which meant, of course, that he was going to get into an armchair and put his feet up and go to sleep.

Left to his own resources, Lord Uffenham read for a while in his Wonders of Bird Life, dozed off for half an hour or so, and at five o'clock wandered into the garden for a breath of air. The first thing he saw there was a snail, and he stood staring at it with an unblinking gaze, his always inquiring mind concentrated on the problem of how snails, handicapped as they are by being without legs, manage, nevertheless, to get from point to point. The one under advisement, though no Roger Bannister, was unmistakably on its way and moving well. Lord Uffenham was still brooding on the mystery when Mortimer Bayliss appeared.

Mortimer Bayliss, though inclined to be brusque with his fellow men, was not without his softer side, and he had taken a great liking to Lord Uffenham. He wished him well and was sorry that he had had to tell him the bad news about those pictures. When, therefore, a more detailed inspection revealed some quite decent stuff that had been overlooked by his lordship's ancestors, it was with something of the feeling of a boy scout about to do his act of kindness that Mortimer Bayliss had driven to Castlewood to bring the welcome tidings.

"Oh, there you are," he said. "I've been ringing the front doorbell, but nothing happened."

"Hey?" said Lord Uffenham, coming out of his trance. "Oh, hullo, Banstead. Ringing, did yer say? Odd Keggs didn't hear yer. Asleep, I suppose. I've been watching a snail."

"Always watch snails," said Mortimer Bayliss approvingly. "It is the secret of a happy and successful life. Well, I came to tell you that things aren't as bad as I gave you to understand. Some of those pictures, I find, are all right."

"Worth money?"

"A certain amount."

"Capital. I can do with it. You ever pondered on snails?"

"Only intermittently, if at all."

"I was wondering how they get around and all that. Look at this one. Nipping along like a two-year-old. How does it do it without any legs?"

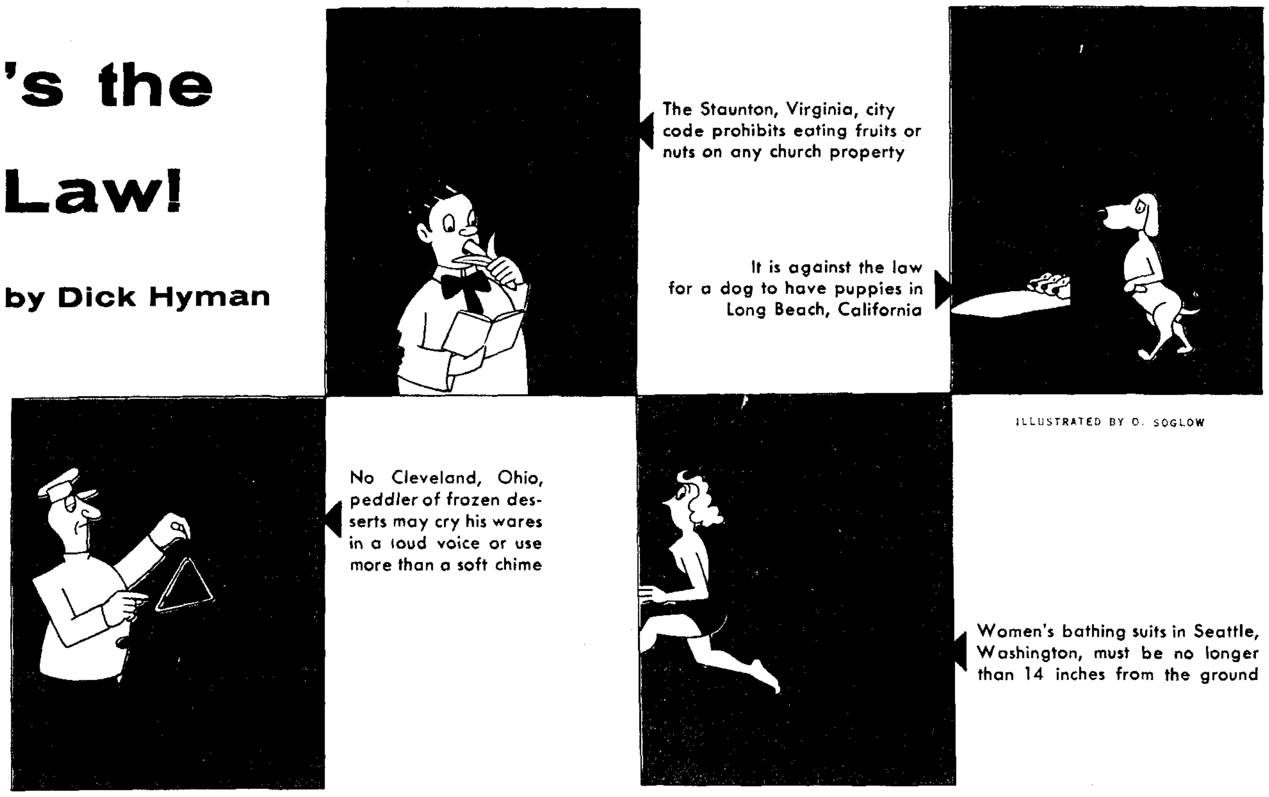
"Will power, I should imagine. But I'm not an authority."

"Tell yer what. Let's ask Keggs. He'll know."

They went round the angle of the house. Mortimer Bayliss paused to pick a flower. Lord Uffenham, reaching the French windows, halted abruptly and stared, his lips moving in a silent "Lord love a duck," and then came tiptoeing back to his companion,

# It's the Law!

by Dick Hyman



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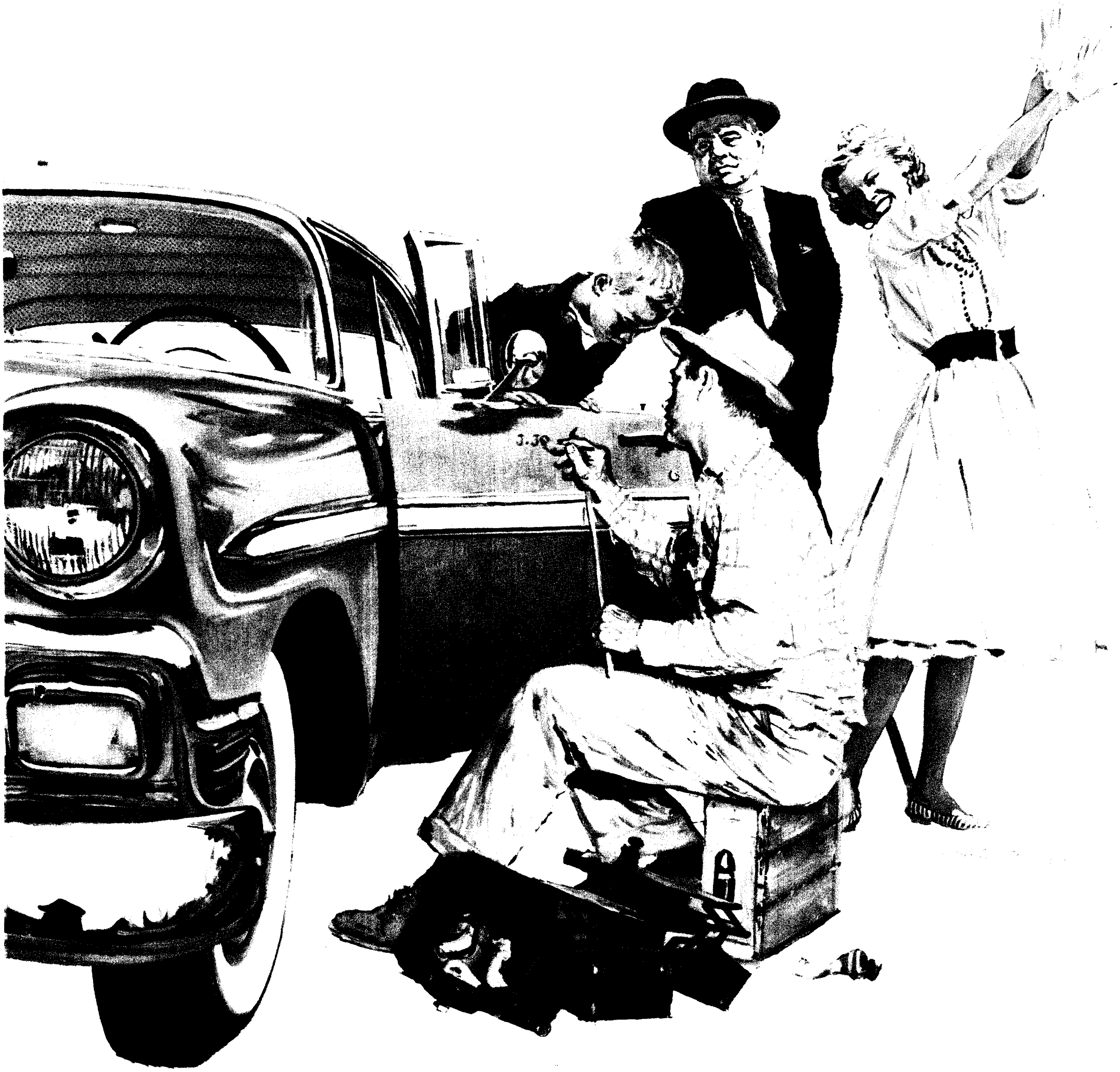

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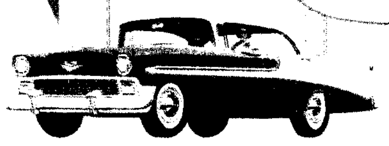


who was putting the flower in his buttonhole. "Hey!" he whispered. "There's a burglar in there."

"A burglar?"

"A bally burglar, no less. Keggs is lying on the floor, out like a light, and there's a frightful bounder at the desk, going through his effects."

"What sort of bounder? Big?"

"No, small."

"Then come on," said Mortimer Bayliss, with spirit. There was a spade beside the flower bed. He drew it out and brandished it like some knight of old waving his battle-ax. "Come on," he said. "Let's go."

AND so it came about that Percy Pilbeam, in the act of thrusting into his pocket a Manila envelope marked *In re Roscoe Bunyan, Esq.*, experienced once more that unpleasant sensation of feeling his heart leap into his mouth. He had supposed himself to be alone—except for Keggs, who hardly counted—and lo, of a sudden a voice behind him, sounding to his sensitive ear like that of Conscience, had shattered the afternoon stillness with a stentorian "Hey." Just the sort of observation the voice of Conscience might have been expected to make.

Pilbeam whirled around, hurriedly gulping his heart down again. There, looming massively inside the French windows, stood the largest man he had ever seen and, accompanying him, a smaller, thinner man holding a substantial spade. The day was warm, but cold shivers ran down his spine. Gazing upon these twain, he felt that their attitude foreboded violence, and violence, for he was not one of your tough Mike Hammers, was a thing he feared and disliked. In the hope of easing the situation, he smiled what was intended to be an ingratiating smile, and said, "Oh, hullo."

It had the worst effects.

"Hullo to you with knobs on and brass fittings," retorted Lord Uffenham curtly. Then, turning to Mortimer Bayliss as to one on whose sympathy he knew he could rely, "He grins!" he said. "We catch him burgling the ruddy house, and he *grins*. Like a bally Cheshire cat. Have that spade ready, Banstead."

Percy Pilbeam, as if about to have his photograph taken, moistened his lips with the tip of the tongue. His brow was wet with dishonest sweat. "I'm not burgling," he bleated weakly.

Lord Uffenham clicked his tongue. "Don't be silly. If yer don't call it burgling to sneak into a feller's sitting room and lay him out with a blunt instrument and loot his bally desk, there are finer-minded men who do. Don't leave go of the spade, Banstead."

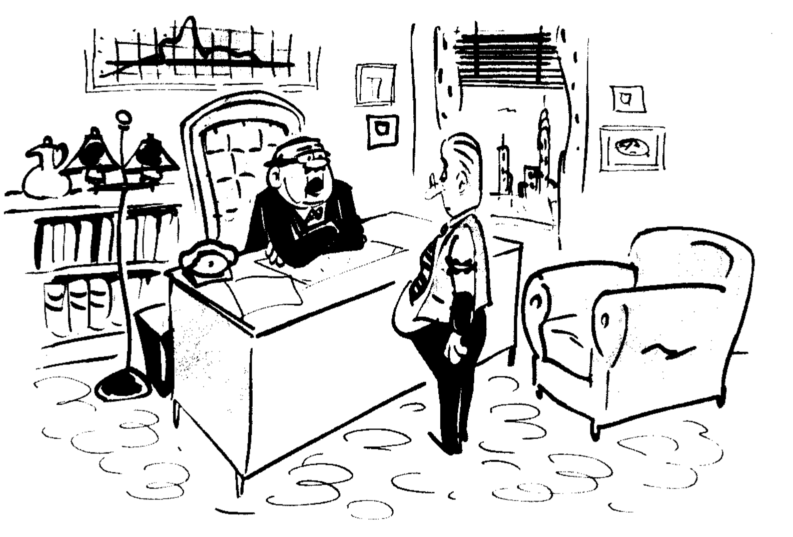
Mortimer Bayliss was bending over the stricken form on the floor, examining it with an experienced eye. "Not a blunt instrument," he said. "The impression I get is that my old friend has been slipped a knockout drop. Did you slip him a knockout drop, blot?"

"Answer the question," thundered Lord Uffenham, as Pilbeam hesitated coyly. "Yes or no?"

"Er—yes."

Lord Uffenham turned to Mr. Bayliss. "You see! A full confession. What shall we do with him? Break him into little bits? Or shall I run round to the police station and gather in a constable or two?"

"Let him go, I suggest."



"Jones, information has been relayed to me that you spend your money and evenings chasing women around town. Mind if I join you?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

"Let him *go?*"

"After a few simple preliminaries. I remember reading a story years ago," said Mortimer Bayliss, adjusting his monocle, "that has always stuck in my mind. It was about a burglar burgling a house, and the owner catches him and holds him up with a gun and makes him take all his clothes off and then shows him politely out the front door. It struck me as an excellent idea."

"An admirable idea," asserted Lord Uffenham warmly. "Dashed amusing. And here's a thought, Banstead: Why not paint him black? I have plenty of black paint."

"Could I have a drink?" said Percy Pilbeam. He spoke pleadingly, and Lord Uffenham, though in stern mood, saw no reason why justice should not be tempered with mercy to this small extent. He waved hospitably at the table where the siphon and decanter stood, and Pilbeam tottered to it and poured himself a brimming beaker. ◆

DON'T MISS THE FUN OF SMOKING

Lord Uffenham, as so often, was in philosophical mood. "Hey," he said.

"Yes?" said Mortimer Bayliss.

"Know how many people are born every year?"

"I'm afraid I don't. Far too many, of course."

"Thirty-six million. I read it in the paper. Every year there are thirty-six million more people in the world. Makes yer think a bit, that."

"It does indeed."

"Thirty-six million. And half of them probably burglars. Lord love a duck!" said Lord Uffenham, starting like one who has received a sudden inspiration. "Here's another thought."

He was about to inform his friend that he had just remembered that he possessed green paint as well as black and to ask him if he did not think that Pilbeam would look better in green; but at this moment his remarks were interrupted by the receipt between the eyes of two thirds of a long whisky and soda. It gave him the momentary sensation of having been caught in an explosion at a distillery.

WE HAVE stressed in our narrative that Percy Pilbeam was not brave or beautiful, but we have shown him, we think, as a young man with plenty of brains, and one capable of thinking quickly in an emergency. He had thought quickly now. In order to drive home his observations on the yearly growth of the world's population, it had been necessary for Lord Uffenham to tap Mortimer Bayliss on the chest, and this had involved moving across the room and leaving the French window open for traffic. To fling his whisky and soda in Lord Uffenham's face and run, not walk, to the nearest exit had been with Percy Pilbeam the work of an instant. The next moment, he was out in the open and gone. . . .

Riper years and a chronic stiffness of the joints prevented Lord Uffenham and Mortimer Bayliss following his example. They too passed into the open, but nobody could have compared them to even the gentlest breeze. They moved slowly and jerkily, like rheumatic buffaloes, and it is not surprising that on arrival at the front gate they should have found there a complete absence of Pilbeam. All they saw was Bill and Jane, gazing interestedly down the road.

"Who," Bill asked, becoming aware of their presence, "was that?"

"Something in a striped suit came dashing past us," said Jane.

"Wearing pimples with a red tie," said Bill. "A mistake, I think. One or the other, but not both."

Jane gave a sudden squeak of concern. "Uncle George! You're all wet."

"I know I'm all wet," said Lord Uffenham with a touch of petulance. "Who wouldn't be, with burglars drenching them with whisky and sodas? I'm going to change."

He went moodily into the house, and Jane turned to Bayliss. "Burglars?" she said. "Was there a burglar?"

"There was indeed. A small one. I took up this spade to quell him. Now that he is no longer here to be quelled, I suppose I'd better put it back," said Mortimer Bayliss, and left them.

"Burglars!" said Jane. "Imagine!"

"There, there, little woman," said Bill Hollister.

"What do you mean, 'There, there, little woman'?"

"I thought you might be frightened. I was going to put my arms about you and tell you to fear nothing."

"A capital idea," said Jane. "Do."

Behind them somebody coughed. Keggs was standing there, his face contorted with pain. He had a severe headache, and even that soft cough had accentuated it.

"Oh, hullo, Mr. Keggs," said Bill. "We were—er—just discussing the wedding arrangements."

"I should not advocate an immediate wedding, sir," said Keggs sepulchrally.

In the mind of Harold Keggs when, waking like Abou ben Adhem from a deep dream of peace, he found that he had acquired the headache of a lifetime and lost the envelope inscribed *In re Roscoe Bunyan, Esq.*, there had been not unnaturally a certain disorder; but from the welter of confused emotions two coherent thoughts stood out. One was the intention to go to the nearest drugstore and get the most powerful pick-me-up the man behind the counter could provide; the other a stern resolve to be revenged upon Roscoe Bunyan for the outrage he had perpetrated.

For that the hidden hand behind both headache and robbery had been that of Roscoe, he did not for an instant doubt. When a man in a striped suit and pimples calls on a retired butler saying that he has been sent by Mr. Bunyan and proceeds to doctor the drinks and purloin the contract whereby Mr. Bunyan has pledged himself to pay the retired butler a hundred thousand dollars, the retired butler, unless very slow on the uptake, is able to put two and two together.

So now, with a view of foiling Roscoe's plans, Keggs, though he would have preferred to go straight to the drugstore for that pick-me-up, paused on seeing Bill, and said: "I should not advocate an immediate wedding, sir."

And while Bill stared at him, Keggs added: "If I might have your attention for a moment, sir."

BOTH William Shakespeare and Alexander Pope have stressed the tediousness of a twice-told tale, and a thrice-told tale is, if anything, even worse. At two points already in this chronicle the story of Mortimer Bayliss's matrimonial tontine has been placed before the reader, and anyone so intelligent must, one feels, by this time have got the idea. No need, accordingly, to report Keggs's words verbatim. It is sufficient to say that on this occasion, though hampered by shooting pains that started at the soles of his feet and got worse all the way up, he placed the facts before Bill and Jane as clearly and lucidly as he had placed them before Roscoe Bunyan. And he found an audience equally attentive. Bill, as the narrative proceeded, stared at him dumbly. So did Jane. Then, as he concluded his remarks, they stared at each other dumbly, and Keggs, a hand pressed to his aching brow, said "Ouch!" and left them.

It was at this point that Mortimer Bayliss, having replaced the spade and feeling that there was nothing to keep him, came back to get into his car and return to Shipley Hall. Quick driving, he was thinking, would bring him there just in time for the evening cocktail. Seeing Jane and Bill, he paused. Their aspect made it plain that momentous things had

(*Continued on page* 50)

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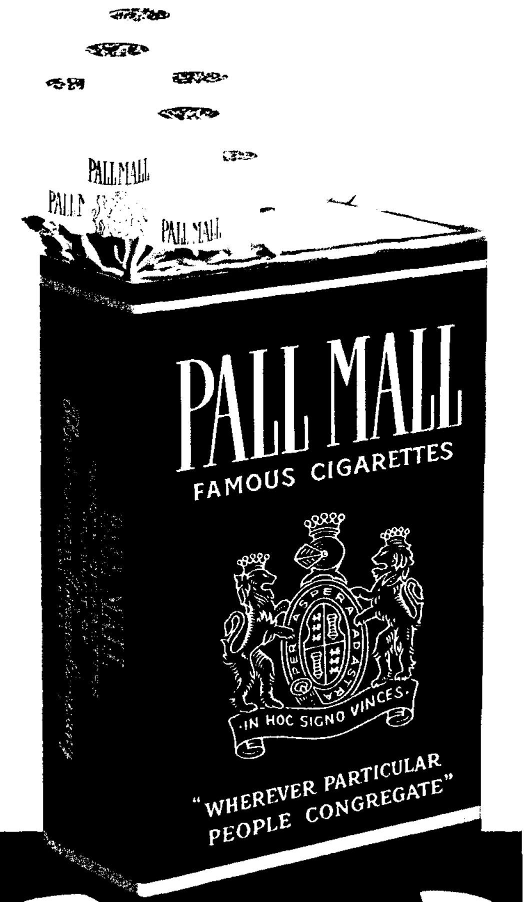

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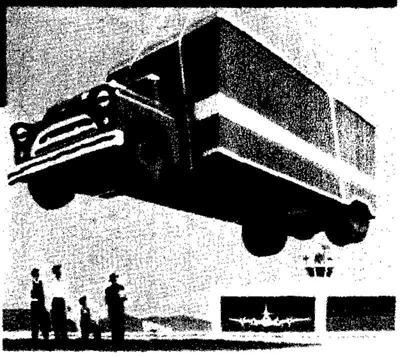

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*(Continued from page 47)* been happening to them. "Something the matter?" he asked.

Bill passed a handkerchief across his forehead. "We're a little stunned, Mr. Bayliss. Keggs has just been telling us about this tontine of yours. It's true?"

Enlightenment came to Mortimer Bayliss, clearing up a point which had been perplexing him: to wit, why any burglar, unless fond of goldfish and aspidistras, should have thought it worth his while to burgle Keggs's living room. He now saw, as Keggs had seen, the hand of Roscoe Bunyan behind the enterprise. Of course, he realized—that contract.

"Yes, it's true," he said, feeling, as he had so often felt before, what a pity it was that a more spirited and civic-minded policy on the part of Roscoe's parents had not caused Roscoe to be drowned in a bucket at birth. "There is this tontine. Ten in it at fifty thousand dollars a head, and the money to go to the last son to get married."

"And Roscoe isn't thinking of marrying?"

"Not now. As soon as Keggs told him about the tontine, he broke off his engagement."

"Well, that's too bad," said Bill. "I'd have liked a million dollars."

Jane looked at him wide-eyed. "But Bill! You aren't going ahead with the wedding *now?*"

"Who, me? Of course I am. I have to sail for America on Wednesday and shall be away for years. You don't think I'm going to leave you behind, with England as full as it is of men in yellow corduroy trousers? No, sir! You'll come with me, like a good girl, and to hell with all tontines."

IT WAS not often that Mortimer Bayliss felt called upon to speak words of commendation to his fellows, but it seemed to him that one would not be out of place here. " 'At-a-boy!" he said, and in the look he directed at Bill there was something that came very close to being almost human. Then, explaining that if he did not get started immediately he would miss his cocktail, he climbed into the car and was gone.

"Oh, Bill!" said Jane. "Am I really worth a million dollars to you?"

"More," Bill told her. "Considerably more. Any man who gets a girl like you for a mere million bucks has driven a shrewd bargain. Besides, money isn't everything. As a matter of fact, I despise the stuff. When I said I would have liked to have a million, I was wrong. It's much more fun being married when you're hard up."

"Of course it is."

"Do you know, I knew a wretched devil in America who came into about forty million when his father died, and he went and married a girl with double that in her own right."

"What became of them?" asked Jane, shocked.

"I don't know. We lost touch. But just imagine that marriage."

"Awful!"

"What fun could they have had?"

"None. What was his name?"

"Blenkiron," said Bill in a hushed voice. "And hers was Poskitt."

They stood silent for a moment, deeply affected by the tragedy of these two poor bits of human wreckage. Then, for they were young and resilient, they threw off the passing sadness.

"Oh, *Bill!*" said Jane, and Keggs, returning some minutes later, found himself compelled to cough once more.

But this time the cough brought no attendant anguish with it. It is pleasant to be able to record that Harold Keggs's confidence in the man behind the counter at the drugstore had not been misplaced. The fellow knew his pick-me-ups. Keggs was able to return to his cozy sitting room almost as good as new.

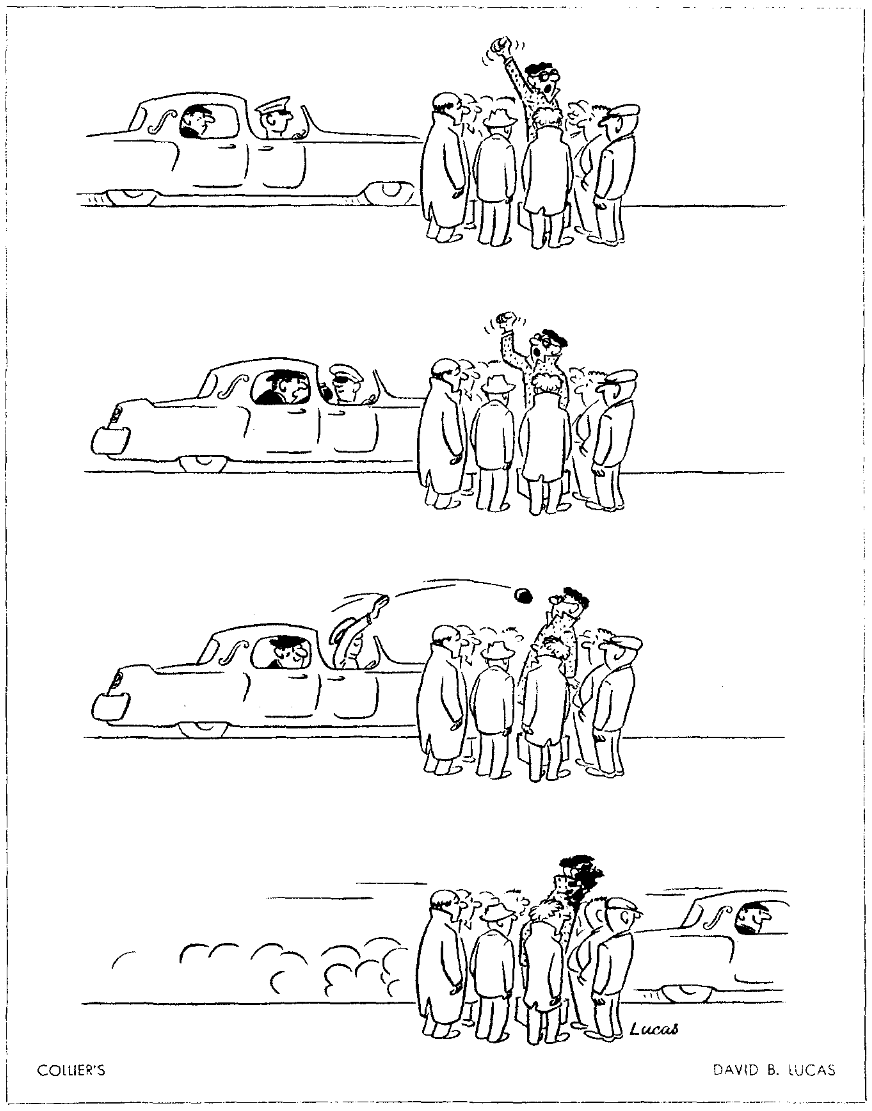
He found Lord Uffenham there. In flannel trousers and a sweater that might have been constructed by Omar the Tentmaker, the now dry Viscount was brooding ponderously over the bowl of goldfish. "Ant's eggs," he said, as Keggs entered.

"M'lord?"

"I've been wondering how the dickens goldfish acquired a taste for ant's eggs."

"They like them, m'lord."

"I know they like them, but Lord love a duck, how did they come to like them? In their natural wild state I don't see how they could ever have got in touch with ants. Did yer know, by the way, that ants run quicker in warm weather?"



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"Indeed, m'lord?"

"So I read somewhere. In the summer months they clip quite a bit off their winter time, and dash all over the place like billy-o. That reminds me. There was somebody on the phone for you just now. A Mrs. Billson."

"My sister, m'lord."

"Oh, yerse? Well, she wants you to call her."

DURING the rather long period of Keggs's phoning, Lord Uffenham continued to brood over the goldfish. He was jerked from his meditations by a sharp exclamation, and he turned, mystified. It was almost inconceivable that a man of Keggs's poise and dignity should have used violent language, but that was what it had sounded like. "What did yer say?" he asked.

"I said damn and blast him to hell, m'lord," replied Keggs respectfully.

"Eh? Who?"

"That blighted Bunyan, m'lord."

"Oh. What's he been doing?"

Keggs struggled with his emotions for a space. Then he regained control. A butler, toughened by years of listening to employers telling the same funny story night after night at the dinner table, learns to master his feelings. "It appears—it has come as a complete surprise to me—that Mr. Bunyan was engaged to be married to my niece Emma, m'lord."

"Yer don't say? Well, sooner her than me, but I suppose yer'd call it a good match for the girl. Pie-faced though he is, he's got the stuff."

"My niece Emma has just been in telephonic communication with her mother, m'lord, to inform her that Mr. Bunyan has broken the engagement."

"He has? The dirty dog. But I didn't know yer *had* a niece Emma."

"I fancy that if I ever mentioned her to your lordship, it was under the name of Elaine Dawn. She is on the stage."

"Oh, I see. And Bunyan asked her to marry him? In writing?"

"Yes, m'lord."

"Then she's on velvet. She can sue him for breach and get into his ribs good and proper."

"No, m'lord, because on going to the drawer where she kept Mr. Bunyan's letters, she found they had disappeared. Obviously an emissary of Mr. Bunyan had obtained access to her apartment and purloined them."

It took Lord Uffenham several moments to work this out, but eventually he unraveled it. Some frightful blister, bought with Roscoe's gold, had got in and pinched the bally things. His whole chivalrous nature was stirred to its depths by the outrage. "The hound!"

"Yes, m'lord."

"She can't take this lying down."

"It is difficult to see what redress the unhappy girl can have."

"She could dot him in the eye."

"It would be but a poor palliative for her distress of mind, m'lord."

"Well, *someone* ought to dot him in the eye. Wait!" said Lord Uffenham, holding up a hamlike hand. "An idea's coming. Let me think." He paced the room for a while. It was plain that that great brain was working. "Hey!" he said. "Didn't yer tell me this brother-in-law of yours, the wench's father, was a boxer?"

"Yes, m'lord. He fought under the sobriquet of Battling Billson."

"Good, was he? Tough sort of bloke?"

"So I have always been given to understand, m'lord."

"Then I see daylight," said Lord Uffenham.

THE morning following his visit to Castlewood found Mortimer Bayliss depressed and irritable. Most unwisely, when replacing that spade in the flower bed, he had dug a few tentative digs with it, and this had brought on an attack of lumbago, causing a jaundiced outlook on life. He resented these reminders, which came so frequently these days, that he was not as young as he had been. As he stood in the picture gallery, staring about him moodily, he suddenly realized that he could not endure another day of Roscoe Bunyan's society.

Business connected with the Bunyan collection had brought him to Shipley Hall, but that business being now concluded, there was no reason why he should continue to be cooped up with one whom he had disliked as a boy and disliked even more heartily now that a too tolerant world had permitted him to survive to the age of thirty-one. Everything about Roscoe offended him—his face, his double chin, his conversation and his habit of employing private investigators to relieve him of his honorable obligations to fiancées and ex-butlers. He wanted, in a word, no part of Roscoe Bunyan.

He was hobbling to the bell to ring it, when the butler appeared. "Excuse me, sir. Could you see Mr. Keggs? He arrived some little while ago, sir."

"All right. Send him up. And pack."

"Sir?"

"My belongings, oaf. Pack them."

"You are leaving Shipley Hall, sir?"

"I am. It stinks, and I am ready to depart."

When Keggs entered, nursing his derby hat, there was that in his aspect that smote Mortimer Bayliss like a blow. Misery loves company, and he had been looking forward to getting together with a fellow invalid with whom he could swap symptoms. To see the other in glowing health—positively rosy, in fact—was a disappointment.

"You seem to have recovered," he said sourly. "I should have thought you'd have a headache this morning."

"Oh, no, sir."

"Too bad. Ouch!"

"You are feeling unwell, sir?"

"Crick in the back. Lumbago. But never mind about me. Nobody ever does. If I were lying in the street weltering in my blood and a couple of my friends came along, one of them would say, 'Don't look now, but Mortimer

Bayliss is over there, weltering in his blood,' and the other would reply, 'You're right. So he is,' and they would go off to lunch. Well, what brings you here? Yesterday's excitement?"

"My visit is connected with that, yes, sir."

"I suppose when you came out of your swoon, you found the contract gone and realized that that blot with the mustache and pimples had swiped it on behalf of Roscoe?"

"Immediately, sir."

"And now you have come to plead with him to do the square thing and give you at least a little something of his plenty? Not a hope, my good Keggs, not a hope. Conscience will never make Roscoe part with a nickel."

"So I had anticipated, sir. It was not with any intention of appealing to Mr. Bunyan's better feelings that I made the journey here. I came to escort my sister and her husband, who are now closeted with Mr. Bunyan in the smoking room. It was Lord Uffenham's suggestion that I should bring them to confer with Mr. Bunyan. They are the parents of the young woman to whom Mr. Bunyan was until recently betrothed. My niece Emma."

"What on earth do you suppose they can do?"

"His lordship was sanguine that a visit from them would accomplish something of a desirable nature."

"But, Keggs." Mortimer Bayliss's voice had a pleading note in it, the sort of note that creeps into a man's voice when he is trying to reason with the half-witted. "The minion who stole that contract of yours also stole the letters Roscoe wrote to the girl, promising marriage. She's as helpless as you are."

"His lordship was inclined to think not. He took the view that Wilberforce—"

"Eh?"

"My brother-in-law, sir. His lordship took the view that Wilberforce might possibly persuade Mr. Bunyan to change his mind and do the right thing by our Emma. And he was not astray in his judgment. When I left them a moment ago, Mr. Bunyan had quite come round to the idea of an immediate marriage."

Mortimer Bayliss stared. "I don't get this. You say Roscoe is going to marry the girl?"

"By special license, sir."

"In spite of having got back the letters?"

"Precisely, sir."

"Your brother-in-law must be eloquent."

"No, sir, he seldom speaks. My sister Flossie does all the talking for the family. But Wilberforce was at one time a professional boxer, in the heavyweight division."

"Oh! I begin to see."

"Battling Billson was the name under which he fought. He had a sweet left hook, sir," said Keggs, his eyes glowing a little. "He is a little elderly now, of course, but still vigorous. And no doubt his mere appearance carried weight with Mr. Bunyan."

"Formidable, is it?"

"Extremely, sir. If one may employ the vernacular, he looks like a killer."

A FEELING of quiet happiness stole over Mortimer Bayliss. For years, he was telling himself, Roscoe Bunyan had been asking for something on these lines, and now he had got it. "So those wedding bells will ring out? Well, that's fine. Nothing like having someone in the family who's worth twenty million. I congratulate you."

"Thank you, sir. And there was one other thing."

"What's that?"

"I have drawn up a fresh contract to take the place of the one purloined from my apartment. Flossie, when I left, was just going into the matter with Mr. Bunyan, and by this time I have no doubt will have overcome any reluctance on his part to sign such a document. If you would be kind enough to come to the smoking room and witness it, as before, I should be greatly obliged. It is possible," said Keggs, forestalling an anticipated objection, "that you may be thinking that, with Mr. Bunyan planning to enter upon matrimony at an early date, the contract will be valueless, marriage automatically ruling him out of the tontine. But I have a suggestion which I fancy would make things satisfactory for all parties concerned."

"You have?"

"Yes, sir. Why should not Mr. Bunyan and Mr. Hollister agree to divide the proceeds of the tontine, irrespective of which is the first to marry?"

"That never occurred to me."

"It would be a simple matter to draw up a contract binding on both of them."

"Perfectly simple."

"And each would find it equally advantageous. Really, sir, I can see no

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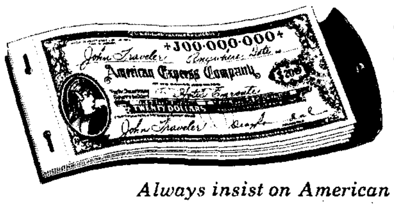

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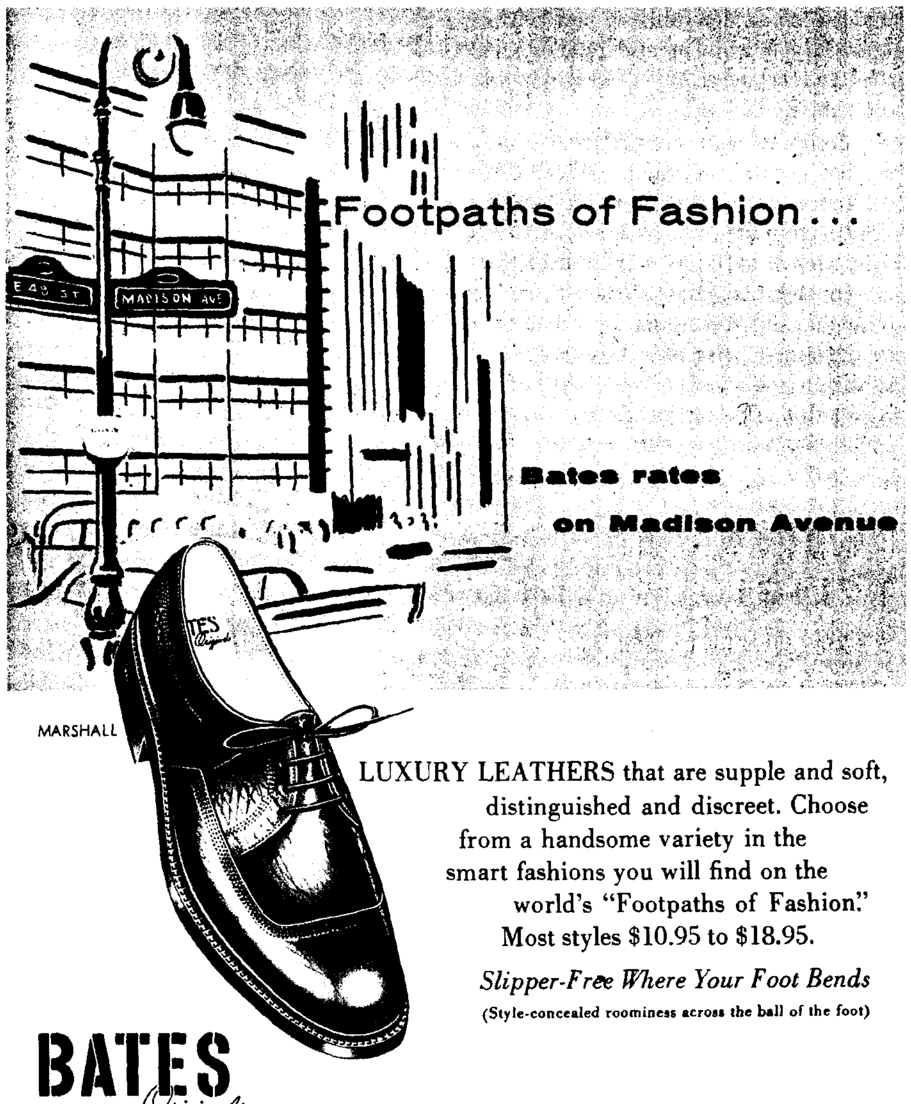

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flaw. It seems to solve everything."

"It does. Yours is a great mind, Keggs. I've always wondered what butlers thought about. Now I know. In the smoking room, did you say your loved ones were?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, let's join them. I am particularly anxious to see this brother-in-law of yours, whose mere presence has had so hypnotic an effect on our Mr. Bunyan. I can hardly wait. Good Lord!"

"Sir?"

"I was only thinking that if this girl Emma is your niece, Roscoe will have to go through life calling you Uncle Joe or whatever it is."

"Uncle Harold, sir."

Mortimer Bayliss flung his arms up in a gesture of ecstasy. The sudden movement gave him a nasty twinge in the small of the back, but he ignored it. "This," he said, "is the maddest, merriest day of all the glad new year. I do believe in fairies! I do!"

THERE are clubs in London where talk is as the crackling of thorns under a pot, and gay juveniles spend the day throwing lumps of sugar across the room at their personal friends; and there are other, more sedate, clubs where silence reigns and the inmates curl up in their armchairs, close their eyes and leave the rest to Nature. Lord Uffenham's was one of the latter. In its smoking room this afternoon there were present, besides his lordship and Mortimer Bayliss, some half-dozen living corpses, all breathing gently with their eyes closed and letting the world go by. A traveled observer, entering, would have been forcibly reminded of seals basking on rocks.

The eyes of Lord Uffenham and his guest were at the moment still open, but the eyelids were a little weary and both were feeling in need of rest. It taxes the energies of elderly gentlemen to attend a wedding, sign registers, kiss brides and stand waving as the receding car takes the young couple off on their honeymoon. Like the gardenias in their buttonholes, these two were more than a trifle wilted.

Lord Uffenham, moreover, in addition to being physically fatigued, was mentally in a state of turmoil. Recent events had left him dazed and bewildered. He was able vaguely to gather that the young feller who had hitched up with his niece Jane had become possessed of approximately half a million dollars, and that of course was all to the good, but he did not begin to understand how this very pleasant state of affairs had come about. All day he had been bending his brain to the problem, and this had made him feel drowsy. It was consequently only a fleeting attention that he was able to give to the observations of his companion, who, though also conscious of a certain exhaustion, was talking as usual.

"Weddings," stated Mortimer Bayliss, drawing thoughtfully at his cigar, "always cheer me up. They give me that feeling of quiet satisfaction which comes to an explorer in the jungle who sees the boa constrictor swallow the other fellow and not him. I look at the bridegroom and I say to myself, Well, they've got that poor mutt, but they haven't got you, Mortimer, old sport, and my heart leaps up as if I had beheld a rainbow in the sky. Are you awake?"

"M-m-m," said Lord Uffenham.

"Mind you, I am quite aware, of course, that there are eccentrics who enjoy getting married. The recent Hollister, for example, was obviously feeling no qualms as they sprang the trap on him. He gloried in his predicament. But I have always regarded the holy state with the gravest concern. As a young man, I would sometimes dream that I was being married, and would wake sweating. Always there was that haunting fear that someday some unguarded word would land me in the Niagara Falls Hotel with rice dropping off me. But now the danger, I feel, has passed . . . Are you still awake?"

Lord Uffenham did not reply. He was breathing gently.

"Because, if so, I would like your opinion on a point of some importance, which has been exercising my mind not a little. Bill Hollister. Would you say that he was one of those honorable young men with high ethical standards—not, in short, the sort of young man to stick to money to which he was not entitled?"

Lord Uffenham breathed gently.

"That was the impression he gave me, and I cannot but feel that it would be injudicious to let him know the true facts about that tontine: to wit, that his father was never in it. Yes, I assure you. As I told Roscoe, one of those dining at J. J. Bunyan's table on that September night in the year nineteen twenty-nine changed his mind next morning and decided to include himself out. That one was Bill's father, the late Joe Hollister. He said he thought the whole idea damned silly and nobody was going to get fifty thousand dollars of his money for nonsense of that sort.

"In other words, to make it clear to the meanest intelligence—I allude to yours, my dear Uffenham—Roscoe is paying out half a million dollars he doesn't have to, in addition to a hundred thousand to Keggs and, I imagine, a princely sum to that minion with the pimples. A consummation devoutly to be wished, of course, for it will make him more spiritual, and he is a man who needs all the spirituality he can get, but a state of affairs at which Bill Hollister, if I read him aright, would look askance. I consider it a certainty that the young sap, if apprised, will insist on giving the stuff back, so the view I take is that he must not be apprised. He must never know. Sealed lips, I say. What do you say?"

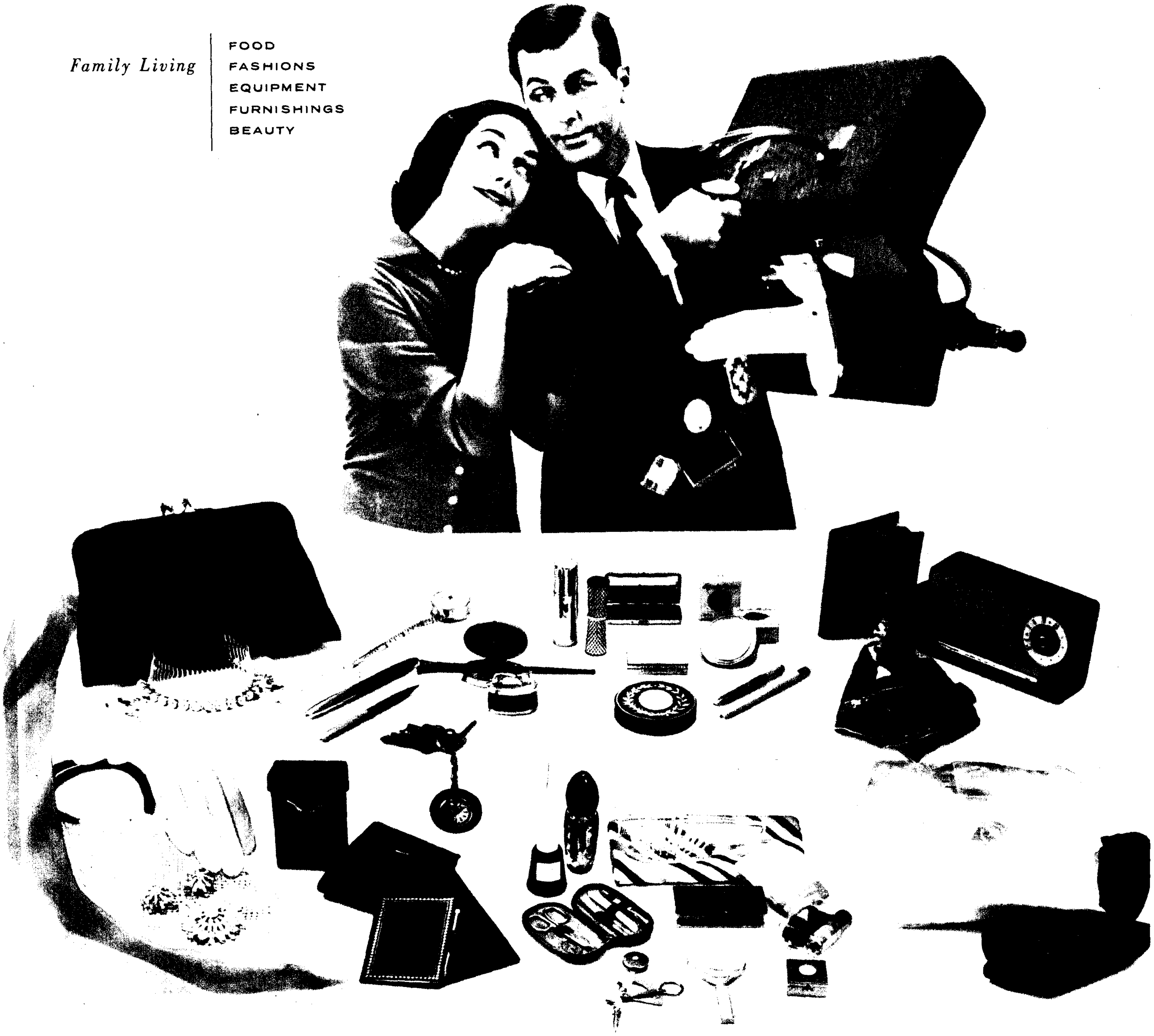
LORD UFFENHAM did not say anything. He had begun to snore softly, and it became plain to Mortimer Bayliss that, of all this nicely reasoned speech, Lord Uffenham had heard not a single word. And better so, felt Mortimer Bayliss on reflection, far better so. This top secret was unquestionably one to be locked, if possible, in a single bosom. Viscounts sometimes babble. When in their cups, for instance. He did not know if Lord Uffenham was ever in his cups, but it was quite possible that he might someday chance to get into them and speak the injudicious word.

Sealed lips, thought Mortimer Bayliss. You can't beat sealed lips.

He laid down his cigar. He leaned back in his chair. His eyes closed. And presently his gentle breathing blended with Lord Uffenham's gentle breathing and the gentle breathing of all the other basking seals in the Mausoleum Club's smoking room.

He slept, the good man taking his rest after a busy day.

—P. G. WODEHOUSE



Any man who has investigated the mysterious contents of a woman's purse knows she carries from 15 to 33 items she describes as "scant necessities." Besides wallet, keys and cigarettes, she tries to be ready for a change in weather or costume; and, of course, must be able to patch make-up, nails or mend a stocking

# BAG FULL OF TRICKS

*Big, bigger, biggest handbags now on the market can just about hold the necessary gadgets a woman needs*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD JEFFERY

The gray flannel bag (which the courageous husband above is busily dumping) measures 13 by 18 inches, not unusually large for this year's handbags. It will hold all the objects shown on the two shelves. Oversized carryalls come in dashing plaids, muted camel's hair and colorful flannels. This one, at $22.50*, comes equipped with its own umbrella. Groups of useful accessories include: *quick cocktail change*—stockings, Koret purse, $17*, pearl comb, $8*, gloves, veil, earrings and pin; *can't-live-without-'em items*—wallet, cases for cigarettes and glasses, notebook, $1, pen and pencil, key ring with watch, $25, smoke accessories, glove holder, $1; *beauty aids*—perfume spray, lipstick, eye make-up, pressed powder, mother-of-pearl compact, $2*, and lipstick with mirror, $2*; *disaster averters*—nail polish, hair spray, nail kit, $1, brush and comb, $1, lint remover, 25¢, sewing kit, 25¢, pillbox, $1, magnifying glass, $1, letter scale, $2; *strictly fun*—Magnavox radio, $65, snapshot book, $2; *change in weather*—raincoat, $6, boots, $2. All from Bloomingdale's, New York.

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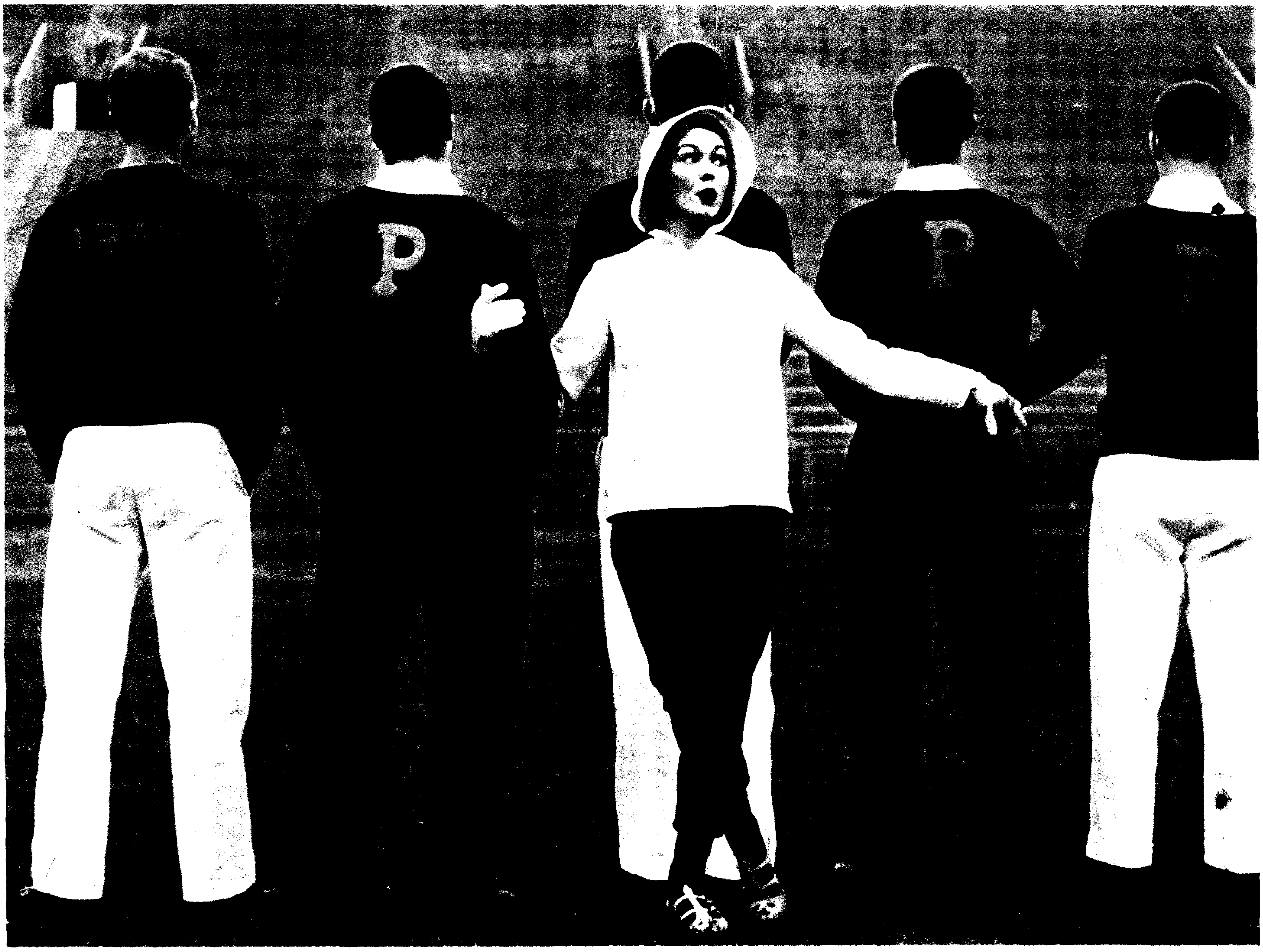
*Subject to 10 per cent federal tax

# Fashions for the 40-yard line

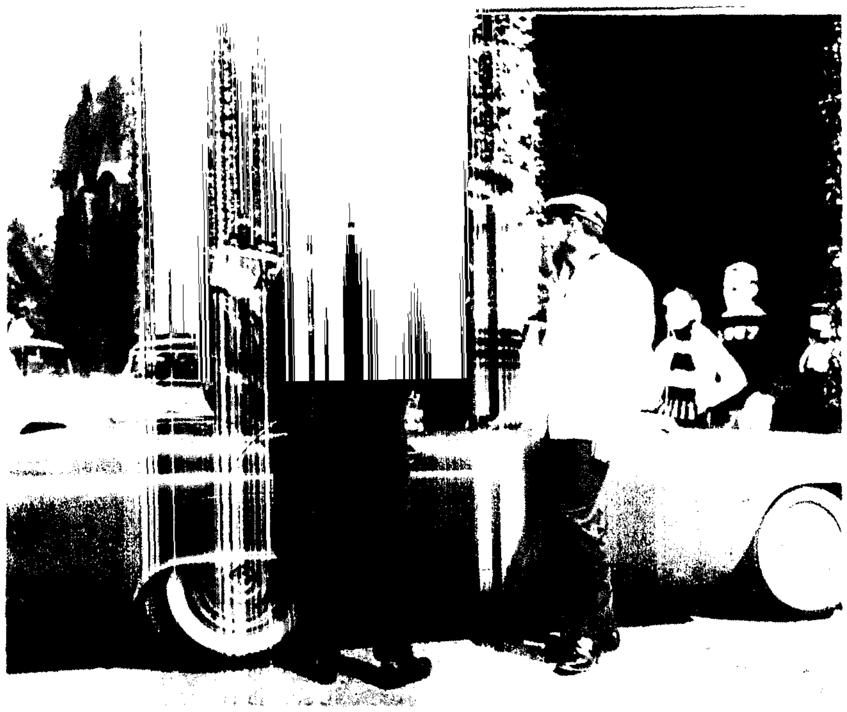
*"Be comfortable—it's fashionable" sums up the current and approved opinion about what to wear to the game*

The football season—one of the most sociable times of the year—is also one of the most easygoing when it comes to clothes. The fashions depend largely on the taste and plans of the man who buys the tickets. At many college games women wear outfits varying from Bermudas to little wool frocks under warm coats, and men's preferences range from burly sweaters plus slacks to conservative suits. An item that may make you feel older than your years: college men are seen more and more in hats. (That's *Joseph* College, please.) The clothing shown here is available nationwide. Just ask your favorite store. Shoes by Capezio; hats by Madcaps.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DESMOND RUSSELL



Lining up with the new comfortable attitude toward football fashions is this hooded, warm, lightweight felt jacket, $15, with tapered wool jersey pants, cotton-lined for

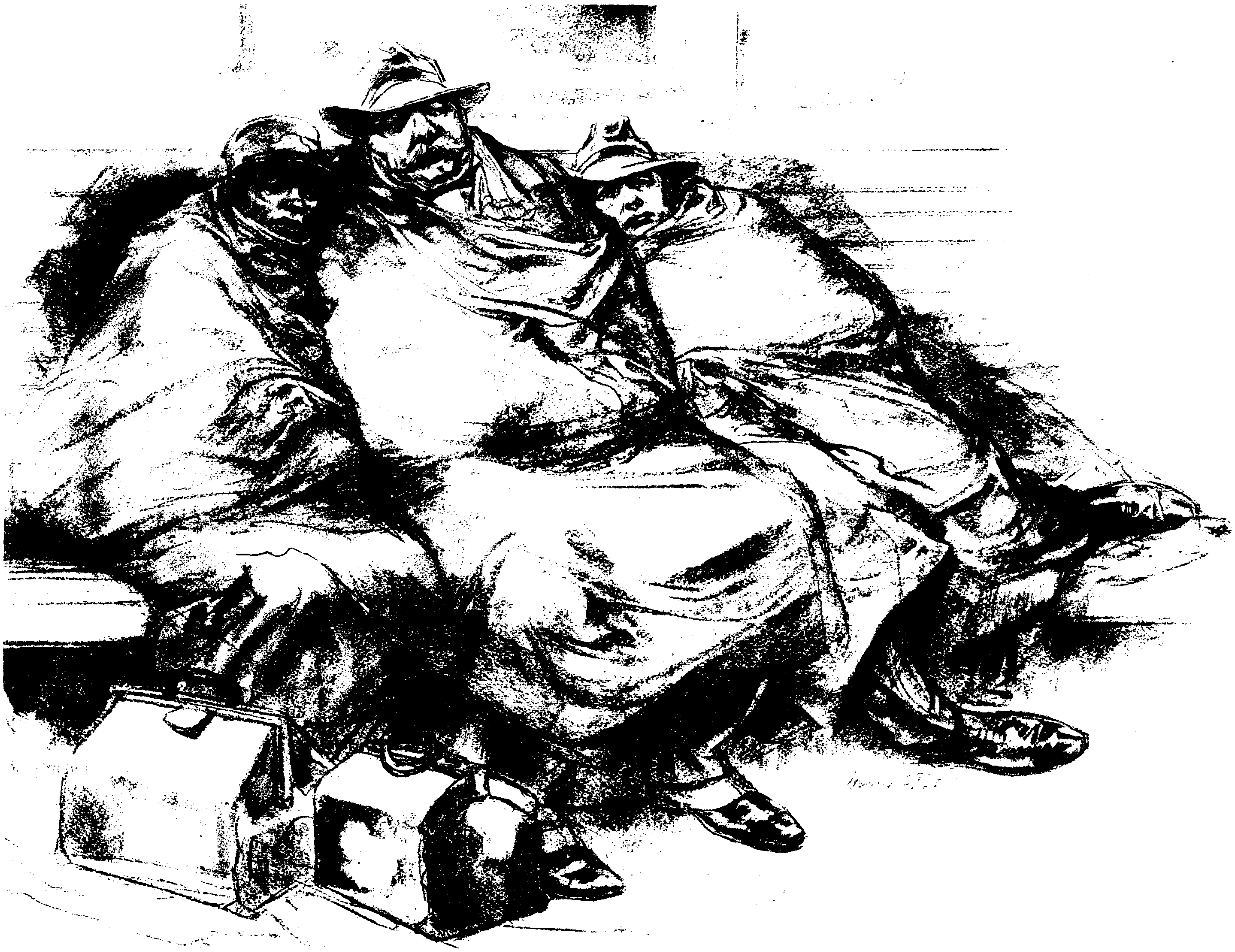


Thunderbird gang gets pregame radio briefing. Girl with Motorola portable wears scarlet car slicker by Standard, $10. Man's red toggle coat is quilt-lined with hood, Buck Skein, $40. Girl (r. rear) has cable-stitched cardigan, Geist & Geist, $27—scarf matches his sweater. Front-row listeners wear loden Tyrolean coat, left, McGregor, $40; poplin-shelled jacket with wool quilted lining by White Stag, $20

Seated on 40-yard line, these fans enjoy the game in warm loose jackets: striped wool cardigan by Rosanna, $13; man's camel's-hair zipper jacket, Sport Chief, $17; corduroy sport coat with leather trim, White Stag, $30

warmth and comfort, $11. Both by Joe Fligelman

On way to game, couples are also dressed for dinner afterward. Next to school-sweatered classmate, man at left rear wears striped bulky cardigan, Himalaya, $28. Checking program, fan wears herringbone sport coat, Stanley Blacker, $55; his lady has man-made O'llegro fur coat, Haft, Mann & Gaines, $75, with skirt of corduroy, Fligelman, $8. Behind her, girl wears Jack Horwitz coat, $110, and dress, $40; he has jacket by McGregor, $40. Front: man's imported worsted, GGG, $125; girl's Claire McCardell suit, $100



# EPISODE IN A RAILROAD STATION

*He was a famous man, but he dozed alone, shivering in the cold—until the porter got an idea*

By LOUIS B. SELTZER

No MORE desolate sight could possibly have been imagined than was presented by the antiquated railroad station on Cleveland's lake front one January night in 1915. Across the 60-mile sweep of Lake Erie from Canada a nor'wester had suddenly exploded in sadistic fury, driving far into the Ohio interior, making foot travel virtually impossible, blocking roads, tying up streetcars—and, of most immediate concern to me, delaying for hours the arrival and departure of crack trains.

When I left my house to make the Pennsylvania's nine-o'clock Ohioan for Washington, the weather had not been very bad: there was only a rather perfunctory whirl of snowflakes against the taxicab, and a chilling but not especially noticeable wind. By the time, however, we had entered the downtown district, some 10 miles and 40 minutes later, the wind was literally rocking the cab, and the driver could see ahead only a few feet.

"We'll make it all right, I guess," he assured me somewhat dubiously, "but I don't think it's going to do you any good. I'll bet the trains can't move on a night like this."

As I got out of the cab, the blizzard was now in full tumult; the wind took away my breath, knocked me down and tumbled my overnight bag ten feet away.

I struggled back to my feet, and, as I did so, saw in the faintly illumi-

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY C. PITZ

nated patch ahead, filling, it seemed, the whole width of the passageway into the station, a tremendous bulk of a figure waddling along—for it could be described no other way—with a ridiculously small bag clutched tightly in his left hand. The contrast between man and bag was almost comical.

When I got inside the station, Charley, my favorite redcap, approached me with discouraging information: "Take your time. Your train is two hours late now. Don't know how much more it will be. It's a terrible night. Everything is locked up tighter than a drum by the storm."

I set my bag down. The station was cold and drafty. The wind shook it. There were few people in it. Those who had ventured out of their homes now huddled together to share warmth.

The barnlike waiting room was built in the shape of a big finger pointing due north, whence came the storm. In the extreme far north corner sat the great figure I had noticed waddling ahead of me as I struggled to my feet a few moments previously. He was all alone. Nobody sat within half a block of him.

He had been reading. Now his great head, sheltered by a large, floppy hat, had fallen upon his protruding chest and stomach, the dividing line between the two being indistinguishable. His hat had slipped down over part of his face.

From somewhere, resourceful Charley had appropriated a huge blanket, and had carefully placed it around the man's shoulders, allowing it to flow so that it covered him almost entirely. The blanket, a garish plaid affair, something like the kind my Uncle Jake Albers used to throw over horses, accentuated his size and made him appear positively mountainous.

If the station itself, in the fury of the storm, appeared forlorn and desolate, the solitary figure, inert in deep slumber at the extreme north end, seemed even more so. He appeared so alone, so forgotten—and nobody in the cold, quaking station paid any attention to him whatever, excepting Charley and myself.

"He's a-shivering over there, even with the blanket," Charley said. "His train—and yours—is five hours late now, and it won't go out, if it goes out at all, much before two o'clock tomorrow morning. I got an idea."

Charley disappeared, and returned quickly with a couple of additional blankets, whose colors and patterns were even more blatant than the other. He handed one to me.

"We'll go up and get on either side of him, and let's keep him warm, and ourselves, too, that way." Charley suggested.

"But, Charley, why are you so interested in this man? Who is he?"

"Just you wait, and I'll show you," said Charley, as he walked softly toward the sleeping giant of a man.

Cautiously, Charley lifted the floppy hat back. Instantly revealed was the famous face, with pink rotund cheeks and flowing mustache, of William Howard Taft, only two years before President of the United States, and one day to be Chief Justice of the United States. He was now in his late fifties—but his features were as relaxed as a small child's.

Through my mind tumbled a montage of panoramas—of shouting multitudes, of Presidential parades, of inaugurations, of great political conventions, of people everywhere crowding around to get a glimpse of this man, to shake his hand, to fuss over him—of his massive form sitting behind the historic great desk in the White House.

And, here, with a nor'wester pounding mercilessly against an antiquated railroad station, alone and asleep, sat one of the nation's most colorful figures—with Charley, the redcap, on one side, and myself on the other, all three of us giving warmth and comfort as best we could to one another in the chill of a long and lonely night.

Years later, when the President and Chief Justice's oldest son, Robert Alphonso Taft, came up from Cincinnati as a freshman legislator to the Ohio Assembly, and I came down from Cleveland at the other end of the state as a green reporter to cover that lawmaking body for my paper, I related the incident to Bob, who had become one of my best friends.

"What," the future U.S. senator asked, with curiosity, "did my father do when he awoke and saw you two characters there with him?"

"He simply opened his eyes, looked up at us, and, with a smile on his face into which we could read his understanding, he said, 'Well, sirs, I trust I kept you warm enough.' " THE END

*The author, a top news executive for over a quarter of a century, is noted editor in chief of the Scripps-Howard Cleveland Press*

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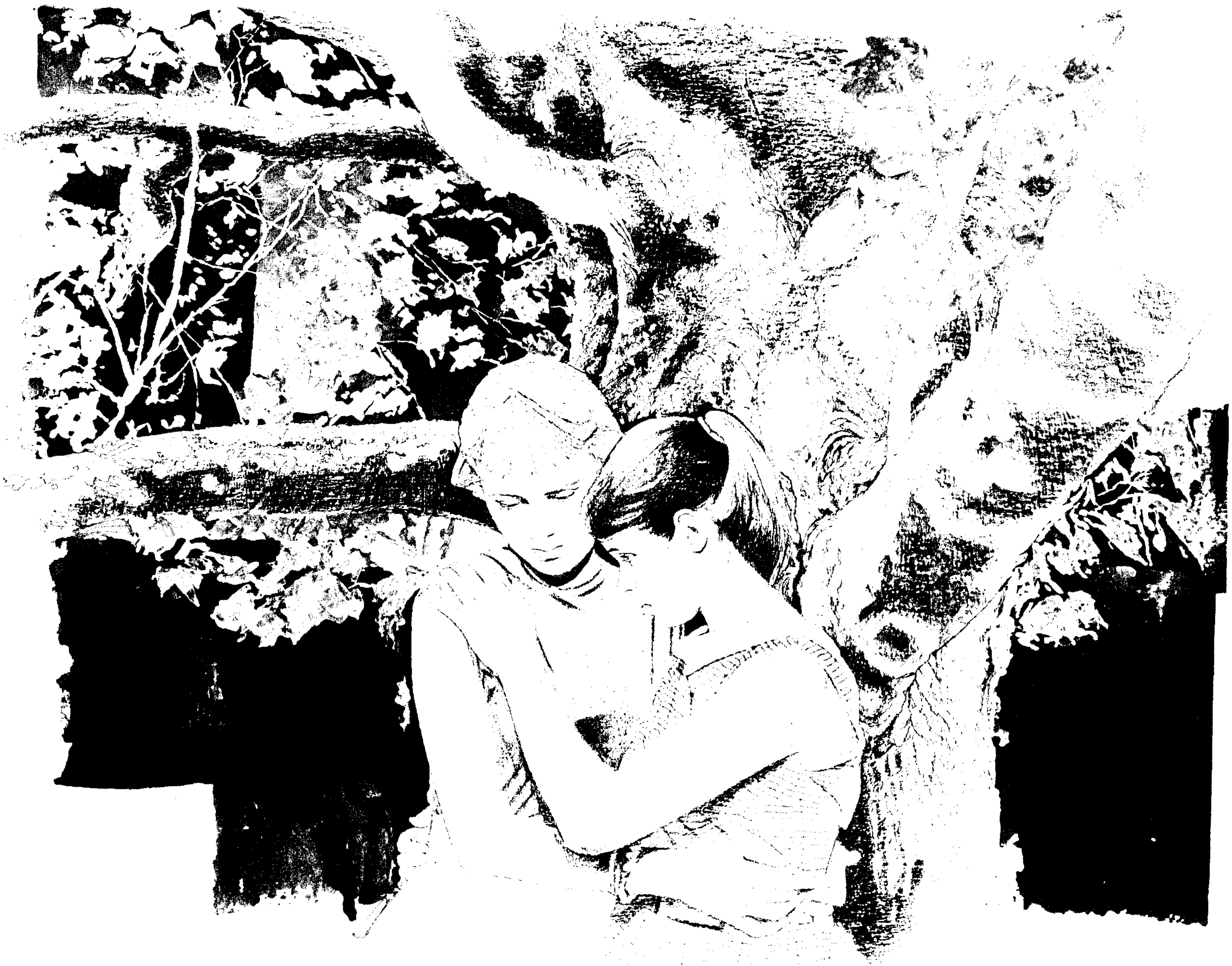


"What's wrong with us?" Connie asked. "We never lied to each other before." Laurie said miserably, "I know"

# Interesting Stranger

### By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

*What is the greatest test of a friendship between two women? One man!*

THE two sixteen-year-old girls sat rocking gently in the glider on the Baxter porch. Down the wide, tree-lined street, lawn sprinklers made glittering arcs of water in the late-afternoon sun; shadows lay on the grass and the air was hot and still. Laurie Baxter sighed dreamily. "Summer is my season," she said. "I love everything about it—sleeveless dresses and corn on the cob and outdoor barbecues and sun-tan lotion—everything."

"Me, too," Connie Dunn said. "I hate winter. Winter pinches me."

"Galoshes," Laurie said. "All those layers you have to wear." She shook her head. "In books, the heroine's cheeks are always stung gloriously by the icy wind, but my face just gets sort of purplish, like a not-quite-ripe eggplant. In the summer, I'm not nearly so revolting."

Connie turned her head and looked at Laurie earnestly. "You're the prettiest girl in this whole town," she said.

"Oh, stop," Laurie said modestly. "You have the best figure. You have an absolutely divine figure."

"Well . . ." Connie said. But she sounded pleased. "I guess we both have our good points. I guess every person has *one* good thing about them."

"I dunno," Laurie said. She frowned. "Remember that woman we saw in the bus? She was terribly homely and she had no shape at all."

"But she had nice eyebrows," Connie said. "Remember when we tried to find *something* about her that wasn't repulsive and we came up with her eyebrows?"

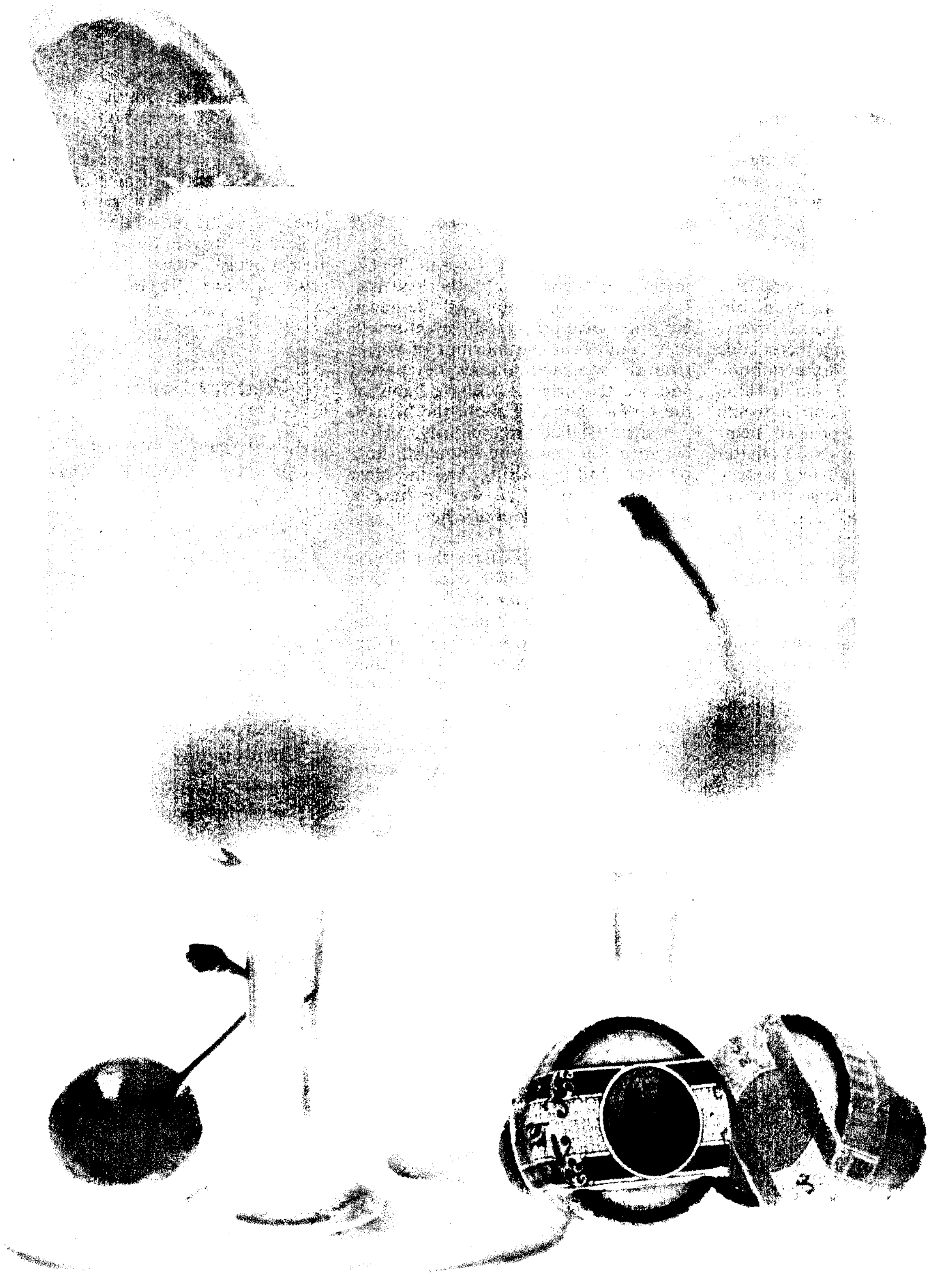
"That's right," Laurie said. She sighed pensively. "It must be awful for a woman to have nothing to work with but her eyebrows."

They looked at each other. Their faces became slightly flushed and then they both giggled.

*(Continued on page* 60*)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS

# Whiskey Sour, anyone?



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This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(*Continued from page* 58) Composed again, Laurie gazed out at the street. A little girl was roller-skating slowly down the walk. A screen door slammed somewhere and the whir of a lawn mower came faintly to her ears.

THE sounds and smells of the lingering summer day caused a hundred desires—all nameless and formless—to well painfully inside her. Her hand went up involuntarily to her chest. "I feel so queer sometimes," she said. "Like now. I feel as if there's something very—deep inside me."

"I know," Connie said. "I feel it too, usually just before I go to sleep." She was silent for a moment. "As if I want terribly for something to happen, something wonderful—and yet I'm scared it might."

Laurie looked at her; the thing inside her had eased. "That's it," she said. "Oh, Con, we speak the same language."

"We always did," Connie said.

They rocked gently, at peace. Their thoughts, their moods were as one. For three years, since they had been thirteen, they had told each other everything. Now they spoke in a secret code that no one else could quite fathom; they could exchange a single look across a crowded room and it would be enough to evoke a peal of near-hysterical laughter; they could chatter endlessly or suddenly fall into a deep silence, as if in response to some secret cue unheard by normal ears.

Their mothers were indulgent, but a little touched, too. "Such a beautiful thing," one would say to the other when they met, "a friendship like that. Two sweet young girls." But each, thinking of her own daughter, would feel a small, secret fear. If one girl should, in some way, go back on the other— When you were as young and vulnerable as that, it was sometimes dangerous to become too close to anyone.

Now Laurie said suddenly, "I think we should have wine this year on our anniversary." She turned her head to Connie, her eyes eager. "It would give just the right touch, cooling in the ice bucket and everything."

Connie sat up straighter. "That's it," she said. "Wine. White wine in thin, crystal goblets. How much have you got saved?"

"Almost three dollars," Laurie said. "By the thirtieth, it might be more."

"I've got over three already," Connie said. She slumped back in her seat. "We ought to get a pretty good lunch for six dollars, even at The Inn."

"We've come up in the world," Laurie said with satisfaction. "Last year we went to Binford's Cafeteria. And the year before, just two sodas apiece at The Sugar Bowl. But of course we were only fourteen then, practically teething. Next year—" She sighed. "Where will we have it next year? The Inn's about the highest you can go in this town."

Connie's face was dreamy. "Just think," she said, "maybe twenty, forty years from now we'll still be meeting on the thirtieth of August to celebrate the anniversary of the first day we met. In a way, it's very dramatic."

"Our arteries will crackle," Laurie said. "We'll be wheeled in by our grandchildren, with our wigs slipping."

They looked at each other. Their faces became red with suppressed giggles, but this time, as if on signal, they did not laugh.

Laurie looked out at the street again. Her expression became remote. "Just think," she said. "The men we're going to marry are alive somewhere this very minute. They're breathing, they're moving around." She was suddenly shaken with the enormity of it. "Maybe right here in this town, maybe in deepest Africa, who knows? But they're there; they're somewhere." She looked suddenly down the street, as if her future husband might at that moment be rounding the corner, wearing a sign around his neck.

"I wonder what mine is doing now, this second," Connie said. "It's so romantic, when you think of it. Maybe he's wondering who I'm going to turn out to be."

"Ah," Laurie said, "men don't think like that. They don't have the imagination."

Connie looked at her watch, let out a little cry and jumped up. "I've got to go," she said.

"I'll walk you to the corner," Laurie said.

They walked slowly down the block, their arms around each other's waists. It was almost dark now and the newly cut grass gave off a fresh, sweet smell; they could hear the murmur of voices from the screened porches they passed and see the bright, stabbing lights of the fireflies blinking about the hedges.

Laurie sighed tremulously. How beautiful it was, she thought, how peaceful and beautiful. And the most beautiful thing of all was to have a true friend walking beside her.

IT WAS two nights later that Laurie and Connie strolled over to Evie Halstead's house after dinner, thinking that some of the bunch would be there and that they'd play some Ping-pong or just hang around. When they came up the walk of the white frame house, there was the sound of conversation and laughter from the dark porch.

As they opened the screen door there was a chorus of greetings. Laurie, dropping into a wicker chair, vaguely made out the usual faces—Harriet, Ed Phelps, the two Kane boys. And then she noticed someone in the corner—a male, sitting there, smoking and not talking. Who was it? It was terribly dark.

And then a light was turned on inside the house and the male outline took on features and color; the face was half-bathed in a faint golden glow. It was the face of a young man of about twenty-one, lean and handsome. He was dark-haired and smoking a pipe.

"Laurie," Evie Halstead called out from the other end of the porch. "Connie. That is my cousin, Mark Davis. He just moved to town."

"Hi," Laurie said carelessly, trying to cover her sudden excitement. "Welcome to our city."

"Hello," the young man said. He grinned and took the pipe out of his mouth. "I didn't catch the last name. Or maybe it wasn't thrown."

"Baxter," Laurie said. "Laurie Baxter." She was sitting up very straight in her chair.

Mark turned to look at Connie. "And yours?"

"Dunn," Connie said. "Yours is Davis?" She hesitated and then gave a rather throaty laugh. "Dunn and Davis. It sounds like a detective agency."

Laurie frowned. It seemed to her that Connie's voice had an unnaturally rich, girlish sound. She's putting it on, she thought, I'm really surprised—Connie, of all people. And then, realizing that she was sitting very erect in her chair because it made her rather flat bosom seem higher, she slumped back, a little confused.

After that she forgot Connie. She was lost in the new man. He was much older than the boys she went out with—as much as three or four years older. It seemed to make such a difference: he seemed so *finished,* after the others. And he was so good-looking; he had such a deep voice. Mark—the name suited him. It sounded quiet and strong and male.

HE HAD moved to town, he told them, because he had got a job as assistant buyer for boys' clothing in The Wonder Store on South Main Street. It was a good opportunity, he said, a steppingstone from college to a buying job in a city sometime in the future. "Besides, it's a nice little town," he said. "Nice and friendly. I feel like one of the old settlers already."

Laurie's private opinion of the town immediately jumped fifty points. "Oh, yes," she said. "It really is the friendliest place!" Her voice sounded high and effervescent and, hearing it, she swallowed and leaned back again.

### Wishful Loving

Just say you love me.
Don't try to tell me why—
Say it
Like an angel
On vacation
From the sky.

Just say you love me.
Don't promise to be true—
Just promise
That you'll love me
'Till the day
I say
We're through.

—ABNER DEAN

Connie's voice came throatily from the semidarkness on her right. "Maybe it's a little too friendly. You're liable to be so smothered by attention that you'll require artificial respiration when you get to the big city."

The young man grinned and Laurie got a bleak feeling. She turned. The pale light from inside the house was bathing Connie most charitably—throwing her roundish, pleasantly snub-nosed face into deep shadow and outlining her divine figure. And she was wearing a sweater.

Laurie turned to Mark again. She cleared her throat. "They ought to put up a sign at the city limits," she said. "*You are now entering Beaver Falls. Be kind to the natives at your own risk.*" When Mark laughed, she felt a throb of satisfaction. That wasn't too bad, she thought.

After that she lost track of time and everything else. She was only vaguely conscious of Evie and the others and of drinking a Coke that somebody handed her. Actually she saw only the young man with the lean, handsome face and heard only the wonderful voice. Every time he spoke it seemed to her that he spoke to her alone, and she had a faint sense of shock whenever Connie answered him.

He was living with the Halsteads, and at about ten thirty he got up and excused himself. "Have to go over a few figures," he said. "I know I'll be seeing you again."

Laurie was slightly dazed after he had gone inside, and when Connie got up a few minutes later and said, "Come on, let's go home," Laurie rose like a somnambulist, mumbled something to Evie and the others and found herself, almost as if by accident, walking down the quiet street with Connie at her side. What has happened to me? she thought. But she knew the answer at once. She had fallen in love.

She felt Connie stumble slightly and she turned her head. Connie seemed to be walking blindly, with her head lifted. A terrible uneasiness suddenly clutched Laurie. "Con?" she said.

Connie turned her head slowly. It was as if her eyes were trying to refocus on close objects. "Wasn't he wonderful?" she said. "I've fallen for him hook, line and sinker."

"So have I," Laurie said.

They stood still, staring at each other. "Oh, Laurie," Connie said. "The same man. How could you?"

"What do you mean—how could I?" Laurie said, nettled. "I had just as much right to fall for him as you did!"

"I know, but—" Connie said, and then stopped. "We won't let him come between us, will we?"

"Of course not," Laurie said. Gazing at Connie's round, familiar face, she felt all her love and loyalty rising inside her like a tide. "Never."

Suddenly, standing there under a tree the two girls clutched each other, as if they were frightened. Laurie, who had a strong sense of the dramatic, felt tears filling her eyes. "Never," she said again, almost fiercely. "No man can ever come between us."

But later, in her room, she sat on her bed and stared unseeingly out the window, thinking of Mark. "I know I'll be seeing you again," he had said, looking straight at her. Or had it been at Connie? It had been so dark.

She stirred uneasily, trying to count in her mind the times that Mark had responded to her with a grin or a phrase and the times he had responded to Connie. She smiled to herself. It seemed to her that she was ahead.

And then realizing what she was doing, she turned away, feeling troubled and guilty. She got into bed and lay very still, staring up at the ceiling for a long time.

A FEW days after that, Laurie walked slowly down South Main Street. It was the middle of the afternoon and a perfect summer day and she was wearing her best pink linen. She felt very nervous, and when she reached The Wonder Store, she paused for a moment and gazed almost furtively up and down the street before she drew a deep breath and went through the revolving door.

She told herself: I'm just going to look around; I won't go near the boys' department. But she felt excited and guilty. This morning, during her usual telephone conversation with Connie, she had yawned a great deal and finally said: "I don't think I can see you today; I have to go visit my Aunt Belle." And now here she was—

She looked up. She could see the boys' department straight ahead. Her heart beat faster. *He's* here, she thought, he's only a few yards away. She hadn't stopped thinking or dreaming about him since she had met him.

She began to walk down the aisle, stopping now and then to linger, as if in sudden absorption, at various counters. Near the end of the aisle, she looked up again. There was a man standing near an office, tall, dark-haired—

She stood transfixed. It was Mark. He was looking down at some papers in his hand.

She began to walk toward him, with her head turned in another direction. What will I say? she thought. She had eighty-seven cents in her pocket. She could say she was buying a gift for her little cousin Bobby, but what could you buy for eighty-seven cents? You certainly couldn't buy much, only garters or something like that. And asking for garters for a little boy would strike a terrible note!

SHE turned into an aisle beside a table piled high with wash slacks, and stopped dead. Behind the stacked clothing stood Connie, her face pale.

They stared openmouthed at each other. It was Laurie who got her breath first. "W-what are you doing here?" she asked. "You told me you were going riding with your mother!"

"You told me you were seeing your aunt!" Connie said, blushing.

Laurie felt confused. "Just the same—" she began and then swallowed. "I came in to buy my cousin Bobby a present for his birthday."

"I came," Connie said, "to get my brother a tie."

At that moment Mark came up to them. "Well, well," he said. He was grinning. "Two live, breathing customers. How are you both?"

"Fine," the two girls chorused, looking up at him with their faces suddenly and astonishingly pleasant. The three of them talked together about tennis and a local movie for a minute and then he was called away.

The two girls turned slowly and walked out of the store. They went two blocks without saying anything, then Laurie said, "You forgot to buy your brother's tie."

"You forgot to get your cousin's present," Connie said.

Laurie turned her head to Connie. She took a deep breath and then said, "My cousin is a fat, revolting child and I wouldn't spend five cents on him."

Connie's frown disappeared. "My brother wouldn't wear a tie to the White House." And then she added heavily, "Oh, Laurie, what's the matter with us? We never lied to each other before."

"I know," Laurie said. She felt miserable.

They went into The Sugar Bowl and ordered banana splits. When they were almost finished, Connie said, "I can't get him out of my mind."

"Neither can I," Laurie said. She shook her head, and scooped up the cherry, which she always left for last. "Didn't he look divine in that blue suit?"

"Divine."

They looked up and their eyes met across the table. Connie's expression was sad. "Oh, Laurie," she said. "What do two best friends do when they're crazy about the same man?"

"I don't know," Laurie said bleakly. "Love can do terrible things to people. You're helpless, fighting a power like that. Look how we lied and cheated on each other today." She swallowed.

The air in the soda parlor seemed suddenly heavy with portent. "And this may only be the beginning," Connie said.

AFTER the meeting in the store, they saw Mark often—sometimes at Evie's house, sometimes at the tennis courts on Sundays, sometimes on the street. It was, after all, not a very big town. They discovered that on some nights he went to the driving range to practice his golf swing, and suddenly the two girls became golf enthusiasts. They borrowed their fathers' clubs and hit one wobbly drive after the other, because their eyes were on Mark, a few feet away, and not on the ball.

He was so nice to them. He laughed and joked; he spoke with charming seriousness on a number of subjects they had never discussed with a boy before—books, plays, world affairs. They were thrilled.

To Laurie, the warm still days passed with a quality of sustained excitement. When she was close to Mark she could feel little tremors go through her; when she looked at his profile or listened to his deep voice, her cheeks would flush and her eyes would become shiny; a kind of bloom, a radiance would come over her when she was near him. When he was not there, she was caught up in a hundred dreams in which he was constantly taking her in his arms and covering her face with frantic kisses. Sometimes the dreams would become so real that her breath would come light and quick and her face would grow hot. If she was with Connie when this happened and Connie asked, "What's the matter?" she would turn her head with a little laugh and say, "Not a thing." But she would feel as guilty as if Connie had actually caught her kissing Mark.

ONE afternoon, while they were sitting on Connie's porch, Laurie said slowly, "I think we should make a pact. If he goes for one of us, the other should quietly step aside."

Connie stared at her for a long moment and then drew in her breath. "I'm game," she said. "It's only fair to the one who wins."

There was another silence. Laurie cleared her throat. "No recriminations afterward," she said. "No accusations or anything like that."

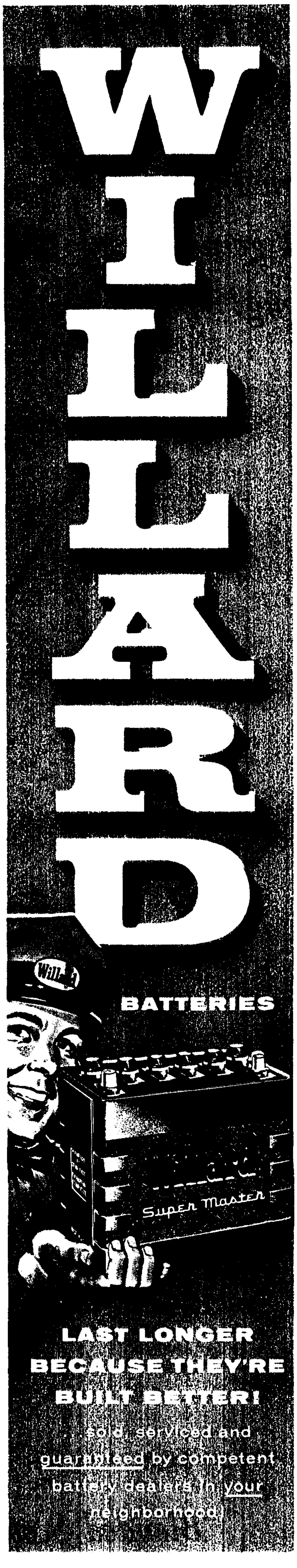
Connie swallowed and said, "None. The one who loses out has to accept it, that's all."

They shook hands very solemnly. Afterward they turned to gaze blindly at the street. Laurie felt dazed.

Two nights later their crowd had gathered in the basement rumpus room of Evie's house. The phonograph was playing and everyone was dancing and talking. At about ten o'clock Laurie heard the sound she had been praying for—the clatter of feet coming down the stairs.

She looked away from Harold Kane. Mark had come down; he was standing there at the foot of the steps. Her throat went dry. As she watched him and prayed he would look her way, he turned and went straight over to Connie. He said something to her. They began to dance.

Laurie began to talk very fast to Harold Kane, but deep down she wanted to cry. When the record ended, she stood holding her breath. Another record went on. She turned her head


WILLARD

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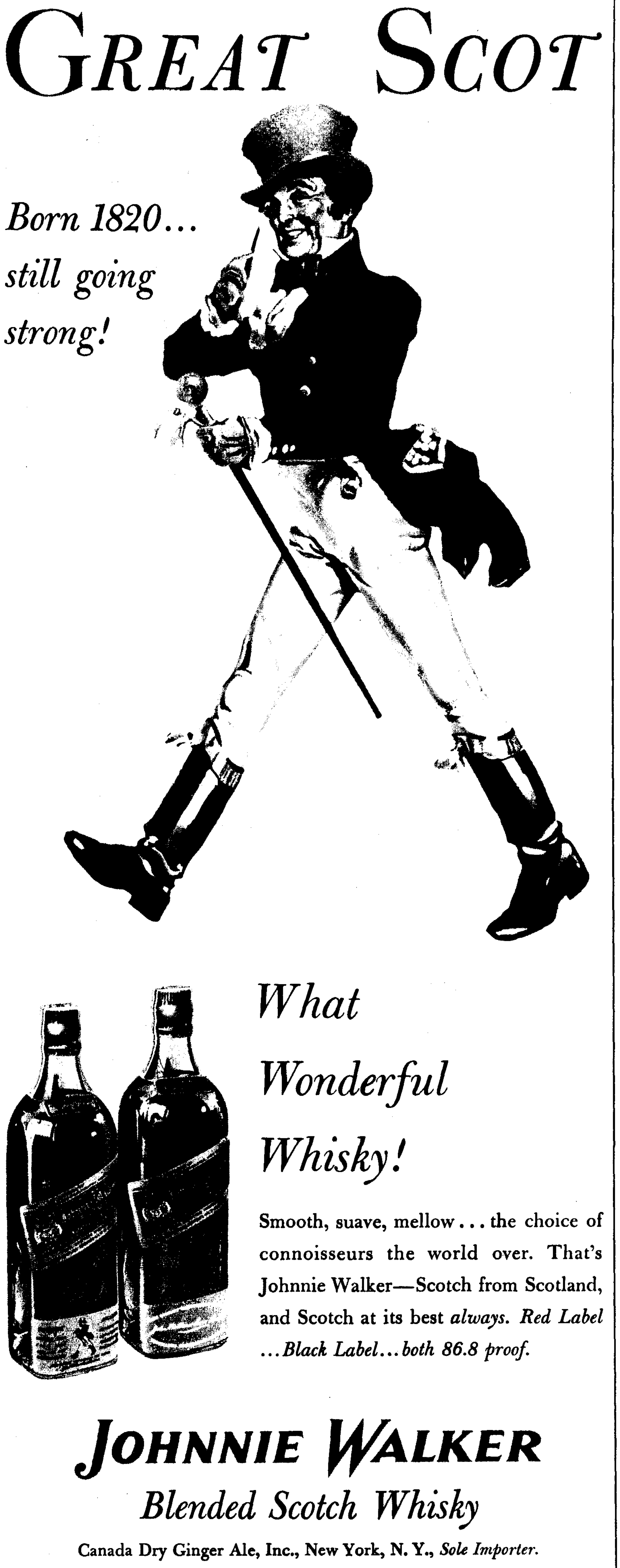

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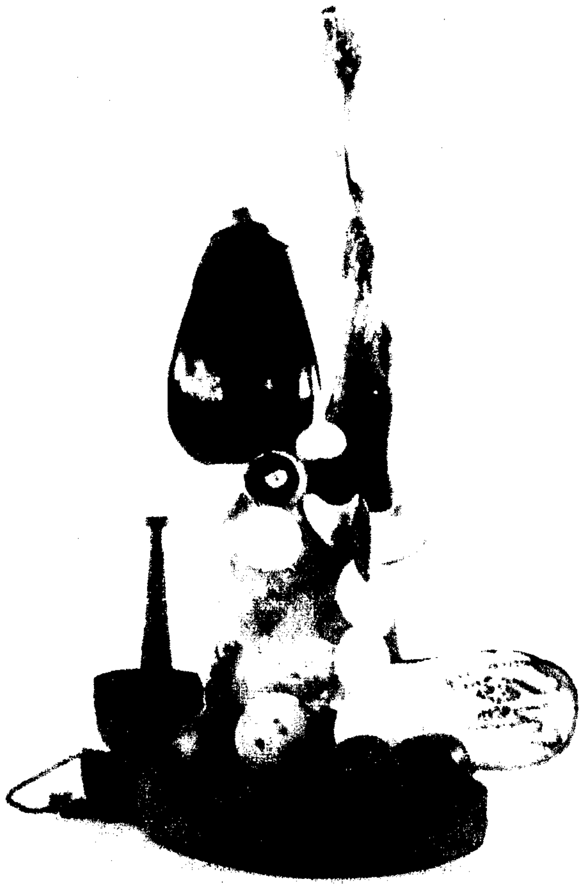
# QUIZ ON CUISINE

## no. 3 in a series

*By ANN SERANNE and EILEEN GADEN*



PHOTOGRAPHED BY SERANNE & GADEN

**Here's the third** in our Classic Cuisine series contrived to test and to improve your menu-reading skills. The quiz has two parts—everything applying to lamb or lamb dishes: the first lists terms used on menus round-the-world; the second is a picture puzzle, a *before* picture of a classic concoction made from leftover lamb and other ingredients shown. **Licked when it's lamb?** Here's all the help you need to translate it yourself, to order with assurance and with hearty appetite. Match up the menu terms on the left with their scrambled definitions in list at right.

| When the menu says . . . | . . . can you expect? |
|---|---|
| *1. Shashlik* | *a. Saddle of lamb* |
| *2. Gigot d'agneau* | *b. Lamb stew with garlic and tomatoes* |
| *3. Poitrine d'agneau* | *c. Skewered lamb, shish kabab* |
| *4. Baron d'agneau* | *d. Leg of lamb* |
| *5. Selle d'agneau* | *e. Loin of lamb with cutlets removed* |
| *6. Carré d'agneau* | *f. The saddle and two legs of lamb cooked in one piece* |
| *7. Double d'agneau* | *g. Lamb cutlet* |
| *8. Navarin* | *h. Lamb stew with cream sauce* |
| *9. Blanquette d'agneau* | *i. Two legs of lamb* |
| *10. Noisette d'agneau* | *j. Breast of lamb* |
| *11. Epaule d'agneau* | *k. Fillet of lamb* |
| *12. Côtellette d'agneau* | *l. Shoulder of lamb* |

* * *

**Puzzled about the picture?** It shows the ingredients a chef in any country uses when he makes a certain classic lamb entree. It's not a French dish though you may order it in Paris.

Can you identify it?

*Turn to page 81 for the answers and the recipe.*

slightly and saw that Connie and Mark were dancing together again.

She closed her eyes. Oh, no, she thought, I can't stand it. When Harold asked her to dance, her legs, her whole body felt stiff and her neck seemed to jerk. When the record ended at last, she saw that Mark was going upstairs again. She walked slowly to an empty corner of the room and sat down.

Connie came over and sat down beside her. "He had to do some work," she said. She looked as if she were running a high fever. "He could only come down for a little while."

Laurie's hand went out and covered Connie's. She swallowed with difficulty. "I guess it's you," she said. "Congratulations."

"Oh, Laurie," Connie said. She couldn't seem to say any more, but she looked queer, as if she were caught up somewhere between misery and glory.

"He went straight to you," Laurie said, trying to keep her lips from trembling. "I guess that means something."

Connie lowered her eyes. "I guess it does," she said in a low voice. She raised her eyes again and they were bright with tears.

They reached out to each other, their hands clasped desperately.

THE very next day, a Sunday, when Laurie and Connie were at the tennis courts, Mark came over to where Laurie was sitting on the grass and flopped down beside her. "Well, you look pretty with your hair done that way," he said.

Laurie was dazzled. They began to talk. They talked for a long time—about the city he had come from, about his job, about his tennis game. Once, out of the corner of her eye, Laurie saw Connie standing nearby, very still. I don't care, she thought, I suffered last night. But she felt a little sad, knowing that Connie was suffering now.

Mark was finally called away to his game, but he seemed to go reluctantly. Connie came over and sat down beside Laurie. Her face was bleak. "You sure were talking for a long time," she said. "Thirty-two minutes."

"I know," Laurie said and shook her head. "Last night I thought—" She hesitated delicately.

"So did I." Connie turned and stared dully at Mark making a difficult return. "I wish he'd make up his mind," she said. "It's a terrible strain on a friendship.". . .

Laurie came out of the house and stood on the front porch. It was a perfect morning but she was feeling far from perfect. Yesterday she had spent a rather edgy evening with Connie—both of them had kept flaring up about nothing at all—and then she had had a restless night filled with yearning dreams about Mark. Now she had a strange feeling of emptiness, as if the golden morning and her friendship with Connie and her feeling for Mark were things that looked real and solid on the outside but were hollow underneath, leaving her with nothing at all.

A green convertible with the top down was coming slowly up the street. Laurie recognized it as Evie's father's car. It wasn't until it was quite close that she saw who was at the wheel. Her whole body became rigid and she felt a prickling at the back of her neck.

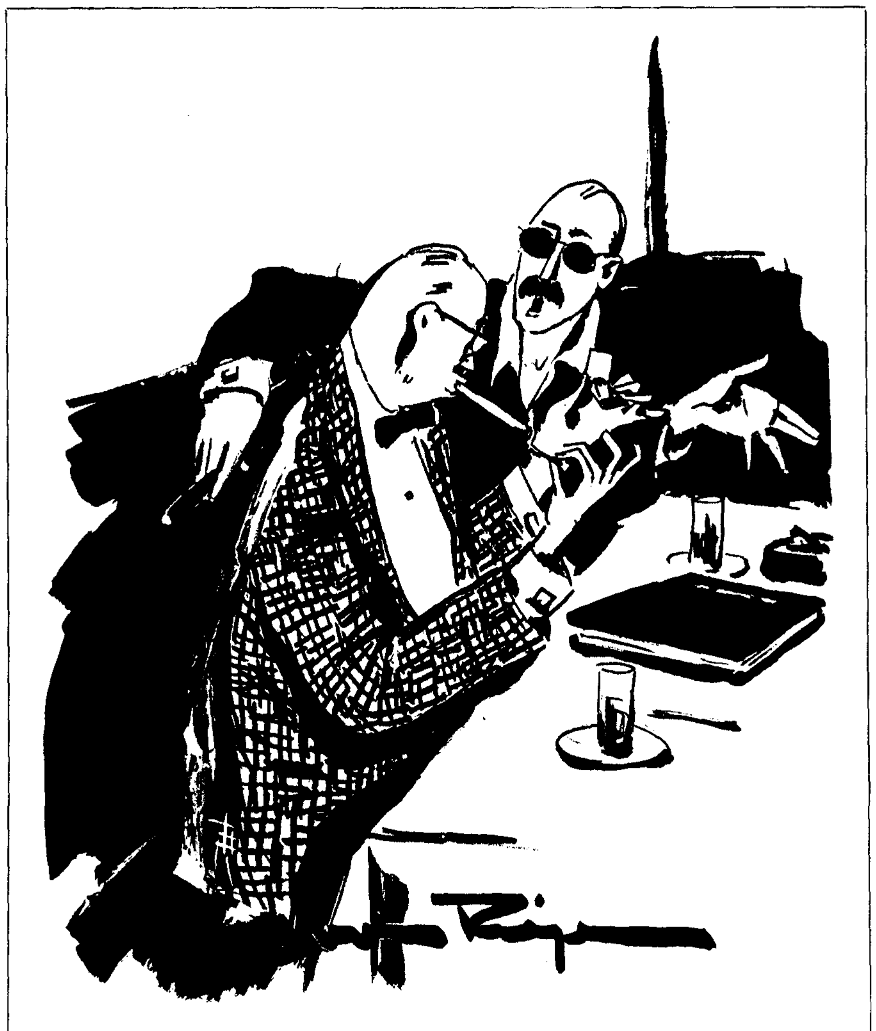
Mark saw her and swerved the car to the curb. "Hi!" he called. "What are you doing?" He was bareheaded and wore a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up. His arms looked very brown and muscular.

Laurie's knees felt shaky as she walked down to the car. "Not a thing," she said. "How come you're not working today?"

"I had a day off coming to me," he said. "I thought I'd drive out to the country and look at some property my aunt is interested in. Want to come along? I'd like some company. We could have lunch somewhere on the road."

Laurie was almost faint with excitement. She thought: Alone. We'll be alone for the first time. "I'd love to," she said. "I'll just get a sweater and tell my mother." She turned quickly, a look of glory on her face, and started up the walk.

She reached the steps and suddenly stopped and stood motionless—today was the thirtieth of August! She was having lunch with Connie; it was their anniversary lunch; they were meeting at The Inn at one o'clock.



"What I like about him he's not one of these writers with artistic temperament . . . he just writes for money"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Her throat felt dry. She could not move. How could she give up the day with Mark? It was impossible. Why, it could lead to anything—maybe a lifetime together.

And what was it she and Connie had said only a little over a week ago? "If he goes for one of us, the other should quietly step aside. The one who loses out just has to accept it, that's all."

She swallowed. She could almost see Connie's face before her—round, snub-nosed, a little lost. She saw her sitting at the table in The Inn, alone, with the wine bottle cooling in the bucket—

But of course Connie wouldn't go, Laurie thought. If I called her now, the whole thing would be off.

"What's the matter?" Mark called out.

She turned around slowly and stared at him. Then she walked slowly, sadly to the car. "I can't go," she said. "I just remembered that I have a previous engagement."

"I'm sorry," he said. "That's too bad. Well—" He grinned. "Some other time, maybe." He waved and the car moved away from the curb.

Watching it disappear down the street, Laurie stood very still, swallowing over and over again. There was a pinched look around her mouth.

My future just ended, she thought.

When she entered the dining room of The Inn at one o'clock, wearing her best pink linen and short white cotton gloves, her eyes were red-rimmed from crying. It was a large, wood-paneled room and there was soft music coming from somewhere and there were fresh flowers on every table. Looking around, she saw Connie at a table for two nearby. She walked toward it. Connie was dressed up too, but she looked pale.

"Hi," Laurie said, sitting next to Connie. She saw that a napkin-covered bottle was cooling in an ice bucket beside the table. "What kind of wine did you get?"

"It's ginger ale," Connie said gloomily. "The waiter wouldn't give us wine. He said we were minors."

Laurie blinked. "Minors?" On the way over she had thought that there was something about making a tremendous sacrifice that aged a person ten years; she felt very tired and experienced and old. "Oh, well," she sighed. "I never cared much for wine. I had some at my cousin's wedding and it made me kind of sick to my stomach."

"I told the waiter to put the ginger ale in there anyway," Connie said, still glum. "I wanted something cooling in a bucket, even if it was root beer."

The waiter came over and took their order. After he had gone, there didn't seem to be much to say. They lapsed into a silence, during which Laurie thought: At this moment I could be sitting at his side; at this moment— She felt a little sick.

And then Mrs. Halstead, Evie's mother, stopped by their table. "Well, girls," she said, "this looks very festive." She was a small plump woman with a cheerful face. "What is the occasion?"

Both girls blushed. Laurie cleared her throat. "We just thought it would be fun," she said.

"Speaking of festive occasions," Mrs. Halstead said, "I'll soon be giving a little farewell party for my nephew Mark, and I want both of you to come."

Laurie stared up at her; she couldn't speak. It was Connie who stammered, "F-farewell?"

"Yes, he'll be leaving us soon," Mrs. Halstead said, the flowers on her foolish hat quivering slightly. "He's suddenly got a fine job in Pittsburgh with his fiancée's father." She saw someone across the room and waved. "Good-by, girls. Enjoy your lunch," she said, and she was gone.

The two girls turned and stared at each other. "Engaged," Laurie said in a terribly flat voice. "He was engaged all the time."

Connie drew in her breath and let it out explosively. "And only this morning," she said, "he asked me to go driving in the country with him!"

Laurie's mouth opened. For a moment she couldn't speak. Then she burst out, "He asked *you?* He asked me too!"

THEY stared at each other as the seconds passed. I wonder, Laurie thought, whom he asked first. Not that it mattered now.

Connie shook her head as if unable to believe it. "Playing us one against the other," she said. "And engaged the whole time. Why, I think he ought to be *ashamed* of himself!"

"So do I!" Laurie said indignantly. But she could not help thinking: He was just being pleasant to both of us, that's all; he probably just thought we were a couple of cute kids.

The waiter came over and poured some ginger ale into their glasses. Laurie thought of something. Her eyes lifted to Connie and she leaned forward. "You didn't go with Mark," she said.

There was a short silence. Connie smiled and said, "Neither did you."

Laurie leaned back. "It's a funny thing," she said. "A man came between us and yet he didn't come between us at all. We stayed the same all the way through." The music and the chatter of the voices around her faded, and she saw Connie's face in clear focus before her. "Oh, Con, we survived. We survived everything," she said.

Connie lifted her glass. "To my friend," she said. "To our fiftieth anniversary."

They clicked glasses. Laurie got a wonderful, choked feeling. "My friend," she said. The ginger ale fizzed and burned nicely as she drank it.

—FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

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FRANCIS WALLACE'S

# 17TH FOOTBALL PREVIEW

**Oklahoma, Georgia Tech and Yale are picked to go unbeaten; TCU, Maryland, Ohio State and Stanford are selected to top their conferences in a season featured by "security" football**

Our perennial prophet in '55 correctly named the national champion (Oklahoma), top back (Ohio State's Cassady), and three of the nation's first four teams (in right spots). Of top 20, he forecast 14. Six of his Preview All-America eleven made the official Coaches Association team published in Collier's at season's end

FELLOW patrons of the pigskin (including our new ladies' auxiliary recruited by television), fasten your seat belts for my 17th annual Preview of the college teams and players who, I predict, will reap the honors of the coming football season.

Wasting no time, my pick is for Oklahoma to repeat as national champion and set a new modern record of 40 straight victories. The current Sooner streak of 30, including two bowl games, is already only one short of their own modern mark. They have now played 53 consecutive Big Seven Conference games without defeat and scored in 106 contests in a row.

Coach Bud Wilkinson again has super personnel and the schedule is favorable. One of the earliest and most successful exponents of the split-T formation, which now dominates the game everywhere, Wilkinson stresses speed and agility rather than massive power. Oklahoma's speed huddle, which amazed a lot of TV viewers during last January's Orange Bowl victory over Maryland, is designed to create a tempo to upset the defense. Wilkinson also pioneered the idea of using alternate elevens, changing about every five minutes, so that every player can go all out on each play.

Oklahoma's most effective play is the optional run-pass by the left halfback, as blazingly executed by Tommy McDonald in '55. McDonald averaged nearly seven yards a carry when he ran with the ball and completed 17 of 24 pass attempts. He's back again and lines up on my Preview All-America team (see opposite page). Oklahoma's hard-charging line is triggered by another one of my All-America nominees, 205-pound center Jerry Tubbs.

The TV game of the year already shapes up for October 27th, when Oklahoma runs into dangerous Notre Dame. Terry Brennan has quarterback Paul Hornung, my Back of the Year, to spark the club, which must meet the Sooners, however, the week after it tangles with Rose Bowl champion Michigan State. Hornung symbolizes the substitution-rule change which sent the glamorous passing specialist who "never got his pants dirty" to the bench and brought in the rugged quarterback who could also play defense. Hornung is an all-round work horse, and coaches say "he makes a long-gainer out of the quarterback sneak."

You are sure to see more and more of the possession-type running game this fall because coaches have learned to appreciate the security of "first down in three tries" as compared to the gambling overhead attack which can be ruined by an interception. Ohio State has won two straight Big Ten titles with very little passing and is in position to do it again. The fabulous Hopalong Cassady, my 1955 Back of the Year, is gone from the range, but Woody Hayes still has 255-pound Jim Parker, my 1956 Lineman of the Year, to tear open the holes.

In the East you can expect to see Yale, rising phoenix-like from Ivy League de-emphasis, go undefeated and become one of the nation's top three. Jordan Olivar is loaded with veteran backs, and Paul Lopata, Yale's six-one 196-pound end, misses my All-America by a finger tip to Michigan's Ron Kramer and Auburn's Jimmy Phillips. I pick Georgia Tech to ramble without a wreck into the Sugar Bowl again, and perhaps to its first national title if Oklahoma loses to Notre Dame. George Volkert, Tech back, is another who caused me some soul searching before omitting him from my All-America finalists.

Tech's coach Bobby Dodd, whose 11-year record at Atlanta is 91 won, 27 lost and 3 tied, is my nominee for Coach of the Year honors. The coaches make the award themselves, and it has never gone to the same man twice. Wilkinson has already won it. Dodd, another stylist, has had phenomenal success with the "belly play" series he introduced five years ago. He missed an undefeated season last year by two points after touchdown (Auburn 14—Georgia Tech 12). Dodd was my '55 choice also, perhaps just a year too soon.

Maryland, Michigan and Stanford rate high on my form chart. I pick Maryland to go to the Orange Bowl again and the latter two to meet on New Year's Day in Pasadena. Southwestern honors probably will be decided in another TV football spectacular on October 20th, when two more of my national Top Ten, TCU and Texas A&M, clash. TCU looks like the winner, thanks principally to fancy-running Jim Swink, the nation's top scorer last year and a cinch starter this year on my All-America backfield.

The summer cloud of fines and probations obscured bowl prospects all over the country. Several West Coast star players went off the eligible roster—and then back on, but for only half their teams' schedules. The Sugar Bowl situation has been confused by a new Louisiana law forbidding athletic contests involving both Negro and white players. Cotton Bowl clearance for Texas A&M was in the hands of the NCAA. Ohio State was barred from Rose Bowl consideration along with Southern Cal, UCLA, California and Washington. NCAA probation knocked out two potential Southeast bowlers, Auburn and Florida. As this is written I am in something of the position of a downed aviator in the middle of the Battle of the Coral Sea: the bombs are still falling and it is too early to itemize the casualties.

Does all the rash of discipline mean that college football is degenerating morally? Heck, no.

These recent blots on an honorable sport stem from the fact that the colleges themselves make a business of football—then try to show a nostalgic respect for the battered ghost of old Simon Pure. The player whose gridiron labor is sold by the college at a tremendous profit is only a pawn, the last who should be punished. The coach is a captive of the system and would like nothing better than to be out from under. The responsibility and the guilt, mostly ineptitude, rest with well-meaning college administrations which demand both big-time profits and "classic amateurism."

In any case a dramatic feature added to the 1956 season may be the attempts of the outraged athletes (some are already calling themselves the Probation Boys) who *cannot* go to bowl games to upset the packed trunks of those who *think* they can go—and also, maybe, to upset the careful calculations of your Pigskin Prophet and his 267 All-America helpers.

## East

| | |
|---|---|
| *First Flight** | |
| **Yale 9-0** | **Cornell 6-3** |
| **Army 7-2** | **Colgate 6-3** |
| **Pitt 7-3** | **Holy Cross 6-3** |
| **Navy 6-3** | **Princeton 6-3** |
| **Syracuse 5-3** | **Boston College 6-3** |
| **Penn State 5-4** | **Dartmouth 6-3** |
| *Second Flight* | |
| **Harvard 4-4** | **Lehigh 6-3** |
| **Penn 4-5** | **Rutgers 4-6** |
| **Villanova 6-3** | **Gettysburg 7-2** |
| **Columbia 4-5** | **Bucknell 5-3** |
| **Boston U 3-5** | **Carnegie 5-3** |
| **Brown 3-6** | **Temple 2-6** |
| **Delaware 8-1** | **Muhlenberg 3-5** |
| **Lafayette 7-2** | **Hofstra 5-5** |
| **Buffalo 4-4** | |
| *NEW ENGLAND* | |
| *Yankee Conference* | |
| **Rhode Island 6-2** | **Mass. 5-3** |
| **Connecticut 6-3** | **N. Hamp. 4-4** |
| **Maine 5-2** | **Vermont 4-3** |
| *Independents* | |
| **Tufts 6-1** | **Amherst 5-3** |
| **Williams 7-1** | **Wesleyan 5-3** |
| **Brandeis 7-2** | **Bowdoin 2-5** |
| **Trinity 5-2** | **Bates 4-3** |

Why rate the Yale Bulldog, munching on tender Ivy, over the Pitt Panther and other toughies who prowl the Eastern jungles? It is true that Pitt will return with hard-hitting, well-conditioned veterans, a superior passing attack and its own near-All-America end, Joe Walton. But Yale beat Army last year; and about all that Jordan Olivar lost from his first 33 is a reserve tackle, who will be off rowing in the Olympics.

It is likewise true that Yale will be playing a round-robin Ivy League schedule plus a few Ivy satellites. But some of that Ivy can be very poisonous. Princeton, which has defeated this same Yale personnel the last two seasons, will be rough as usual in November—with Mike Bowman at guard, John Sapoch, rated the best blocking back in the league, and Fred Tiley, a soph fullback good enough to start.

Dartmouth, rising sharply under coach Bob Blackman, has a great end in Monte Pascoe and a hot-shot soph halfback, Jim Burke. Lou Little will have good manpower at Columbia to help passer Claude Benham. Lloyd Jordan will field another stubborn Harvard. Penn and Brown, building with sophomores, should begin to bristle by midseason. And the Bulldog's sternest test may come from Colgate, which, under Guy Martin's unsung quarterbacking, beat both Yale and Princeton last year.

You'll again see Army-Navy on television with a possible Cotton Bowl bid for the winner. Army has fine sophs, and a veteran line with one of my All-Americans, Stan Slater, at guard. But Earl Blaik will have to develop another quarterback the hard way. Junior Dave Bourland, who called exactly three plays last year, shoved two promising plebes aside during spring practice.

Navy doesn't show too much on paper; but Eddie Erdelatz has a lot of seasoned players, led by halfback Ned Oldham, and a great soph tackle, Bob Reifsnyder. Improving Syracuse hopes to utilize early upset shots at Maryland and Pitt to propel halfback Jim Brown onto the All-America roster and the team into the bowl picture. Holy Cross has similar ideas for itself and quarterback Bill Smithers, if the latter's knee holds up. Penn State, down a little, will be content to land on the winning side of the usual stiff schedule. You can file the names of these superior soph backs: Jim

**Ratings throughout are based both on predicted team records and the severity of team schedules*

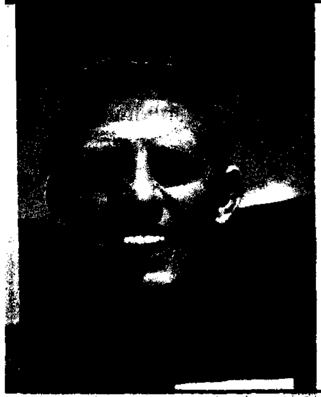
# FRANCIS WALLACE'S 1956 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA TEAM

**BACK: Paul Hornung, Notre Dame**

6'2"—205—Age 20—Senior—Louisville, Ky. Back of the Year. Work-horse quarterback led his squad in passing, scoring, pass interceptions, punting. Kicked two crucial field goals. Against USC, ran for 95 yards, passed 259—total 354, highest by a back in single '55 game. At best under pressure.

**BACK: Jim Swink, Texas Christian**

6'1"—185—Age 19—Senior—Rusk, Texas. Unheralded, even after impressive sophomore year, Swink last year led country in scoring with 125 points, was second in rushing and third in total offense with 1,283 yards. His speed and change-of-direction may lead team to top national honors.



**BACK: Tommy McDonald, Oklahoma**

5'9"—165—Age 22—Senior—Albuquerque, N. M. Small but jet-propelled. Ran 9.7 100-yard dash in high school. In '55 averaged 6.8 yards on 103 running plays. Completed 17 of 24 passes (70.6%). Led in punt and kickoff returns. Scored 96 points despite frequent relief by Sooner alternate team.

**BACK: Walt Kowalczyk, Michigan State**

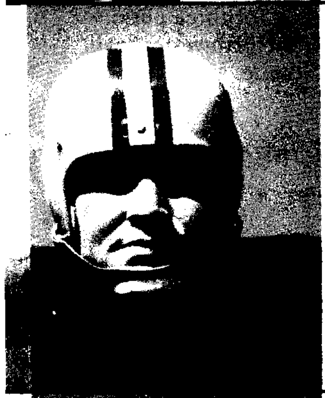
6'—205—Age 21—Junior—Westfield, Mass. Won national recognition with speed and power as sophomore. Captured imagination of TV viewers in games against Notre Dame and UCLA. Won Rose Bowl individual award with flashing runs. Led team in rushing with 7.1 average. Should reach a peak.

**END: Ron Kramer, Michigan**

6'3"—222—Age 20—Senior—East Detroit, Mich. Unanimous raves after sophomore season. All-America as junior despite midseason injury. Can switch to wingback in a pinch. Averaged 5.8 yards in '55 on end-around play. Rugged on defense.

**END: Jimmy (Red) Phillips, Auburn**

6'2"—205—Age 20—Junior—Alex City, Ala. Sophomore of the Year in SEC in '55. In 14-12 upset of Georgia Tech he caught five passes and set up winning touchdown with a spectacular catch. Runs well after receiving, has done 9.8 in 100-yard dash.



**TACKLE: Earl Leggett, Louisiana State**

6'3"—265—Age 22—Senior—Jacksonville, Fla. Biggest man on a big All-America. Extremely fast and agile for his size. Picked by SEC coaches as best defensive and best offensive tackle. Excels at jamming up pitchouts by opposing T-quarterback.

**TACKLE: Mike Sandusky, Maryland**

5'11"—240—Age 20—Senior—Manville, N. J. Outstanding blocker. Has quick charge, tremendous strength, speed, savvy. Made seven of first eight tackles in Clemson game. Twice conference wrestling champ. Strong man of exceptional Terp line.

**GUARD: Jim Parker, Ohio State**

6'3"—255—Age 22—Senior—Toledo, Ohio. Lineman of the Year. Mammoth and fast. Terrific blocking a key factor in success of Buckeye ground game. Quick to move downfield. Tops as linebacker. Durable. Averaged 52 minutes per game.

**GUARD: Stan Slater, Army**

6'—190—Age 19—Junior—Orange, N. J. Rated by Coach Earl Blaik as "one of the finest guard prospects in West Point history." Made Army first team in his sophomore year. Completed 85% of his blocking assignments. Averaged 45 minutes.

**CENTER: Jerry Tubbs, Oklahoma**

6'2"—205—Age 21—Senior—Breckenridge, Tex. Great all-around player. Switched to fullback as sophomore, averaging better than 6 yards as a ball carrier, excelling as a blocker. As junior center made tackles all over field. Intercepted three forward passes in last year's key game against Texas.

**COACH: Robert Lee (Bobby) Dodd, Georgia Tech**

Coach of the Year. Belly-play innovator. Now 47, he was All-America quarterback at Tennessee in 1930. His coaching record over past five years: 49 won, 6 lost, 3 ties, including five straight major bowl wins. His over-all record: 91 won, 27 lost, 3 ties. Over-all bowl-game record: won 7, lost 0.

## The All-America Squad

ENDS: Walton (Pitt); Lopata (Yale); Maentz (Mich.); Lundy (Purd.); Prendergast (ND); Wheatcroft (Calif.); Pascoe (Dart.); Van Galder (Stan.); Hanson (Ill.); Gilliam (Iowa); Bennett (Miss. St.); Howard (Wis.).

TACKLES: Hamilton (TCU); Gray (Okla.); Yelverton (Miss.); Michaels (Ky.); Wiggin (Stan.); Witte (Ore. St.); Kennon (Texas); Strugar (Wash.); Vereen (Ga. Tech); Stapp (Colo.); Hobert (Minn.); Burke (Mich. St.); Truax (Tul.); Gordy (Tenn.); Deloatch (Duke).

GUARDS: Krisher (Okla.); Currie (Mich. St.); Davis (Md.); Hill (Mich.); Duck (Miss.); Bowman (Prince.); Rainsberger (Kans. St.); Goehring (Tex. A&M); Oliver (Ill.); Martin (Mo.); Willott (USC)*.

CENTERS: Owseichik (Yale); Matheny (UCLA); Matsko (Mich. St.); Szvetecz (Army); Kuhn (Ky.); Del Homme (Texas); Weber (Colo. A&M); Whitmire (Navy).

BACKS: Majors (Tenn.); Dawson (Purd.); Volkert (Ga. Tech); Cothren (Miss.); Brodie (Stan.); Peaks (Mich. St.); Mitchell (Ill.); Brown (Syr.); Pardee (Tex. A&M); Thomas, Harris (Okla.); Jurgensen (Duke); Hill (Utah St.); Fondren (Tex.); Quillian (Tul.); McGill (Yale); Mitchell (Ga. Tech); King (Vand.); Bakhtiar (Va.); Tamburello, Selep (Md.); Simpson (Fla.); Benham (Colum.); Walker (Ark.); Sutton (NCU); Morse (ND); Wells (Clem.); Bosseler (Miami, Fla.); Kyasky (Army); Roberson (Corn.); Roberts (USC); Knox (UCLA)*; Arnett (USC)*.

**Pacific Coast Senior*

## Top Twenty Teams

National Champion: OKLAHOMA 10-0

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2. | GEORGIA TECH | 10-0 |
| 3. | YALE | 9-0 |
| 4. | TCU | 9-1 |
| 5. | MARYLAND | 9-1 |
| 6. | TEXAS A&M | 9-1 |
| 7. | OHIO STATE | 8-1 |
| 8. | NOTRE DAME | 8-2 |
| 9. | MICHIGAN | 7-2 |
| 10. | STANFORD | 8-2 |
| 11. | MICHIGAN STATE | 7-2 |
| 12. | MISSISSIPPI | 8-2 |
| 13. | AUBURN | 8-2 |
| 14. | ARMY | 7-2 |
| 15. | DUKE | 8-2 |
| 16. | ILLINOIS | 7-2 |
| 17. | PITT | 7-3 |
| 18. | TENNESSEE | 7-3 |
| 19. | TEXAS | 7-3 |
| 20. | SYRACUSE | 5-3 |

POSSIBLE BREAK-THROUGHS: USC 7-3; UCLA 7-3; Purdue 6-3; Vanderbilt 7-3; Kentucky 6-4; LSU 6-4; North Carolina 6-4; Navy 6-3; Miami (Fla.) 7-3; Holy Cross 6-3.

## Unsung Squad

*[A token roster of (1) players shut out from the All-America squad by our lack of space, estimated team records or by better-publicized men from their own schools; and (2) boys, mostly pro possibilities, from minor football schools.]*

ENDS: Stiller (Okla.); Bass (Duke); Cruze (Tenn.); Bomba (Ind.); Kaiser (Mich. St.); Frick (So. Car.); Elliott (Aub.); Wilkins, Roberts (Ga.); Arcand (HC); Brodie (W&M); Richards (Det.); Boss (Utah); Lasse (Syr.); Hurley (Mont.); Cooper (Maine); Junker (Xavier); Short (Lehigh); Bliss (Miami, O.); Mackey (Ariz. St.); Husser (S. E. La.); Robichaux (Trin., Tex.); Schomburger (Fla. St.); Mascellino (Colg.); Funston (COP); Mosher (Del.); Ward (Gettys.); Katula (Marq.); Knapp (Corn.); Clarke (Colo.); Bletscher (Kans. St.); Powell (S. Jose); Williams (Miss.); Gentry (SMU); Stecchi (HC).

TACKLES: Demmas (Vand.); Wharton and Heuring (Md.); Michael (Ohio St.); Pell (NCU); Robertshaw (Brown); Preston (Aub.); Nisby (COP); Stuart (Denv.); Czapla (Mo.); Underdonk (W. Va.); Torczon (Neb.); Higgins (Wyo.); Owens (Miss. So.); Marazza (Clem.); Wright (W. Tex.); Russell (Bowling Green); Pollock (Pitt); Preziosio (Purd.); Woidzik (Buffalo); Malinowsky (Del.); Napoli (Brand.); Kurker (Tufts); Gibbens (SW Tex.); Bigbie (E. Tex.); Whitmire (Rice); Day (Wash.).

GUARDS: Danjean (Aub.); Gilkey (Calif.); Shwaiko (Wis.); Valentine (Penn. St.); Metropoulos (Harv.); Spitzenberger (Hous.); Pratt (Miami, Fla.); Hord (Duke); Barrow (Fla.); L. Owens (Kent St.); Ecker (Ga. Tech); Suter (Corn.); Hughes (S. Jose); Shanen (Dayt.); Leopold (Wiley); Perry (Ark.); Fitzgerald (R. I.); Formanek (La. St. Tea.); Clifford (Memph.); Clasey (Purd.); Broadfoot (Tex. Tech); Harris (UCLA); Yonkers (Tulsa).

CENTERS: *Miller (Tul.); Amstutz (Ind.); Adelizzi (Dart.); Del Rosa (Cinc.); Hale (Tex. A&M);* Wahlmeier (Kan. U.); Graham (LSU); Maslowsky (Lehigh); Allen (Mass.); Campbell (Marq.); Howley (W. Va.); Rubke (USC).

BACKS: Crow (Tex. A&M); Curtis (TCU); Oldham (Navy); Barr (Mich.); Crawford, Blalack (Miss.); Vicic, Ellwood (Ohio St.); Luppino (Ariz.); Pricer, Dodd (Okla.); Rotenberry, Flowers (Ga. Tech.); Greenlaw (Neb.); Christy (N. C. St.); Ward (Yale); Dougherty (Ky.); Sommer (G. W.); Crawford (Wyo.); Dimitroff (Miami, O.); Salvaterra (Pitt); Johnson (Houst.); Drew (Calif.); Hinman (Wich.); Shanley, Morris (Ore.); Martin (Colg.); Sapoch (Prince); Adkins (Tenn.); Smithers (HC); Bayuk (Colo.); Woodson, Jefferson (Ill.); Krutko (W. Va.); *Hughes (Tulsa); Shofner, Traylor (Baylor); Rex (Dart.); Camera (Stan.); Borstad* (Minn.); Newton (Tul.); Hoppe (Aub.); Watts (Wyo.); Reynolds (LSU); Hermsen (Marq.); Fields (Utah); Murtland (Army); Sabbatini (Miss. St.); Sidwell (W&M); Hicks (Jax Teachers); Lyles (L'ville); McBride (SW Texas); Wright (Tufts); Capitani (Gettys.); Rhodes (West. St.); Livingston (Heid'g); Mitcham, Graybill (Ariz. St.); Woolwine (VMI); Green (Wash.); Nolan (Lehigh); Bozik (Laf.); King (Conn.); Jackson (Bowl. Green); Maroney (Cinc.); Konkoly (Xav.); Nelson (Memph.); Potter (Wms.); Clay (Langston); Meyer (Lamar); Gallimore (Fla. A&M); Stehlin (Brand.); Spiers (Ark. St.); Cichowski (Ind.); Boland (Corn.); Hickman (USC).

*UNSUNG HEROES OF THE YEAR: Back, Don Orr (Vand.); Lineman, Murry Trimble* (Tex. A&M); Coach, Steve Sebo (Penn); Asst. Coach, David Nelson (Del.).

Dean at Boston U; Don Allard at Boston College: and Jim Grazione at Villanova, reported "loaded" for an opening crack at Texas A&M.

Coach Herb Maack moves up at Rhode Island, a wispy favorite to retain its crown in the Yankee Conference—which gained prestige last year when fast-rising Connecticut dumped Holy Cross and Boston U but couldn't take its own title. Delaware has won 26 of 30 in tight small-college competition —which makes coach David Nelson the assistant coach of my Unsung Squad (see bottom of page).

## Midwest

*First Flight*

Ohio State 8-1
Notre Dame 8-2
Michigan 7-2
Mich. State 7-2
Illinois 7-2
Purdue 6-3
Minnesota 5-4

*Second Flight*

Iowa 5-4
Indiana 4-5
Wisconsin 4-5
Northwestern 3-6
Marquette 4-5
Miami 8-1
Xavier 7-3
Cincinnati 4-5
Bowling Green 7-2
Dayton 5-5
Ohio U. 5-4
Kent State 7-2
Toledo 4-5
Heidelberg 8-1
Louisville 7-2
Akron 5-4

Woody Hayes has coached Ohio State to two straight Big Ten titles on the strength of a rock-and-sock running game which develops players rather than names. Guard Jim Parker, my Lineman of the Year, is the only Buckeye star. But Woody has the system and the horses, including journeyman quarterback Frank Ellwood and Frank Kremblas, a driving sophomore who can also pass. Chief competition may come from Michigan State where a heavy bench is led by the best one-two halfback running punch in the land: my junior All-American Walt Kowalczyk and senior Clarence Peaks, whom some coaches rate an even better all-round player. The missing link might be experienced quarterbacking in tough early games.

With the Buckeyes (probation) and Spartans (conference regulation) out of the Rose Bowl, the Pasadena prize will be up for grabs among, in order, Michigan, Illinois, Purdue and Minnesota. The Wolverines should take it because they have almost the same crew who had the nomination, and the league title, last year until that final game which they lost, along with some poise, to the Buckeye sausage machine. My guess is that key man Ron Kramer will remain at end because my soph Back of the Year, John Herrnstein, and a spring-practice discovery, soph Bob Ptacek, will take up any slack in the Wolverine backfield.

Illinois threw the first block at the Wolverines with that 25-6 shocker last year and expects to do it again. Ray Eliot's fine backfield personnel is led by junior Bobby Mitchell, the most electrifying runner I've seen in years. Purdue, where line coach Jack Mollenkopf moves up, should have the best passing battery of the season in Lenny Dawson and Lamar Lundy, "the boy with the boat-hook arms." Minnesota could take it all with any sharp improvement of the young squad I saw outplay Michigan for three periods. Iowa and Indiana will be stubborn. Both Wisconsin and Northwestern will have good basic personnel. There's not a patsy in the league.

**Team of the Year** *Oklahoma, with a devastating ground game.*

The Notre Dame question: Can Paul (the Glue) Hornung hold a good backfield and reserve line together until an awesome crowd of big soph linemen—led by end Bob Wetoska and tackle Angelo Mosca, and including tackle Bronko Nagurski, Jr.—plug the gaps? It will have to be a fast job since Michigan State and Oklahoma are back-to-back on the schedule. I'm picking the Irish to come up for the Spartans, but (with sad alumnus heart) don't think they can do it again against the superlative Sooners.

Miami of Ohio and Xavier should do well. Bowling Green is reviving.

In 1955 the Big Ten threw the threat of secession at the NCAA. That brought on the regional compromise on TV. This year the Big Ten voted a gradual approach to a round-robin schedule effective in 1961 with nine conference games for each member and one outside. Such a self-sufficient group would be in position to set up its own recruiting codes and TV procedures without fear of NCAA schedule sanctions. Get it, chum? not score at least one major upset. Jim's answer to all this: "Pray for me."

Clemson should do well behind underrated back Joel Wells. North Carolina State, with back Dick Christy and some fine sophs, hopes for its first winning season in some time. Ben Martin is expected to make sharp improvement at Virginia where Jim Bakhtiar, my '55 Soph Back of the Year (he rushed 733 yards), will be helped by soph quarterback Reece Whitley.

West Virginia comes up with an impressive schedule a year late—just after losing most of the four-year operators who kept the Mountaineers in the spotlight. But coach Pappy Lewis, with another barn-burner on the way, might even light up some big sky this year. William & Mary is loaded, with Army and Navy as targets. Virginia Tech, classy in its class, will test against Tulane early. Backs Mike Sommer of George Washington, Sam Woolwine of VMI and Jimmy Grant of Furman are worth watching. The Citadel is coming along with its own version of race-horse football.

## South

| | |
|---|---|
| ***First Flight*** | |
| **Maryland 9-1** | **North Car. U 6-4** |
| **Duke 8-2** | **Clemson 7-3** |
| **W. Virginia 6-4** | |
| ***Second Flight*** | |
| **Virginia Tech 7-3** | **G. Wash. 6-3** |
| **N. C. State 6-4** | **Richmond 6-3** |
| **Virginia 5-5** | **Wake Forest 5-5** |
| **Wm. & Mary 6-4** | **VMI 3-7** |
| **So. Carolina 5-5** | **Citadel 5-4** |
| **Furman 2-8** | |

Jim Tatum, who has moved from Maryland to his alma mater, North Carolina, is rather large for a ghost. He should take out a license, however, the way he's haunting some of his best friends. High on the list is his protégé, Tommy Mont, whom he recommended as his successor at Maryland. Jim left 23 letter men there, including my All-America tackle, Mike Sandusky, and a fearsome soph unit headed by Ted Kershner, rated a future great runner. What sets up Mont for the haunt is the fact that he must get by Tatum, who surely must have all the lodge secrets.

If Maryland should run afoul of this or other trouble on the road to the Orange Bowl, Duke will take the lead. But there, at the very end of the schedule, will be Tatum and the squad which held Duke to a 6-0 win last year. Right now, however, the Blue Devils fear neither man nor ghost. Bill Murray will have a much bigger squad than usual. Sonny (Christian Adolph) Jurgensen, who can do everything and pass superbly, too, might be the surprise All-America quarterback. He was all of that when I saw him at the Ohio State game last year; but injuries stopped him.

Brer Tatum's large shadow casts outside the Atlantic Conference, too, falling on Tennessee, Notre Dame, and even far-off Oklahoma and another good friend whom Tatum once recommended to succeed him. Bud Wilkinson, who has twice beaten Tatum in showdown Orange Bowl battles, must be pondering the fact that the Sooners were held to 13-6 by the Tar Heels last year; that Tatum inherits a squad just about ready to click—with a potential All-America back in Ed Sutton. It will be a surprise if Tatum does

## Southeast

| | |
|---|---|
| ***First Flight*** | |
| **Georgia Tech 10-0** | **Auburn 8-2** |
| **Mississippi 8-2** | **Tennessee 7-3** |
| ***Second Flight*** | |
| **Miami 7-3** | **Georgia 5-5** |
| **Vanderbilt 7-3** | **Miss. State 5-5** |
| **Tulane 7-3** | **Alabama 2-8** |
| **Florida 7-3** | **Miss. Southern 8-2** |
| **Kentucky 6-4** | **Florida State 5-5** |
| **LSU 6-4** | **Memphis State 5-5** |
| **Southeast La. 6-3** | |

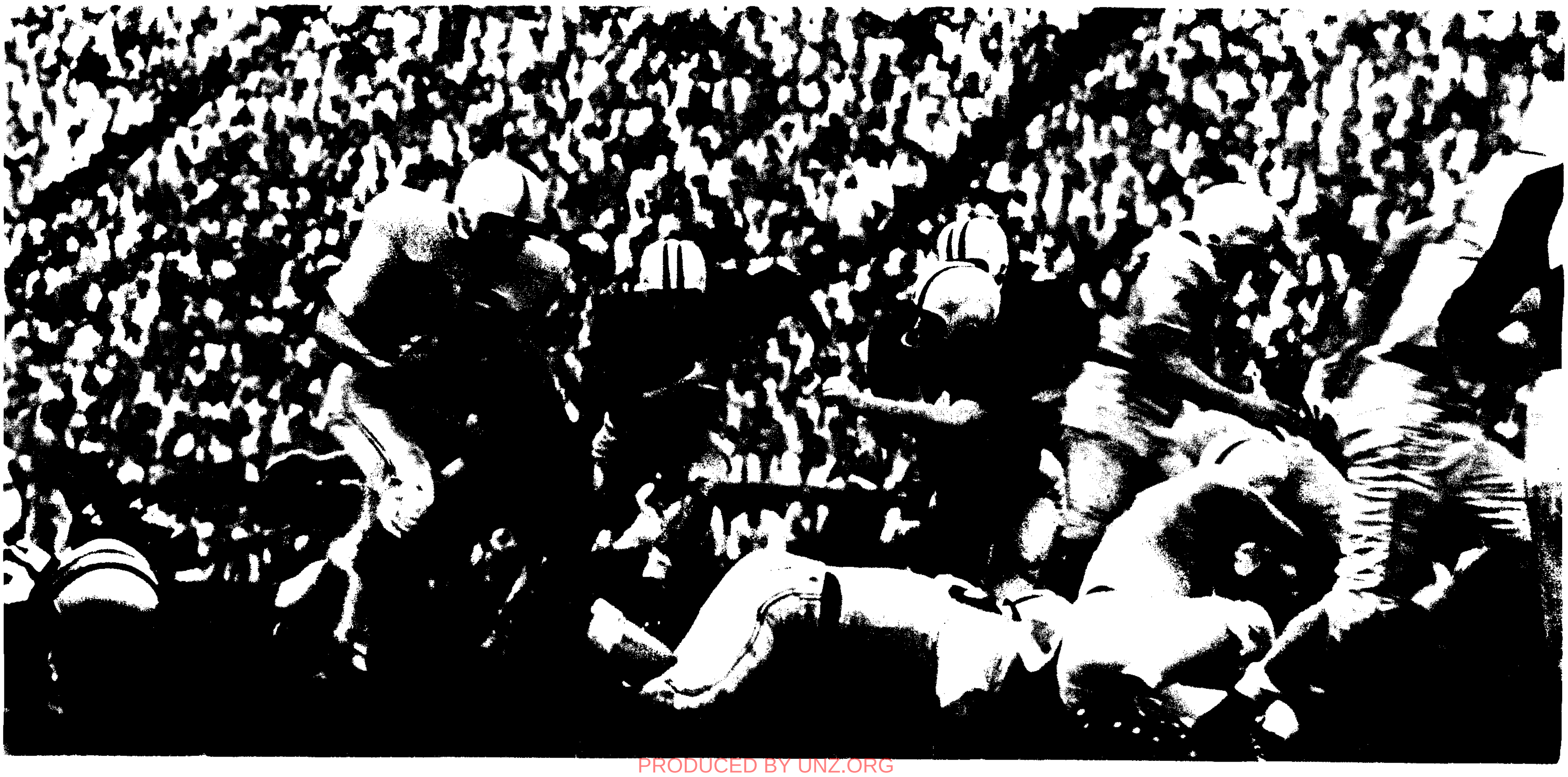
Bobby Dodd loses only two from his first 22 who won in the Sugar Bowl. He has plenty of good backs, all so nimble in belly-play gyrations that they tend to fog up the brilliance of their own All-America candidates, halfback George Volkert and quarterback Wade Mitchell. There are useful galoots up front, too; so, it takes no magic to toot the Engineers' whistle.

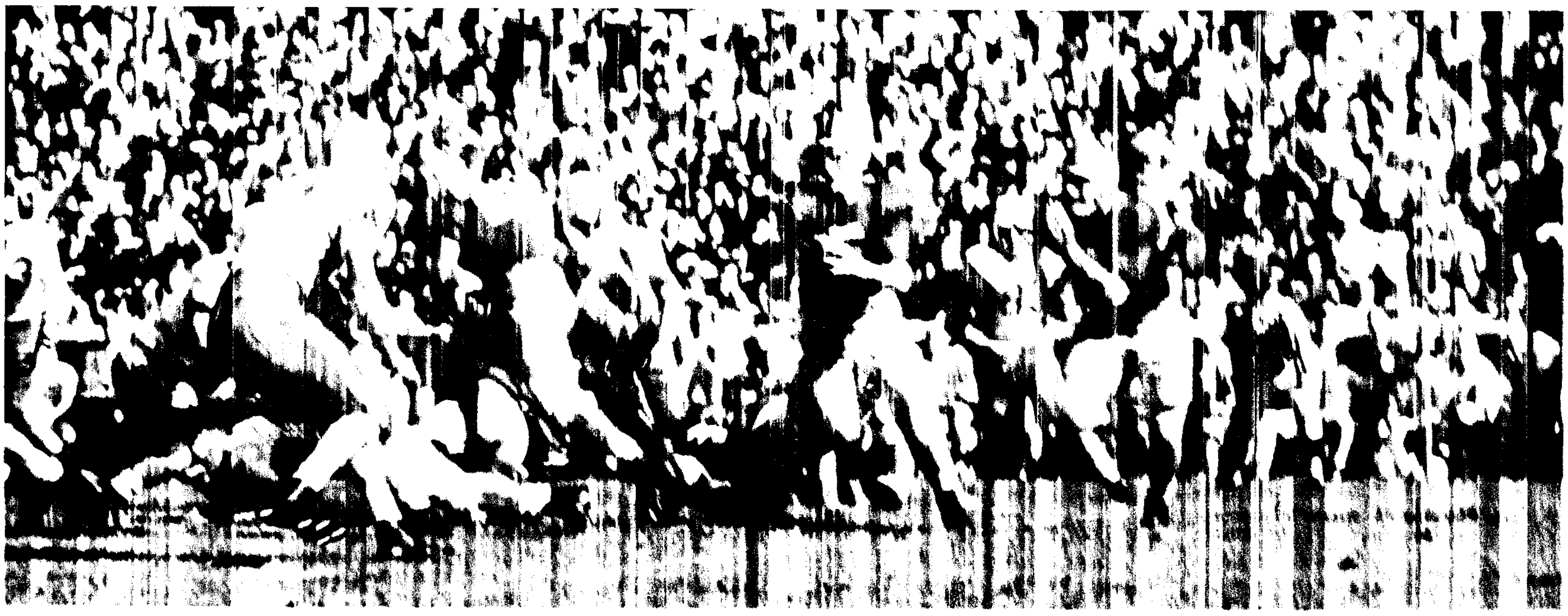
The well-balanced SEC, however, does call for caution all along the right of way. Last year, on the final day of the season, five teams had a chance to win or tie. The title went to Mississippi, for the second straight year with an identical 9-1 record. This time Georgia Tech looks like a clear favorite in every game. Ole Miss, with a well-spaced crew of Cotton Bowl veterans led by fullback Paige Cothren, is no worse than even against anybody. Take it from there—but no guarantees. Tech and Ole Miss do not collide during the season—but are likely to do just that in the Sugar Bowl.

Bowden Wyatt, a pigskin evangelist who came home to Tennessee last year, seems to have the Vols headed for the glory road behind the backfield tom-tomming of versatile Johnny (Drum) Majors. They tied Tech last time (7-7), and this year's struggle might be the championship decider. Vanderbilt, a '55 Cinderella, had quite a ball in the Gator Bowl and could do it again. The star, Don (Iron) Orr, has won out over a schedule that included polio, double vision, concussion and a dislocated elbow—which makes him my Unsung Hero Back. He might even make the glory squad.

Two potential bowlers, Auburn and Florida, are shut out by NCAA probation, but will have strong voices in deciding who does go. The Plainsmen

*s aiming this year for a modern record of 40 straight wins. Halfback Tommy McDonald (25) here rips through North Carolina line*





**Back of the Year** *Paul Hornung (5), Notre Dame's versatile work horse, runs quarterback option play against Indiana*

have my All-America end, Red Phillips. The Gators look to halfback Jackie Simpson. Non-Conference Miami booms fullback Don Bosseler. The Hurricanes, soph-heavy, should begin to blow around midseason.

LSU can always be depended upon to upset some hopeful with the help of Earl Leggett, one of my All-America tackles—as can Kentucky, with a genuine All-America candidate in junior tackle Lou Michaels. Steadily rising Tulane presents fullback Ronny Quillian and tackle Dalton Truax for consideration. Wily Wally Butts seems ready for a winning season at Georgia. Wade Walker, who moves up at Mississippi State, may have a real surprise package in sophomore back Billy Stacy. Alabama has burned down the barn and is starting from scratch with an almost all-soph cast. Mississippi Southern has its sights on an undefeated season.

## Southwest

| | |
|---|---|
| ***First Flight*** | |
| TCU 9-1 | Texas 7-3 |
| Texas A&M 9-1 | Baylor 7-3 |
| Arkansas 6-4 | |
| ***Second Flight*** | |
| Rice 5-5 | Arizona 5-5 |
| SMU 4-6 | Hardin-Sim. 5-5 |
| Tex. Tech 6-4 | N. M. A&M 4-6 |
| Arizona State 8-2 | Trinity 7-2 |
| West Texas 7-2 | SW Texas 7-2 |
| Texas West. 7-3 | East Texas 7-3 |
| Abilene 5-5 | |

Rice, my proud champion down here in '55, finished last. My last-place Texas A&M almost finished first. TCU, which I had somewhere in the middle, wound up on top. All of which would be somewhat depressing—except that when I'm wrong, the book is wrong, because I pick nothing but the best brains. So, this year all us li'l ole experts proclaim TCU-A&M on October 20th one of the games-of-the-year, with the winner and still champion to be TCU. We give Texas a chance, rate Baylor dangerous, fear Arkansas, and risk the wrath of Houston and Dallas citizens by labeling Rice and Southern Methodist also-rans. (So watch Rice and SMU.)

What caused the '55 convulsions of the form? It seems that nobody—except, probably, the TCU coeds—appreciated the real possibilities of handsome young Mr. Swink. I did have him on my All-America squad but had no idea he would become the leading scorer of the country (125), second in yards gained and third in total offense (1,283). He's back, with seven other regulars, including Charles Curtis, a superior quarterback, Norman Hamilton, an elegant tackle, and, just for insurance, a soph guard named (after all these years) Frank Wallace.

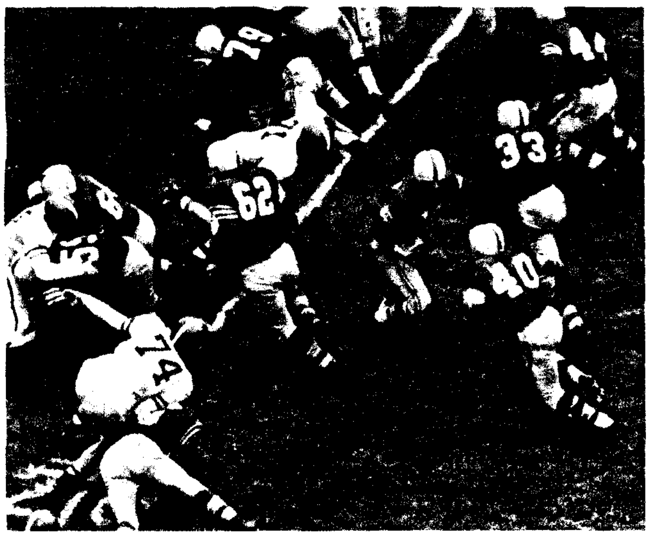
Nor did anybody anticipate the stinging reaction of Texas A&M, a youthful team, to a conference probation slap. Young men do not take kindly to these aspersions, as opponents in all sections are apt to find out this year. The Aggies will be tough in any case, with fullback Jack Pardee and halfback John Crow among 21 of the first 22 returning. Murry Trimble, my Unsung Hero Lineman, plays a lot of guard with one arm missing.

Texas, which seems to have smoothed recent domestic ripples, could be dangerous, especially since Ed Price has added some multiple offense to take advantage of the pass-run-option talents of excellent halfback Walt Fondren. Sophomore Vince Matthews will start at quarterback. SMU is depending much on another soph quarterback, Larry Click—but meets four of my Top Ten teams. Baylor expects a good season—if passer Doyle Traylor and all-round back Del Shofner avoid '55 hurts.

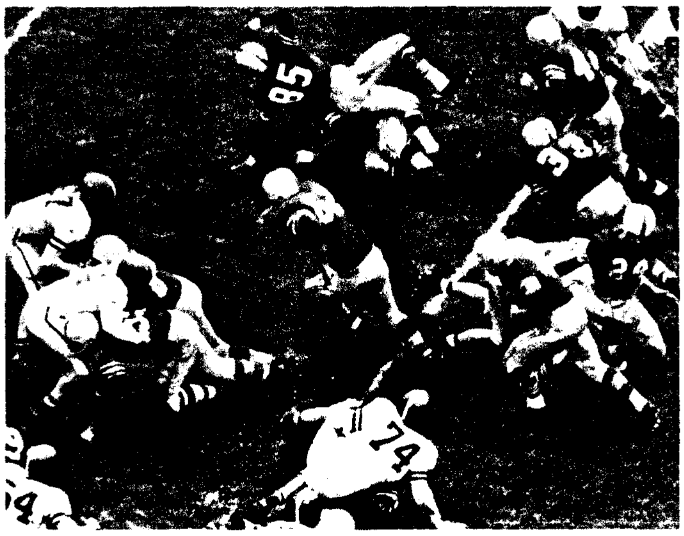
Arkansas could be sitting in the upset chair if sophs come through to help quarterback George Walker. A young Rice squad plans an improved season to lessen the burden of Jess Neely, current president of the Coaches Association. An indication of the havoc a top television game can produce on distant box offices: at least two major Southwest Conference games have been shifted from afternoon to evening so as to avoid competing with the Oklahoma-Notre Dame telecast.

Texas Tech has switched from the Border to the Southwest Conference, but its football title play will not begin until about 1960. Arizona State (at Tempe) looks like the rising Border power under Dan Devine, one of the more successful missionaries of the Michigan State multiple offense. But the Sun Devils will have rousing opposition from Texas Western, West Texas, Hardin-Simmons and Arizona, where Art Luppino, now in his senior year, will still be going with the wind after winning national rushing honors for the last two seasons. (Attention is called to the stars from smaller Texas schools in my player lists.)

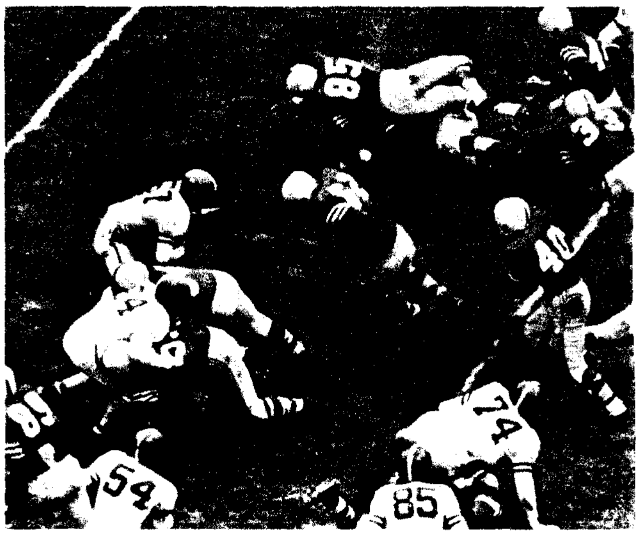
## Lineman of the Year



*Ohio State guard Jim Parker (62). . .*



*pulls out to lead ball carrier Cassady (40). . .*



*sets sights on Nebraska line-backer (67). . .*

## Missouri Valley

*Big Seven*
Oklahoma 10-0 Colorado 6-4
Missouri 7-3 Nebraska 5-5
Kansas 6-4 Kansas State 5-5
Iowa State 3-7
*Missouri Valley Conference*
Houston 7-3 Wichita 7-3
Detroit 7-3 Okla. A&M 4-6
Tulsa 4-6
*Independents*
Drake 4-5 Iowa Teachers 4-4
Washington U. 5-4

In his nine years as head coach at Oklahoma, Bud Wilkinson has won 80, lost 7 and tied 3 games in regular-season play for a winning percentage of .919. He has won four of five bowl games. It took superlative efforts by topflight Notre Dame squads to inflict the only two defeats Wilkinson has suffered in four seasons. He will meet the Irish this year with 17 of his first 22, including two of my All-Americans, halfback Tommy McDonald and center Jerry Tubbs.

Since conference regulations prevent the same team from making two straight trips to the Orange Bowl, the Sooners will be watching the next best team on television New Year's Day. The identity of the lucky second-placer may not be known until December 1st, when Kansas goes to Missouri. If Don Faurot's squad makes it, as my calculations indicate, the split-T inventor will also have achieved the biggest form reversal of the year, since his '55 record was 1-9. A blend of talented sophs and steady veterans, some of whom were injured last year, explains the optimism. Chuck Mather has been bringing Kansas along steadily but still looks a year away. Pete Elliott, recruited from Wilkinson's staff to Nebraska, cannot be ruled out of the bowl race, chiefly because of halfback Willie Greenlaw. A sharp reaction by the Colorado squad which sagged in '55 might also get the Buffaloes home to the lush Miami range. Ellis Rainsberger, Kansas State guard who will serve as captain in his junior year, might be one of the sleepers of the season.

The Missouri Valley Conference could stage another such '55 roundelay as when Detroit beat Wichita which beat Houston which beat Detroit. Tulsa, which began the march back last year, reports sharp improvement and Oklahoma A&M hopes that sophomores will bring it up to par.

## Rocky Mountain

*First Flight*
Utah 7-3 Denver 7-3
Wyoming 7-3 Utah State 7-3
Colo. A&M 6-4
*Second Flight*
Montana 4-6 Western State 7-3
New Mexico 4-6 Mont. State 6-3
Brig. Young 3-7 Colo. State 5-4
Idaho State 7-2 Colo. Mines 4-5
Colo. College 3-6

Last year I predicted it would take a mountain measurer to separate Utah, Wyoming and Denver; and that quarterback Gary Glick might make Colorado A&M a contender. The first three were really that close, but Gary made his team a champion. I did not foresee one-point victories over Denver and Wyoming. I did have him on my All-America squad, however, and the pros obliged by picking him first in the draft.

This year it will take high-powered binoculars to separate Utah, Wyoming and Denver. But back Jack Hill might make Utah State the champion. This lad is big, does everything and is on my All-America squad. The pros can take him from there, and no doubt will. Colorado A&M, not far off the pace, has a fine center in Bob Weber. End Terry Hurley of Montana was fifth among the nation's pass catchers last year. Coach Hal Kopp, who leaped all the way from Rhode Island to Brigham Young, found only nine letter men; but Dick Clausen, who came from unbeaten Coe to New Mexico U. got a better dowry—19 letter men and a very fine soph crew.

## Pacific Coast

*First Flight*
Stanford 8-2 Washington 6-4
USC 7-3 Oregon 6-4
UCLA 7-3 Oregon State 6-4
*Second Flight*
California 5-5 San Jose 7-3
Col. of Pac. 9-1 Wash. State 3-7
Idaho 4-5

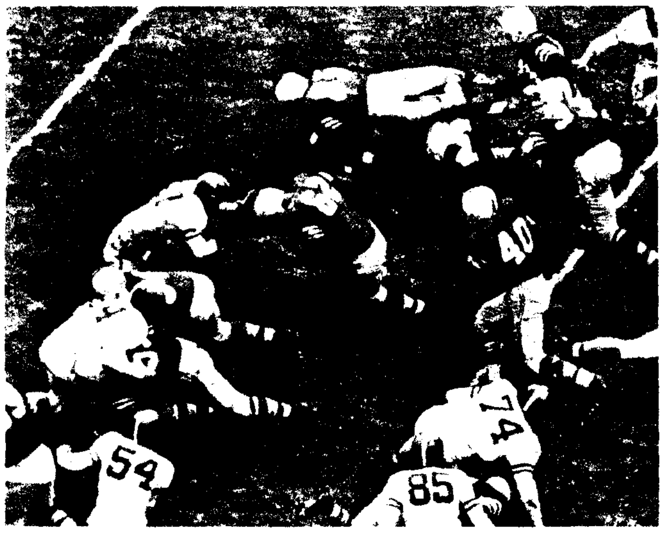
Before the Coast ructions began I had the teams lined up with USC in the Rose Bowl, a definite notch ahead of UCLA and Stanford. As you will note at the left, I switched to Stanford following the eligibility decisions reached by the conference on August 8th. After an agonizing reappraisal, the Coast's "floundering fathers" finally agreed to permit backfield stars Jon Arnett of Southern Cal and Ronnie Knox of UCLA, along with other previously suspended seniors, to play five consecutive games at any time during the season; but the rulings barring their clubs from the Rose Bowl remain. This bizarre solution, which surprised everybody and pleased nobody, will test coaching ingenuity and result in all sorts of interesting playing combinations. It seems likely that the Bruin and Trojan mentors will concede early intersectionals in order to operate at full strength by the time ancient Coast rivalries are renewed.

What figures to be the most furious race in Coast history may finally be decided by the x-quantity of emotional furies roused during the midsummer maligning. In Jon Arnett the Trojans have one of the great all-round backs of the current game: I dropped him from my All-America solely because I feel no one should rate that honor on the basis of playing half a season. UCLA in '55 had one of its best freshman teams in 10 years, including a star tailback in Don Long and a fine guard, Clint Whitfield.

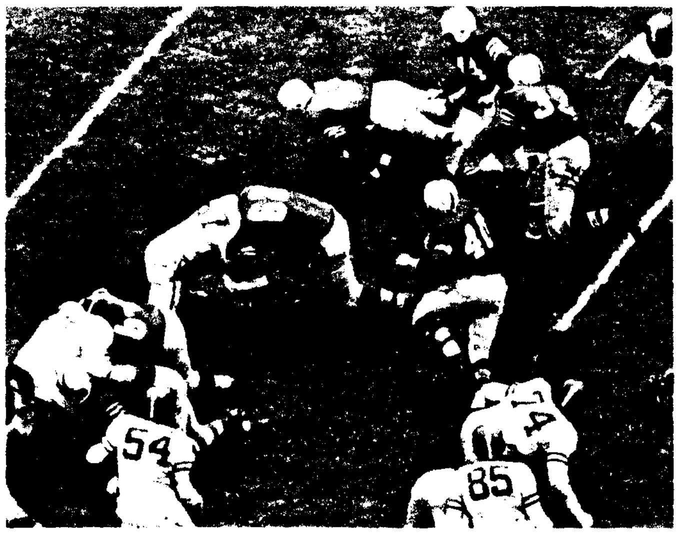
I'm picking Stanford in the nation's Top Ten, however, on merit. In '55 the Indians beat Ohio State and USC, and held the Bruin powerhouse to a 21-13 score. They came smoothly down the stretch with John Brodie, rated the best T-quarterback on the Coast, directing some fine backs and good receivers behind a fair line led by Paul Wiggin. All are back—teamed with Chuck Taylor's ability to achieve the "impossible." Early games with Michigan State and Ohio State could make or break the squad.

Darrell Royal could be just the doctor to remove the scar tissue from the Washington situation, which had been in home surgery long before the conference started to operate. Pappy Waldorf expects some improvement in passing and line strength at California. Oregon has some talented backs and might go all the way if the tackle situation improves. Tommy Prothro, who got away fast at Oregon State last year, should do well again; but the '56 schedule is tougher. Tackle John Witte is billed "best ever to come out of the Northwest." Jim Sutherland will have only three starters for his debut at Washington State, where the only way to go is up. Idaho has a young team and is one of the few which emphasize passing.

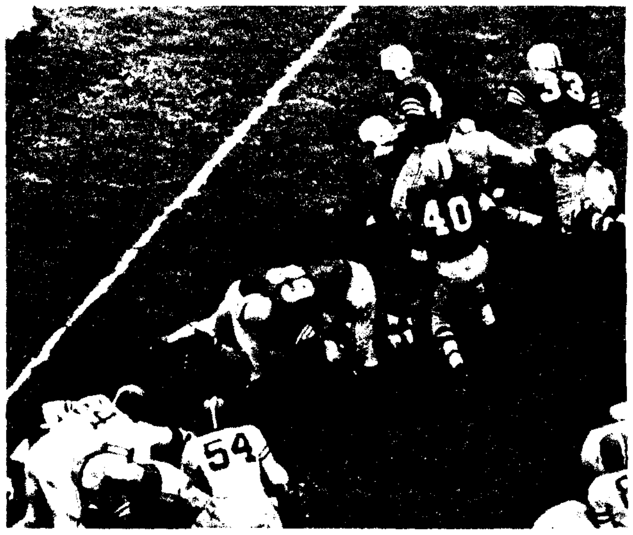
College of the Pacific, very bullish, has a soph back, Dick Bass, whom it rates "fantastic"—ten touchdowns in three frosh games. This might be the year for COP to lord it over its big Coast brethren, but, ironically, none of the top Coast powers is on the COP schedule. THE END



*begins downfield blocking charge . . .*



*makes contact as Cassady cuts to right . . .*



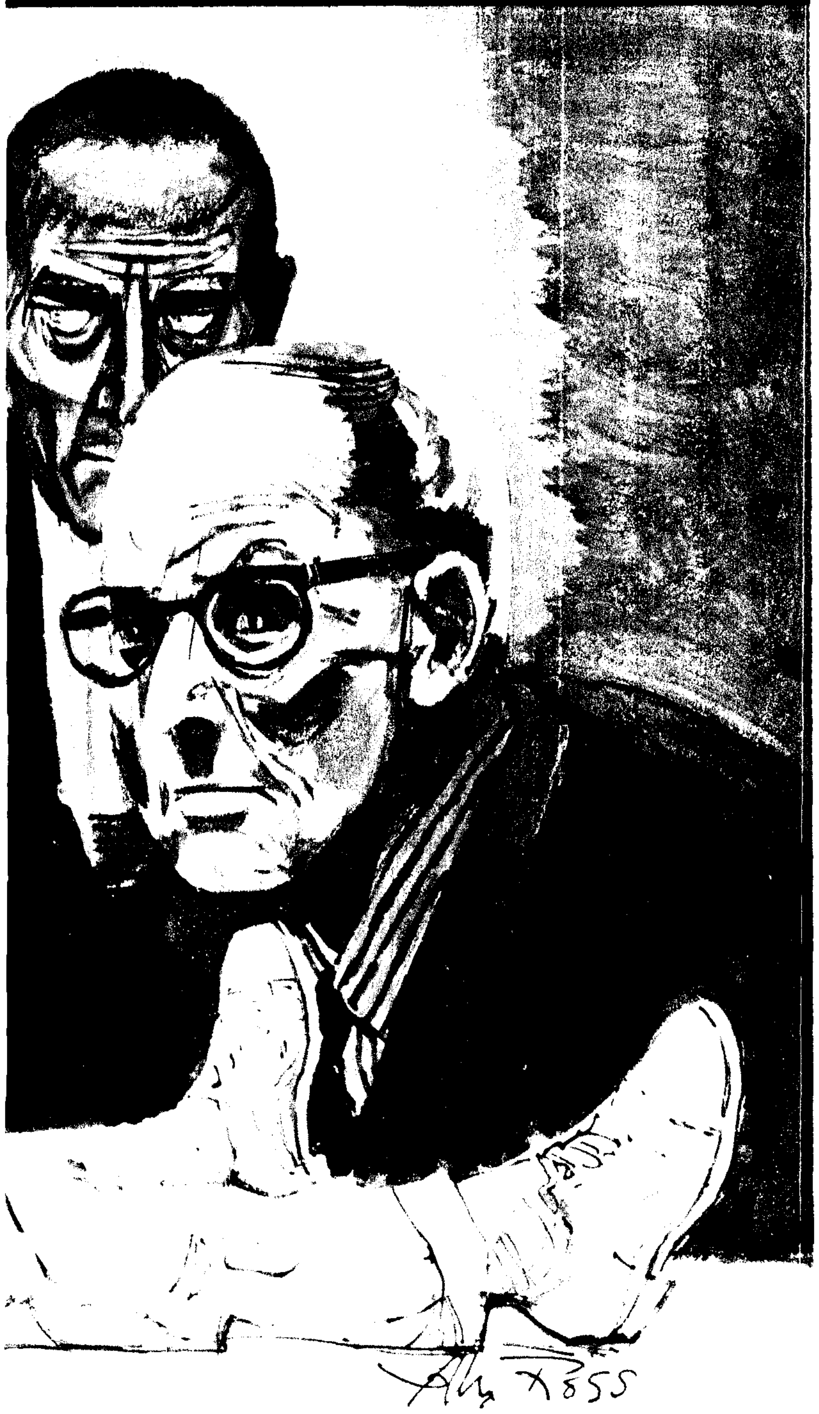
*and springs ball carrier loose*

an **American** feature

A new Nero Wolfe my [illegible]

# TOO MANY DETECTIVES

*The famous sleuth, involved in a wire-tapping investigation, [illegible] suspect*



*in the murder of a deceptive client*

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

***Nero Wolfe:*** *Connoisseur of crime*

***Archie Goodwin:*** *His assistant*

***Dol Bonner:*** *Lady detective*

***Sally Colt:*** *Her pretty helper*

***Jay Kerr:*** *Divorce specialist*

***Harland Ide:*** *Cautious detective*

***Steve Amsel:*** *A lone operator*

* * *

***William A. Donahue:*** *Who fooled the seven detectives*

***Albert Hyatt:*** *Investigator of wire tapping*

***Leon Groom:*** *Of homicide*

I AM against female detectives on principle. It's not always a tough game, but most of the time it is. So a she-dick must have a good thick hide, which is not a skin designed to charm, or, if she hasn't, she may melt just when a cold eye and hard nerves are called for, and in that case she doesn't belong.

However, there are times when a principle should take a nap, and this was one of them. Of the seven private detectives present in the room including Nero Wolfe and me, two were women, seated in a corner side by side. Theodolinda (Dol) Bonner, about my age, with home-grown long black lashes making a curling canopy for her caramel-colored eyes, had had her own agency as a licensed detective for some years and was doing all right. She wore a well-cut and well-hung brown tweed suit, and over it a mink jacket. I had seen her before, but I knew the name of the other one, Sally Colt, only because the members of the little gathering had exchanged names and greetings. I left my chair, crossed to the corner, got upturned eyes, and spoke:

"Miss Colt? I don't know if you caught my name. Archie Goodwin."

"Yes, of course," she said. Her skin didn't look thick, and her voice didn't sound tough. She was the right age to be my younger sister, but I didn't particularly need a sister. Her woolen dress and camel's-hair coat weren't in the same class with Dol Bonner's outfit, but they looked like a million on her.

I looked at my wrist and back at her. "It's a quarter past eleven," I said, "and there's no telling how much longer they'll keep us waiting. I saw a counter downstairs, and I'll go get coffee for the bunch if you'll come and help carry."

Miss Colt looked at Miss Bonner, her employer, and Miss Bonner nodded at her and then told me it was a fine idea. I asked the others if anyone wanted coffee, and got no turndowns, so Sally Colt and I left.

I was perfectly willing to drink some coffee. Also, the physical aspects of Miss Colt had given me the impression that there might be some flaw in my attitude toward female detectives, and I wanted to check on it. But chiefly I wanted a little recess from the sight of Nero Wolfe's mug, which I had never seen quite so sour.

It was a very sad story. The wire-tapping scandals had called attention to various details concerning private detectives: to wit, that there were 590 of them licensed by the State of New York; that 432 of the 590 were in the city of New York; that applicants for licenses took no written examination, and no formal inquiry was made into their backgrounds; that the State Department had no idea how many operatives were employed by the licensed detectives, since the employees weren't licensed at all; and a lot of so on and so forth.

So the Secretary of State decided to inquire, and all of the 590 were summoned to appear for questioning, specifically about wire-tapping activities, if any, and generally about the whole setup. Wolfe and I both had licenses and were therefore both summoned. Of course that was a nuisance, but since it was being shared by the other 588 he might have kept his reaction down to a few dozen growls and grumbles if it hadn't been for two things. First, the inquiry was being held partly in New York and partly in Albany; we had been summoned to Albany, and his request to get the hearing changed to New York had been ignored. Second, the only wire-tapping operation he had ever had a hand in had added nothing to his glory and little to his bank account, and he didn't want to be reminded of it.

So when, in his old brownstone house on West 35th Street in Manhattan, at five o'clock that winter morning, Fritz had taken his breakfast up to his room, and I had gone along to tell him the weather was possible for driving, he was too sunk in gloom even to growl. All the way to Albany, 160 miles and four hours, with him on the back seat of the sedan as usual so he wouldn't go through the windshield when we crashed, he uttered maybe twenty words, none of them affable.

We had arrived at the building in Albany to which we had been summoned at nine fifty-five, five minutes earlier than specified, and had been directed to a room on the third floor and told to wait. There had, of course, been no chair adequate for Wolfe's massive bulk. He had glanced around, croaked "Good morning" to those already there, gone to a chair at the far wall, and sat and sulked for an hour and a quarter.

I must admit that the five others weren't very festive either. We were fellow members of ALPDNYS, the Association of Licensed Private Detectives of New York State—except, of course, Sally Colt, who was merely an employed operative.

Jay Kerr, a half-bald roly-poly with rimless cheaters, had tailed more husbands for wives and wives for husbands than any other outfit in the metropolitan area.

Harland Ide, tall and bony, gray at the temples, with a long hawk nose, and dressed like a banker, was well known in the trade too, but with a difference. He was an old pro with a reputation for high standards, and it was said that he had more than once been called in for consultation by the FBI, but don't quote me.

I wasn't up on the third one, Steve Amsel, having heard only a few casual remarks about him here and there when he got the boot from Larry Bascom a couple of years back, and got himself a license and rented a midtown room. Bascom, who runs one of the best agencies in town, had told someone that Amsel wasn't a lone eagle, he was a lone buzzard. He was small and dark and very neat, with quick black eyes that kept darting around looking for a place to light, and he probably wasn't as young as he looked.

At the counter downstairs, while we were waiting for the coffee, I told Sally not to worry. "If you and your boss get hooked for a tapping job, just give Mr. Wolfe a ring and he'll refer it to me and I'll fix it. No charge. Professional courtesy."

"Now that's sweet." She had her head tilted, so that I got the best angle on the line from her ear to her chin; it was good. "I'll match you. When you and your boss get hooked, give Miss Bonner a ring. My boss can lick your boss."

"That's the spirit," I approved. "Loyalty or bust. I suppose your personal specialty is getting the subject in a corner and charming a confession out of him. If you ever feel like practicing on me I might consider it, only I don't charm very easy."

She met me eye to eye. Hers were dark blue. "You might be a little tough, at that," she said. "It might take a full hour to break you wide open."

THE coffee came and interrupted. By the time we got back to our colleagues I had a return ready, a crusher, but I had to save it. She served Wolfe first, and I served Dol Bonner. After the others had been attended to I joined the ladies in their corner, but I didn't want to demolish Sally in front of her boss, so we merely discussed how much longer we might have to wait. That was soon decided, for me. There was still coffee in my container when a man entered and announced that Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin were wanted. Wolfe heaved a sigh for all to hear, arose, and headed for the door. I followed. The man led us twenty paces down the hall, opened a door and ushered us in.

It was a medium-sized room with three large windows. In the center was a big walnut table surrounded by chairs, and against the walls were a desk and a smaller table and more chairs. A man seated at one end of the big table, with a stack of folders at his right, motioned us to chairs at his left. The man who had brought us took a nearby chair against the wall.

The man at the table gave us a look, neither cordial nor hostile. "I guess there's no question of identity with you," he told Wolfe, meaning either that Wolfe was famous or that no one else was so big and fat, take your pick. The man glanced at a folder open before him on the table. "I have your statements here, yours and Mr. Goodwin's. I thought it would expedite matters to have you in together. I am Albert Hyatt, special deputy for this inquiry. The proceeding is informal and will remain so unless circumstances arise that seem to call for a record."

I was taking him in. Not far from forty, one way or the other, he was smooth all over: smooth healthy skin, smooth dark hair, smooth pleasant voice, smooth brisk manner and smooth gray gabardine suit. I had, of course, checked on the two deputies who were handling the inquiry and had reported to Wolfe that this Hyatt was a partner in a big law firm with offices in mid-town New York, that he had mixed a good deal in politics, that he had some reputation as a trial man, and that he was a bachelor.

He glanced at the folder again. "In April of last year, you arranged for a tap on the private telephone of Otis Ross, at his apartment on West Eighty-third Street, Manhattan. Is that correct?"

"I have so stated," Wolfe conceded grumpily.

"So you have. Under what circumstances did you make that arrangement?"

Wolfe aimed a finger at the folder. "If that's my statement before you, with Mr. Goodwin's, you have it there."

"Yes, I have your statement, but I'd like to hear it. Please answer the question."

WOLFE started to make a face, realized it wouldn't help matters any, and suppressed it. "On April fifth, nineteen fifty-five, a man called on me at my office, gave his name as Otis Ross, and said he wanted to have his home telephone tapped. I told him I never dealt with marital difficulties. He said that his difficulty wasn't marital, that he was a widower, that he had diversified business and financial interests and handled them from his home, that he had recently begun to suspect his secretary of double-dealing, that he wanted to find out whether his suspicions were warranted, and to that end he wanted his phone tapped."

Wolfe tightened his lips. He hated to be reminded of that affair, let alone retell it. For a second I thought he was going to balk, but he went on: "I knew, of course, that it was legally permissible for a man to have his own wire tapped, but I declined the job on the ground that I had had no experience in that line. Mr. Goodwin, who was present, as he always is at conversations in my office, interposed to say that he knew of a man who could handle the technical problem. He so interposed for two reasons: first, because of the novelty and diversion a wire-tapping operation would offer him, personally; and second, because he thinks it necessary to badger me into earning fees by taking jobs I would prefer to reject. I confess that he is sometimes justified. Would you like him to corroborate?"

Hyatt shook his head. "When you're through. Go ahead."

"Very well. Mr. Ross put a thousand dollars in cash on my desk—ten hundred-dollar bills—as a retainer and advance for expenses. He said he couldn't pay by check because his secretary must not know he had hired me. Also, for the same reason, no reports could be mailed to him; he would call for them at my office or make other arrangements to get them. And I was not to phone him at his home because he suspected that his secretary, on occasion, impersonated him on the telephone. Therefore, he wanted reports of all conversations on his wire, since when he himself was presumed to be speaking at his end it might actually be his secretary."

Wolfe tightened his lips again. He was having to squeeze it out. "Naturally, not only had my curiosity been aroused, but also my suspicions. It would have been useless to ask him for documentary evidence of his identity, since documents can be forged or stolen, so I suggested that Mr. Goodwin might call on him at his home. You don't need to tell me how witless that suggestion was; I have told myself. He acquiesced at once, having, of course, anticipated it. He said only that it should be at an hour when his secretary would not be on the premises, since he—that is, his secretary—might possibly recognize Mr. Goodwin.

"So it was arranged. At nine o'clock that evening Mr. Goodwin went to the address on West Eighty-third Street and up to Mr. Ross's apartment. He gave the maid who admitted him a name, an alias that had been agreed upon, and asked to see Mr. Ross. He was taken by her to the living room, where he found my client seated under a lamp, reading a book and smoking a cigar."

Wolfe tapped the table with a finger tip. "I designate him 'my client' deliberately because I earned the ignominy—confound it, he *was* my client! After Mr. Goodwin conversed with him ten minutes or so he came home and reported, and it was decided to proceed with the operation. Mr. Goodwin got in touch with the man he knew of that evening, and arrangements were made for the next day. Do you want the details?"

"No, you can skip that." Hyatt passed a palm over his smooth dark hair. "It's in Goodwin's statement."

"I know very little about it, anyway. The tap was made, and Mr. Goodwin had a new toy. He couldn't spend much time with it, since I need him at the office more or less continually, and most of the listening was done by men provided by the technician. I didn't even look at the reports, for which Mr. Ross called at my office every day—at an hour when I was busy upstairs, so I didn't see him. On the fifth day Mr. Goodwin asked him for another thousand dollars, and got it, in cash. That left very little for me after paying the cost of the outside tap and maintaining surveillance. You know what an outside tap is."

"Certainly. Practically all illegal taps are outside jobs."

"That may be." Wolfe upturned a palm. "But I didn't know this was illegal until the eighth day of the operation. On April thirteenth Mr. Goodwin spent two hours at the place where the tap was being monitored, and heard Mr. Ross himself on the wire in a long conversation. Whether it was actually Mr. Ross, or was his secretary impersonating him, it sounded sufficiently unlike our client to arouse Mr. Goodwin's interest. From reports he had read and passed on to our client he had gathered a good deal of information about Mr. Ross's interests and activities. For example, that he had recently been appointed chairman of a Charity Funds Investigating Committee by the governor. Mr. Goodwin left and went to a phone booth, called Mr. Ross, got the same voice, told him he was a newspaper reporter, made an appointment and went to the West Eighty-third Street address. He saw him and talked with him. He also saw the secretary. Neither of them was our client. I had been flummoxed."

Wolfe swallowed. "Utterly flummoxed," he said bitterly. "Mr. Goodwin came home and reported to me, and we considered the situation. We decided to wait until the client came that afternoon, at five thirty as usual for the daily report, though of course we canceled the tap at once. It seemed likely that there would be no alternative to turning him over to the police, with a full account of my fatuity, but I couldn't do that until I got my hands on him."

Wolfe swallowed again. "And he didn't come. I don't know why. He may have learned somehow that we had canceled the tap, or that Mr. Goodwin had called on the real Mr. Ross. But speculation is bootless. He didn't come. He never did come. For a month most of Mr. Goodwin's time, for which I pay, was spent in trying to find him, without success, and Mr. Goodwin is a highly competent and ingenious man. Nor could he find the maid who had admitted him to the apartment. After a week had passed with no result, I made an appointment to call on Mr. Ross at his home, and did so, and told him all about it. He was ruffled, naturally, but after some discussion he agreed that there was no point in informing the authorities until and unless I found the culprit. Mr. Goodwin was with me, and together we gave him an exhaustive description of our client, but he was unable to identify him. As for the maid, she had been with him only a short time, had left without notice, and he knew nothing about her."

Wolfe stopped and sighed deeply. "There it is. After a month Mr. Goodwin could no longer spend all his time on it, since he had other duties, but he has by no means forgotten that client, and neither have I. We never will."

"I suppose not." Hyatt was smiling. "I may as well tell you, Mr. Wolfe, that personally I credit your story."

"Yes, sir. You may."

"I hope so. But of course you realize its weakness. No one but you and Mr. Goodwin ever saw this client of yours. No one else has any knowledge of what passed between you, and you can't find him and can't identify him. Frankly, if you should be charged with illegal interception of communications, and if the district attorney proceeded against you and you came to trial, it's quite possible you would be convicted."

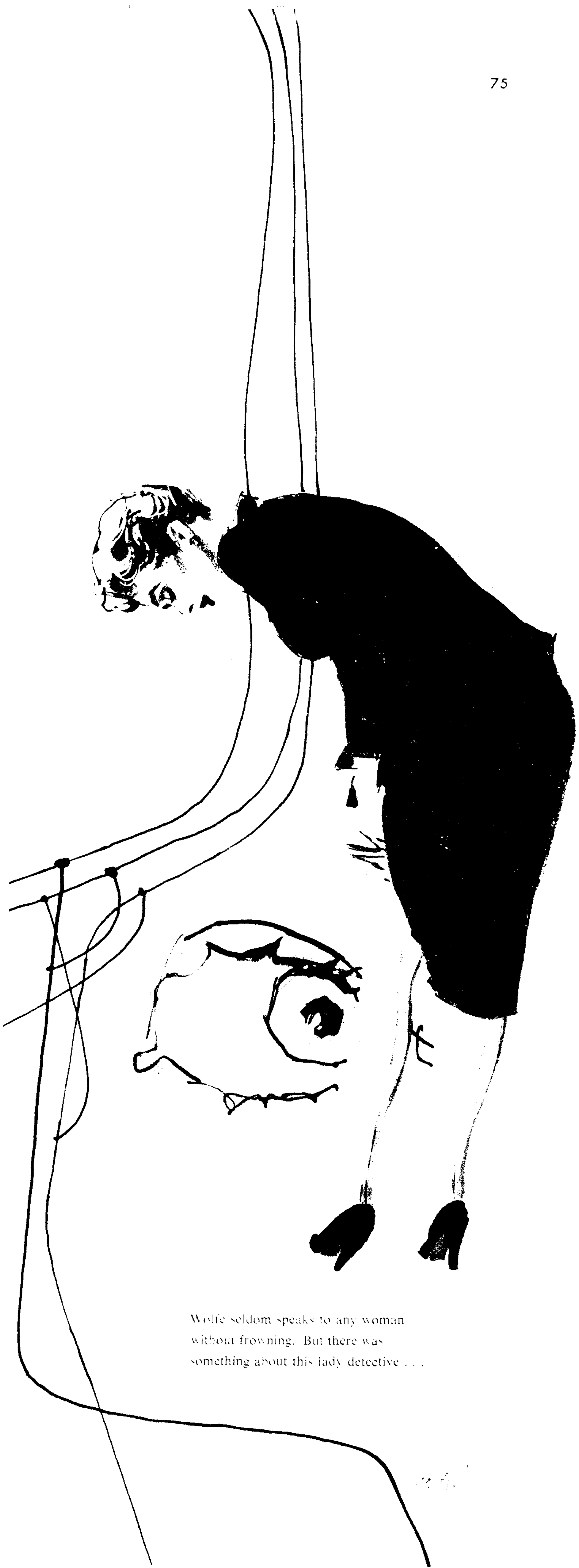
Wolfe's brows went up a sixteenth of an inch. "If that's a threat, what do you suggest? If it's merely a reproach, I have earned it and much more. Lecture me as you will."

"You deserve it," Hyatt agreed. He smiled again. "I would enjoy it, too, but I won't indulge myself. The fact is, I think I have a surprise for you, and I only wanted to get acquainted with you before I confronted you with it." His eyes went to the man seated against the wall. "Corwin, there's a man in Room Thirty-eight, across the hall. Bring him in here."

CORWIN got up and went, leaving the door open. The sound came of his heavy footsteps in the hall, then of a door opening, then a brief silence. Then his voice called: "Mr. Hyatt! Come here!"

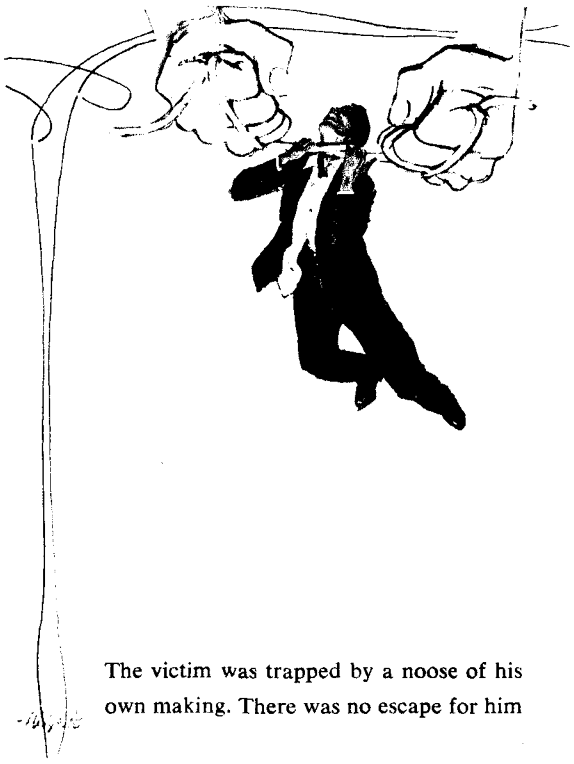
It was more of a yelp than a call. It sounded as if somebody had him by the throat. So when Hyatt jumped up and headed for the door I moved too, and followed him to an open door down a few steps, and into the room. I was at his elbow when he stopped beside Corwin at the far end of a table to look down at a man on the floor.

The man was in no condition to return the look. He was on his back, with his legs making a V, and was dressed all right, including a necktie. Only the necktie wasn't under his shirt collar; it was knotted tight around his neck. I recognized him at once. I left Corwin and Hyatt staring down at him, and hurried back to the other room, where Wolfe sat at the table glowering. I told him: "It's a surprise, all right. Our client's in there on the floor. Some-



Wolfe seldom speaks to any woman without frowning. But there was something about this lady detective . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS



The victim was trapped by a noose of his own making. There was no escape for him

one tied his necktie too tight, and he's dead."

I had known, of course, that that bozo had sunk a blade right in the center of Wolfe's self-esteem, but I didn't realize how deep it had gone until that moment. Wolfe came up out of his chair and took a step toward the door, then stopped, turned, and glared at me. "Dead, did you say?"

"Right. Strangled."

"It would be no satisfaction to see him dead." He sat down, flattened his palms on the table top, and closed his eyes. After a little he opened them. "Confound that wretch," he muttered. "Alive he gulled me, and now, dead, he gets me into Heaven knows what." He stood up. "Come." He started for the door.

I got in front of him. "Hold it. I want to go home too, but you know we can't scoot."

"I do, indeed. But I want a look at our colleagues. Come."

I STOOD aside and let him lead the way down the hall to the room we had come from. The two females were still in their corner, but the three men were gathered in a group, chatting. They all looked around at us, and Jay Kerr sang out: "What, still at large?"

Wolfe stood and took them in. So did I. At that point there was no particular reason to assume that one of them had tied our client's necktie, but the client had unquestionably been connected with wire tapping, and they had all been summoned to answer questions about wire tapping. So Wolfe and I took them in. None of them trembled or turned pale.

Wolfe spoke. "Ladies and gentlemen, we are fellow members of a professional association, and therefore you might expect me to share with you any information I may have of our common concern. But I have just learned of an event in this building this morning that will cause Mr. Goodwin and me to suffer inconvenience and possibly serious harassment. I have no reason to suppose that any of you were involved in it, but you may have been; in any case, you would gain nothing by hearing it from me, so I'll let someone else tell you about it. You won't have long to wait."

Steve Amsel snorted. His quick black eyes had lighted at last. "You got a point?"

"It's a good script and I like it," Jay Kerr said. "Go right on." His voice was thin and high, but that was no sign that he had strangled a man. It was just his voice.

Harland Ide, the banker type, cleared his throat. "If we're not involved," he said dryly, "we are not concerned. You say in this building this morning? What kind of an event?"

Wolfe shook his head, and stared around at them. Still no one had a fit. Instead, they talked, and the general feeling seemed to be one of relief that they had been given something to talk about. Steve Amsel suggested that Dol Bonner and Sally Colt should get Wolfe between them and worm it out of him, but the ladies politely declined. Wolfe was still standing, still taking them in, when the door popped open and Albert Hyatt appeared.

Seeing Wolfe, he stopped short and said, "Oh, here you are." A strand of his smooth hair had got loose. He looked at me. "You, too. You came in behind me and saw him, didn't you?"

I told him yes.

"And left in a hurry?"

"Sure. You had told Mr. Wolfe you had a surprise for him, and I wanted to tell him what it was."

"You recognized him?"

"I did. The client Mr. Wolfe told you about."

Wolfe put in, "I would have appreciated the favor of seeing him alive."

"Perhaps. Of course you have told these people?"

"No, sir."

"You haven't?"

"No."

Hyatt's eyes went around. "Apparently you're all here. Jay Kerr?"

"That's me," Kerr admitted.

Hyatt named them off, and they all answered, "Present."

"All right," Hyatt said. "The hearing I am conducting is temporarily suspended, but you will all stay in this room. A dead body has been discovered in a room on this floor. A man presumably murdered. That is, of course, a matter for the police, and they will want to see you. I can't say now when the hearing will be resumed, and you will regard your summonses to appear today as in abeyance but not canceled. Don't leave this room until the police come."

He turned to go. A voice stopped him: "Who is the murdered man?" It was Harland Ide.

"The police will tell you. That's not my province."

"Mr. Hyatt." Dol Bonner's voice was clear and crisp. She was on her feet. "You *are* Mr. Hyatt?"

"I am."

"Miss Colt and I had a very early breakfast, and we're hungry. We are going to get something to eat."

Plucky, I thought, but it didn't cut any ice with Hyatt. He told her she'd have to wait until the police came, ignored a protest from Steve Amsel, and left, closing the door.

They looked around at one another. I was disappointed in them. This was the first time I had been cooped up, on account of a murder, with an exclusive gathering of private detectives, and you might have thought they would be a little quicker on the ball than most. No. It would have taken an average group maybe a minute to absorb the shock of Hyatt's announcement and hop on Wolfe and me, and that was about what it took these dicks.

Steve Amsel got to it first. He was about half Wolfe's size, and he had to tilt his head back to glare at my boss. "So that was the event! Murder. Okay. Who was it?"

Jay Kerr joined in. "Yeah, Goodwin recognized the victim. Name him."

Dol Bonner approached, expectantly, with Sally trailing at her elbow. Harland Ide said, "If I heard correctly, Mr. Wolfe, he was a client of yours?"

THEY were hemming Wolfe in, and he backed up a step. "I can't tell you who he was," he said, "because I don't know. Neither does Mr. Goodwin. We don't know his name."

Sally Colt started to titter and choked it.

"Really, Mr. Wolfe," Dol Bonner protested. "You, with your reputation? Do you expect us to believe that you took a man as a client without even learning his name?"

"No." Wolfe compressed his lips. He released them. "Ladies and gentlemen, I am compelled to ask your forbearance. The silliest blunder I have ever made has found me here today, possibly to my undoing. What more do you want? What further ignominy? Mr. Goodwin recognized the man, he was my client, and I don't know his name. Before and after the period when I worked for him I know nothing whatever about him. That's all."

He marched to a chair against the wall, sat down and closed his eyes.

I crossed over to him and lowered my voice. "Any instructions?"

"No." His eyes stayed shut.

Evidently he didn't feel like chatting. I went over to the colleagues, still in a group, and told them, "If you folks want to discuss our ignominy, don't mind me. You might even say something helpful."

"Where's the body?" Steve Amsel asked.

"Room Thirty-eight, down the hall," I told him.

"What killed him?"

"His necktie around his throat. I suppose he could have done it himself, but you know how that is. Disagreeable. Besides, he might have been calmed down first with a heavy brass ash tray. There was one there on the floor."

"You and Wolfe came last this morning," Harland Ide stated. "Did you see him on the way?"

I grinned at him. "Now look," I objected. "We'll get enough of that from the cops. Have a heart. We're fellow members of a professional association. *You* would grill me?"

"Not at all," he said stiffly. "I merely thought that if that room is between here and the elevator, and the door was open, you might have seen him, possibly even spoken with him. I certainly did not intend—"

He was interrupted. The door opened and a man entered, a big broad-shouldered fellow. He shut the door, stood and counted us, with his lips moving, and then pulled a chair over by the door and sat. He had nothing to say.

Neither had that bunch of pros. They clammed up, and stayed clammed up for a half hour. Just to see, I made a few tries at starting some discourse, but nothing doing. The ladies had gone back to their corner. I got the impression that Sally would have been willing to relieve the tension with a little give and take; but as for Dol Bonner, definitely not, and she was the boss.

I had just glanced at my wrist watch and seen ten minutes past one when the door opened again. This time there were two of them. The one in front was a six-footer with a long narrow phiz and grizzled hair. He stopped three paces in, sent his eyes around, and told us: "I'm Leon Groom, and I'm in charge of this case."

He paused—for applause, maybe—but didn't get it. His facial expression was superior, and so was his tone of voice. Not often does a homicide man get to address an audience composed exclusively of private eyes, a breed he would like to blackball. He resumed: "You have been told that there has been a death by violence in a room on this floor, and you're being detained for questioning. Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin will come with me. Now. The rest of you will shortly be taken, one at a time, to view the body." He aimed a thumb at his companion. "This man will ask you what kind of sandwiches you want and they'll be brought to you."

He turned to the ladies. "A policewoman will be here before long, in case a search of your persons is required."

"With consent," Steve Amsel said offensively.

"Certainly with consent," Groom said. "Nero Wolfe? Come along, you and Archie Goodwin."

Wolfe got up and headed for the door, saying, as he passed me, "Come, Archie." I was on his payroll, and he wasn't going to have other people giving me orders.

THERE were three men in the hall, one in his own clothes, looking important, and two in uniform near the door of Room 38. Inside the room were three more, scientists, two with fingerprint outfits and one with a camera. They took time out to look as Groom, having told us to touch nothing, convoyed Wolfe around the table to the corpse. Except that its necktie had been removed, it hadn't changed much. Wolfe frowned down at it.

Groom asked him: "Do you identify him?"

"No," Wolfe declared. "I don't know who he is. I do, however, recognize him as a man I saw one day last April when he called on me, gave his name as Otis Ross, and engaged my services. I learned later that he was not Otis Ross—at least not the Otis Ross he had claimed to be. Mr. Goodwin, who saw him not once but nine times, has already stated that he is that man."

"I know. Is that still your opinion, Goodwin?"

"Not an opinion." If Wolfe could correct his choice of words so could I. "Conviction. He's that man—or was."

Groom turned to the table, pointed to an object on it, and asked one of the scientists, "Are you through with this ash tray?"

"All done. Got it."

"You can help a little, Goodwin, if you don't mind. Just an experiment. Take it and hold it the way you would to hit a man on the head with it. Just naturally, without thinking."

"Sure," I said, and reached to get it. Jiggling it, I would have said at least a pound and probably more. "There would be two ways, both good. Either take it by the rim, like this, that would be best if you had room and time to swing"—and I swung to show him—"or, with a big mitt and long fingers like mine, just cup it, like this, and you could either swing or hook or jab." I performed a healthy jab, then transferred the tray to my left hand, got out my handkerchief with my right, and started wiping the brass with plenty of pressure. They'd have to get my fingerprints some other way.

"Not so good," Groom said. "Your slapstick may go over big down where you belong, but here it won't buy you a thing. Come along," he added.

I PUT down the ash tray, and we followed him out and down the hall nearly to the end, where he opened a door and stood aside for us to pass. This was a corner room with windows on two sides, and it sported a couple of rugs. Seated at a desk with a window behind him was Albert Hyatt, talking on the telephone. A man with big ears and a scar on his cheek came toward us and asked Groom how he wanted the chairs. So Wolfe and I would face the window, naturally. By the time Hyatt finished on the telephone we were disposed: Wolfe and I sat side by side, and the man with ears was at a little table nearby, with a notebook in front of him and a pen ready.

Hyatt stood up and invited Groom to come and take the desk, but Groom declined and stayed on this side of it, facing us. He focused on Wolfe: "Mr. Hyatt has let me read your statement regarding wire tapping. He has also told me what you said to him this morning, merely a repetition of parts of the statement. Do you now want to change it?"

"No, sir."

"Do you want to add anything to it?"

"That depends. If I am under suspicion of murder, or if Mr. Goodwin is, I wish to ask something. Are we under suspicion?"

"Put it this way. You're not charged. You're being held for questioning, by police authority, to learn if you have any knowledge of the murder of a man with whom you admit you have been associated, and against whom you had a grievance. You did have a grievance?"

"I did, indeed. I wish to make a further statement."

"Go ahead."

"I was summoned to appear at this address in Albany at ten o'clock this morning. At six o'clock this morning I left my house in New York, in my car, with Mr. Goodwin driving. We stopped once on the way to eat something we had with us, and for coffee. We arrived at this address shortly before ten o'clock and entered the building. We were directed to Room Forty-two on the third floor and went straight there, speaking to no one. I remained there until I was taken to see Mr. Hyatt. Mr. Goodwin was out of the room briefly, with Miss Sally Colt, to go for coffee. I have not at any time seen or spoken to—what am I to call that creature?"

"The murdered man?"

"Yes."

"Call him your client."

"I prefer not to, in this context. I've had other clients. With regard to the man who called on me last April and told me he was Otis Ross, and hired me to do a job as described in my statement, I have never seen him nor had any communication with him, nor known anything of his whereabouts, since April thirteenth, nineteen fifty-five. My next knowledge of him was when, after leaving the room with Mr. Hyatt this morning, Mr. Goodwin returned almost immediately to tell me that he was lying dead in a nearby room. My next sight of him was a few minutes ago, when I was taken to that room and saw him dead. I had not known that he was on the premises. It is inane to pile up negatives. I have no knowledge whatever of his death or of his movements prior to his death. Beyond the facts given in my statement, I have no knowledge of any nature that might be of help in the investigation of this murder."

Wolfe considered a moment. "There, Mr. Groom. I don't see what good can come of questions, but certainly you can try."

"Yeah, I can always try. You say you entered this building this morning shortly before ten o'clock. How much before?"

"Of my own knowledge, I don't know. I don't carry a watch. But as we entered, Mr. Goodwin remarked that it was five minutes to ten. He claims that he never allows his watch to be more than thirty seconds off."

"What time was it when you got to Room Forty-two?"

"I don't know. I can only estimate. I would say that it took us four minutes, to the elevator, up to the third floor, and down the hall to the room. That would make it one minute to ten."

"What if one or more of the others say that you arrived in the room about a quarter past ten?"

WOLFE eyed him. "Mr. Groom. That question is pointless and you know it. If you want your question answered as you put it, either his timepiece was wrong or his memory is at fault or he lies."

"Yeah." Apparently Groom was hard to rile. He shifted to me. "Naturally you corroborate everything Wolfe has said. Do you?"

"Naturally," I told him.

"Yes or no. Do you?"

"Yes."

"Including the time of your arrival at this building?"

"Yes. Nine fifty-five."

He got up and stepped to me. "Let's see your watch."

I twisted my arm around and pushed the shirt cuff back.

Groom took a look and then looked at his own watch. He told the man at the table, "Put it that I found Goodwin's watch twenty seconds slow," and returned to his chair.

"You may wonder," he said, "why I didn't take you two separately. Because it would have been a waste of time. From what I know of your reputations and records and how you work, I figured that if you had fixed up a story the chance of my getting you to cross was so slim that it wasn't worth the trouble. Also, I wanted Mr. Hyatt with us, and you might as well know why." He turned. "Will you tell them what you told me, Mr. Hyatt?"

Hyatt's strand of hair was back in place again. He was leaning forward with his elbows on the desk. "You

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mean about this morning?" he asked Groom.

"Yes. Just that."

"Well, I got here early, a little before nine o'clock. One of my staff, Tom Frazer, was already here. We were here at this desk together, going over papers, getting ready for those who were to appear today, when the girl phoned me that a man wanted to see me about something that he said was urgent and confidential. He gave the name of Donahue, which meant nothing to me. I didn't want him interrupting in here, so I went out front to get rid of him and found him on a bench in the hall. He wouldn't talk in the hall, so I took him to the nearest empty room, Room Thirty-eight. He was a middle-aged man, about my height, brown hair and eyes—"

"They've seen him," Groom put in.

HYATT was fussed. "Oh. So they have. He said his name was William A. Donahue and he wanted to make a deal. He said he knew who was due to appear before me today, and that Nero Wolfe was one of them, and that he had got cold feet and wanted to get from under—must I give the whole conversation? We talked for some twenty minutes."

"The substance will do. The main points."

"There was only one main point, actually. He floundered around a good deal, but this was the gist of it. In connection with a venture he was engaged in, he didn't say what, he procured some wire-tapping operations, one of them through Nero Wolfe, for which he had paid Wolfe two thousand dollars. When the scandal started—he called it the big stink—he had decided New York was too hot for him and had left the state. When he learned recently that this inquiry was to be held, and that all private detectives were to be questioned, he had become alarmed, particularly on account of Nero Wolfe. Wolfe had abruptly called off the tap he had handled for him, and they had had a row, and Wolfe had it in for him. He knew how tricky Wolfe was, and now that he had been summoned— Am I confusing you with my pronouns?"

He was looking at Wolfe, so Wolfe replied. "Not at all. Go on."

"Now that Wolfe had been summoned, he knew he would try to wriggle out of it somehow or other, and that he—Donahue—would get hooked for something worse than procurement of illegal wire tapping. So he wanted to make a deal with me. If I would use my influence with the district attorney to go easy with him on the wire-tapping charges, he would give me a full account of the operation, under oath, and would testify in court as required. I asked him if Wolfe had known the tap was illegal, and he said yes. I asked him if Donahue was his real name, and if he had given that name to Wolfe, and he said yes. I asked him for further information about himself, and he wouldn't give me any until and unless I agreed to his proposal—except for one item, that in New York he had lived at the Hotel Marbury. I told him I couldn't make such a deal offhand, I'd have to think it over a little. So I told him to wait there in the room and left him."

"What time was it, then?" Groom asked.

"It was half past nine, a minute or two after. I don't keep my watch as close to the dot as Goodwin does, but it's fairly accurate." He looked at his wrist. "I've got one forty-two."

"You're three minutes fast."

"Then it was nine thirty when I returned to this room." He went back to Wolfe. "I looked, of course, to see how much time I had. The hearing was supposed to begin at ten. I phoned an assistant district attorney in New York, a friend of mine, and told him I wanted an emergency police report on a William A. Donahue, who had lived last spring at the Hotel Marbury, as quickly as possible. At a quarter past ten I had had no word. I told Tom Frazer all about it, and we decided—"

Groom stopped him. "I think that'll do. You didn't go back to Room Thirty-eight to see Donahue."

"No. I had told him it would take an hour or more, possibly two. When no report had come from New York at eleven thirty—none has come yet—I decided to get Wolfe and Donahue face to face and see what happened. I went to the hearing room and sent for Wolfe and Goodwin." Hyatt looked at his watch. "I'm late for a lunch appointment."

"Yeah, I know." Groom looked at Wolfe. "You want to ask Mr. Hyatt anything?"

Wolfe had his legs crossed, which was usual when he was on a chair too small for him and without arms. He uncrossed them and put his palms on his knees. "Just a question or two. You will remember, Mr. Hyatt, that you told me that you personally credited my story. Why did you tell me that?"

"Because I meant it."

"You had already talked with this Donahue."

"Yes, but I hadn't believed him. I know something of your record and standing, and I knew nothing whatever of his. On the simple issue of veracity I preferred you, at least tentatively."

"Do you still credit my story?"

"Well . . ." Hyatt looked at Groom and back at Wolfe. "Under the present circumstances I'm afraid my personal opinion is neither relevant nor cogent."

"I suppose not. One other thing. This Donahue said he had procured some wire-tapping operations. Plural. Did he mention any names other than mine?"

"Yes, he mentioned others, but he concentrated on you throughout the conversation."

"What other names did he mention?"

"Just a minute," Groom cut in. "I don't think that's called for. We won't keep you any longer, Mr. Hyatt."

"I want to know," Wolfe insisted, "if that man mentioned the names of any of the others summoned here today."

HE HAD to keep on wanting. Hyatt looked at Groom, Groom shook his head, and Hyatt went out. When the door had closed behind the special deputy, Groom spoke: "I wanted you to hear that direct from Mr. Hyatt. It's neater that way. Do you want to change your statement now? Or add to it? Of course Donahue's dead, but we've got his track and we know where to dig. You know how that is."

"Yes, I know." Wolfe grunted. "I like to talk, Mr. Groom, but not to no purpose. As for changing my statement, I might improve its diction or its punctuation, but materially, no. As for adding to it, I might make a few footnotes, as for instance that that man lied when he told Mr. Hyatt that he had given me his name as Donahue, and that I knew that the tap was illegal, but they are already implicit in the statement.

"I do have a request to make, however. I now have his name, at least the name he gave Mr. Hyatt, and the name of the hotel where he lived at the time he called on me. I can be of no use to you here; I have absolutely nothing for you. However, if I am permitted to return to New York at once I shall devote all my talents and resources to the exposure of his background, his activities, his connections with—"

He stopped because Groom had turned his head. The door had opened and a cop was approaching him with a folded paper. Groom unfolded the paper, gave it a look, and lifted his eyes to Wolfe and me. "This is a warrant," he said, "for your arrest as material witnesses in a murder case. I hereby serve it. Do you want to see it?"

I turned my head to Wolfe. I can testify that through a full ten-second silence his lids didn't blink once. Then he spoke, but all he said was, "No."

"I do," I said, and put out a hand, and Groom handed it over. "I guess it's real," I told Wolfe.

He was regarding Groom. "You actually mean to serve this thing?"

"I *have* served it. You're under arrest."

Wolfe turned to me. "What's Mr. Parker's number?"

"Eastwood six-two-six-oh-five."

He arose, circled the desk under Groom's wary eyes, and took the telephone from the cradle. "A New York call, please. Eastwood six-two-six-oh-five."

Calling a lawyer wasn't a bad idea, I thought, under the circumstances. . . .

FOUR hours later, at six o'clock, we were still in the coop. Of course I had been behind bars before, but never together with Wolfe. For him it was a first, since I had known him.

Actually, we weren't behind bars, or at least none were visible. It was a detention room at police headquarters, and wasn't bad at all as such places go. A cop was there with us, presumably to see that we didn't cheat the chair by making a suicide pact and carrying it out. When I told him an evening paper would be worth a buck to us he opened the door and yelled down the hall to someone, sticking to his post. Taking no chances.

Soon after our incarceration we had been told we could send out for grub, and I had ordered two corned-beef sandwiches on white toast and a quart of milk. Wolfe, who had swallowed nothing but coffee since ten o'clock, declined the offer. Whether he was staging a hunger strike or was just too mad to eat, I couldn't say.

Not only was Wolfe not eating in captivity, also he wasn't talking. Keeping his hat on, he sat on his overcoat spread on an old wooden bench against the wall, mostly leaning back with his eyes closed and his fingers interlaced at the summit of his central mound.

LOOKING at him, I would say that instead of calming down he kept getting madder. His only real try at communication, after a couple of hours had passed, was when he opened his eyes and told me he wanted my true opinion about something. I said he could have my true opinion about everything, and apparently we'd have plenty of time for it.

He grunted. "I foresee that in the future, if you and I continue to be associated, as we probably shall, this episode *will* be frequently mentioned, in one context or another. Do you agree?"

"I do. Provided we *have* a future."

"Pfui. We'll see to that. Answer this: If you had not been determined to have a hand in a wire-tapping operation and to observe the procedure and technique, do you think I would have undertaken that job for that man? I'm merely asking for your opinion."

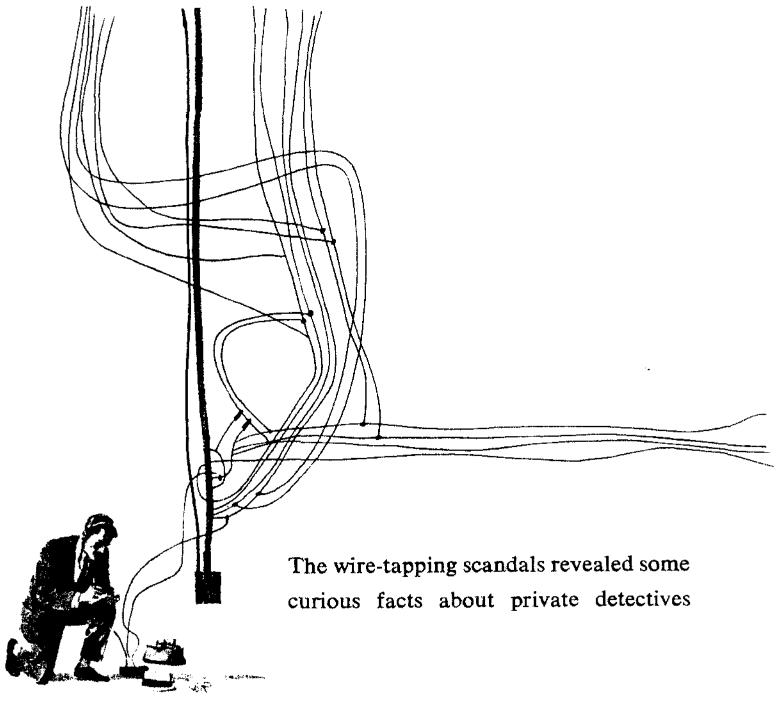
"Well, you won't get it." I stood looking down at him. "If I say no, the future mentioned would be too one-sided. If I say yes, it would pile one more provocation on the load you're already carrying, and you might not be able to think us out of this. So I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll split it."

"Split what?"

"The blame. Fifty-fifty. We both ought to be larruped. But not hanged."

"We'll leave it to the future," he growled, and shut his eyes again.

At six o'clock I was deep in the second section of the evening paper, reading household hints, when the door was flung open. It was a cop conducting a



The wire-tapping scandals revealed some curious facts about private detectives visitor. The visitor, a red-faced guy in a brown cashmere overcoat, came in and put out a hand.

"Mr. Wolfe? I'm Stanley Rogers. I'm terribly sorry to be so late, but Nat Parker didn't get me until nearly three o'clock, and the judge was in the middle of a case and I had to pull some strings. . . . This is Mr. Goodwin? It's a pleasure." The lawyer offered a hand, and I took it. "I asked the judge to make the bail figure five thousand, but he wouldn't settle for less than twenty. Twenty thousand each. Anyhow, you're free men, only you can't leave the jurisdiction without permission of the court. I've reserved a room for you at the Latham Hotel, but of course it can be canceled if you want to make other arrangements."

He had some papers for us to sign. He said that Parker, telephoning from New York, had told him to do everything possible for us, and he would cancel a dinner appointment if we wanted him to; but Wolfe said that at the moment all he wanted was to get out of there and find something to eat. One offer we took. He had his car out front, and after we had checked out, he drove us to the garage where we had left the sedan. With Wolfe in back again, I drove to the hotel, got our bags from the trunk, and turned the car over to an attendant.

About the bags, I could have said "I told you so" to Wolfe, but decided he was in no shape for it. The evening before, pigheaded as usual, he had refused to admit the possibility of spending a night away from home, but I had packed his bag myself, with some help from Fritz, on the theory that you never can tell. Now, as the bellboy followed us into Room 902 and put the bags on the rack, I piously held my tongue.

Wolfe removed his coat, vest, tie and shirt, and went to the bathroom and washed his hands and face. Emerging, he put on his dressing gown, a yellow wool number with fine black stripes, got his slippers, sat on a chair to take off his shoes, and told me to telephone room service to send up a menu. I reminded him that Rogers had told us the best restaurant in town was only two blocks away.

"I'm not interested," he declared. "I have no appetite, and will have no palate. I eat because I must. You know quite well I can't work on an empty stomach."

So he was going to work.

I DON'T remember a gloomier meal. The food was perfectly edible—oysters, consommé, roast beef, creamed potatoes, broccoli, salad, apple pie with cheese, coffee—and we cleaned it up, but the atmosphere had no sparkle. Wolfe didn't utter a single word from beginning to end of the meal, and I made no effort to start him. He finished his second cup of coffee, pushed his chair back, and muttered at me: "What time is it?"

I looked. "Twenty after eight."

"Well." He pulled air in through his mouth, and let it out through his nose. "I don't know if you realize the pickle I'm in."

"The pickle is split too. Fifty-fifty."

"Only to a point. The jeopardy, yes, but I have a special difficulty. We're going to be held here until this case is solved. I can hurry our release only by solving it, but I don't want to. Certainly people cannot be permitted to murder with impunity, but I would prefer to have no hand in exposing the man who killed that abominable creature. What am I to do?"

I waved a hand. "That's easy. Sit it out. This room isn't so bad. You can get books from the library, and I can entertain Sally Colt if she's hung up here too. If it drags on into months, we can rent a little apartment and send for Fritz."

"Shut up."

"Yes, sir. Or perhaps Sally and I could solve it without you. I don't feel as grateful to the bird who did it as you seem to. If—"

"Bosh. I am not grateful. I wanted to see him again alive. Very well. As between the intolerable and the merely distasteful, I must choose the latter. I presume the others are also being held in the jurisdiction."

"If you mean our colleagues, sure they are. Maybe not arrested like us, but held, certainly. Groom's not sold on us enough to let them go and, anyway, Hyatt wants them for his hearing."

He nodded. "I have to see them. Some of them may be in this hotel. Find them and bring them here."

"Now?"

"Yes."

"Have you any suggestions?"

"No."

THAT had happened before, many times. He knew my only alternatives were either to protest that he was biting off more than I could chew, or to take it as a compliment that, if he wanted a miracle passed, all he had to do was snap his fingers at me. He also knew which I would pick.

"Okay," I told him. "Then will you please phone room service to come and get the dishes? And you might as well phone Fritz so he won't start worrying. I've got some thinking to do."

I went to a window, put the shade up, and stood looking down at the street by night. It wasn't the first time I had been given the chore of setting up a party, but it had never been with a gang of private eyes, and they would need special bait.

Brilliant ideas started coming. I rattled them around in my skull. None of the schemes would work with all of the dicks.

Suddenly I remembered that Wolfe had once told me that the best way to choose among an assortment of ideas was to take the simplest. I pulled the shades down and turned. Wolfe had just finished talking to Fritz and was lowering himself into the chair with arms, which was almost wide enough. I asked him: "You want them together, don't you?"

He said yes.

"How soon?"

"Oh . . . twenty minutes. Half an hour."

I went and sat on the edge of one of the beds, lifted the telephone, and told the girl I understood Mr. Harland Ide was registered and would she please ring his room. In two minutes his bass, a little hoarse, told me hello.

"Mr. Harland Ide?"

"Speaking."

"This is Archie Goodwin. I'm calling for Mr. Wolfe. We're in Room Nine-oh-two. He would like very much to consult with you about something, not on the phone. Right now he's resting. If you'll do him the favor of dropping by, say in half an hour, he'll appreciate it. Say nine o'clock. We hope you will."

A brief silence. "Could you give me an idea?"

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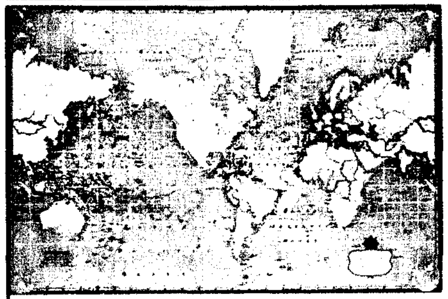

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"Better not, on the phone."

A slightly longer silence. "All right, I'll be there."

The simplest is the best. Tell any private detective you want to discuss something that is too hot for the telephone and he'll swim a river to get to you.

They weren't all quite as simple as Ide. Steve Amsel wasn't registered at the Latham, but I got him at another hotel and sold him on the trip. Jay Kerr was at the Latham, but his line was busy the first two tries. Dol Bonner and Sally Colt were on our floor, Room 917, and I wished I had gone down the hall and dined with them instead of putting up with a dummy. At first, Dol Bonner didn't care for the idea, but when I told her the others were coming she said we could expect her. Having got Kerr on the third try, I hung up and turned to Wolfe: "All set. Want anyone else? Groom? Hyatt?"

"What time is it?"

"Nine minutes to nine."

"Confound it, I must dress." He arose and started peeling off the dressing gown. He wasn't going to receive females in negligee, especially in a hotel room.

IT WAS a good-sized room and not too crowded with seven people, even counting Wolfe. I had phoned down a rush order for four more chairs, so no one had to perch on a bed. Dol Bonner and Sally, still sticking close, were over by the wall. Steve Amsel, next to them, had turned his chair around and folded his arms on its back, with his chin resting on his wrist. He was still very neat, and his black eyes were quicker than ever. Harland Ide looked tired, but dignified.

Jay Kerr, the half-bald roly-poly, was the last one to show. He brought along two clues that were spotted immediately by my highly trained powers of observation: a flushed face and a breath. "Well, well!" he exclaimed at sight of us. "A party, huh? You didn't tell me, Archie. Well, well!"

"Sit down and listen," Amsel commanded him. "Wolfe wants to sing a song."

"That I'd like to hear," Kerr said cordially, and sat.

Wolfe's eyes took them all in. "I think the best way to begin," he said, "is to read you the statement I submitted on wire tapping." He took a document from his pocket and unfolded it. "It's rather long, but I want you to know my position. If you'll permit me."

"Sure," Kerr told him. "Shoot."

He started reading. It took a full ten minutes, but he held his audience. I must admit I felt for him. He would have liked to forget that affair, but, having already been compelled to record it in a sworn statement and to recite it to Hyatt, he now had to spill it again to a collection of his fellow professionals. It must have been about the bitterest pill he'd ever had to take, but he got it down. When he got to the end he refolded the statement and handed it to me.

He rested his elbows on the chair arms and matched his finger tips. "So this morning I couldn't tell you the name of the murdered man. I won't dwell on my ignominy. Do any of you want anything in the statement clarified? Any questions?"

Apparently nobody had any. Wolfe resumed, "Mr. Goodwin told you on the phone that I wanted to consult you about something. It is this. We are all involved in an investigation of a murder and are under restraint. Mr. Goodwin and I have been arrested as material witnesses and released on bail. I don't know if any of you have been arrested, but certainly your movements have been restricted. I think it will be to our common advantage to pool our information, and decide what can be done with it. We are all trained and experienced investigators."

Amsel started to speak, but Wolfe raised a hand. "If you please. Before you comment, let me say that neither Mr. Goodwin nor I had anything to do with that man's death, nor have we any knowledge of it. Possibly that is true of all of you. If so, the worth of my suggestion is obvious; we would be nincompoops not to share our information and join our wits. If not, if one of you killed him, or had a hand in it, you certainly won't tell us so, and probably you will be reluctant to give us any information at all. Nevertheless, it would be to the interest of the rest of us to merge our knowledge and our resources. Don't you agree?"

For the first time they exchanged glances. Jay Kerr said, "Pretty neat. Well, well! Last one in is a monkey."

"You put it good," Amsel declared. "If I don't play, I'm it."

"I have a question." It was Harland Ide. "Why were you and Goodwin arrested and put under bail?"

"Because," Wolfe told him, "that man—I presume you all know by now that his name was Donahue—that man told Mr. Hyatt a story this morning that conflicted with my statement. He said that he had given me his name as Donahue and that I knew the tap was illegal."

"Ouch!" Kerr said. "No wonder you want us to open up."

"I have opened up, Mr. Kerr. I'll answer any questions you care to ask. And I assure you I'm not impelled by any fear of ultimate disaster, either for Mr. Goodwin or for myself. I merely want to go home."

Dol Bonner spoke up. "It seems to me," she said, "that the only question is whether it will do any good or not. It can't do any harm. We have already given the police all the information we have—at least I have and Miss Colt has—and tomorrow they'll be at us again." She directed the caramel-colored eyes at Wolfe. "What good will it do?"

He frowned at her. Sometimes he honestly tries to speak to a woman without frowning at her, but he seldom makes it. "Possibly none, madam. But among us we pretend to a considerable batch of gumption, and we may even have it. If so, we might as well use it, since our only alternative is to sit and brood, waiting for Mr. Groom to act. Have you people compared notes at all?"

He got three noes and two headshakes.

"Then it's about time. You don't even know whether one or more of you can safely be eliminated. Assuming that one of us killed him, do you know what the time limits are? . . . You don't. Evidently you haven't had the privilege, as I have, of hearing Mr. Hyatt's story. The murder was committed between nine thirty, when Mr. Hyatt left Donahue alone in the room, and ten o'clock, when Mr. Goodwin and I arrived. Therefore, if one or more of you can establish that you arrived in Room Forty-two before nine thirty, and stayed there, you're out of it. Can you?"

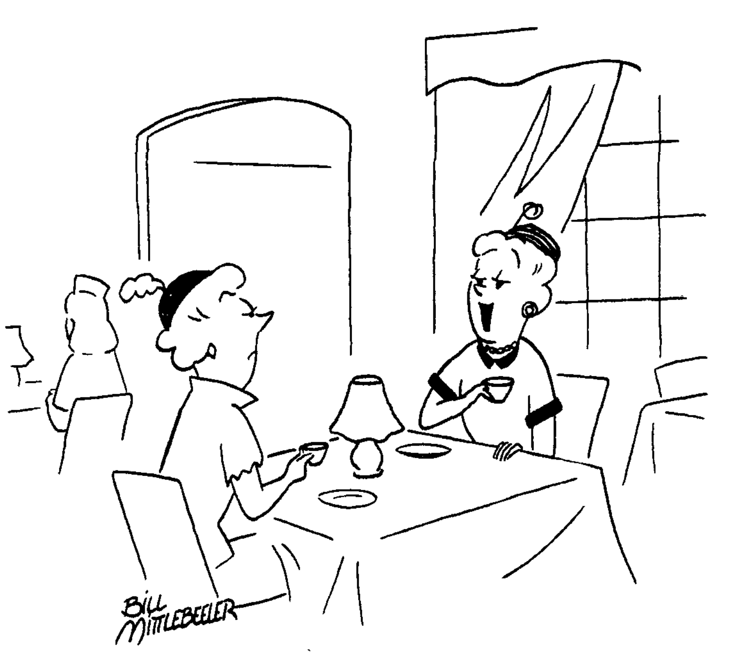
"Not I," Dol Bonner said. "Miss Colt and I were there first, at twenty minutes to ten. About five minutes later Mr. Ide came, and in another four or five minutes Mr. Amsel. Next was Mr. Kerr. You and Mr. Goodwin came last, just before ten o'clock. I resented it when you were called in, because we got there first."

"Then we're still intact. When I said the limits are nine thirty and ten o'clock, I ignored the possibility that when Mr. Goodwin and Miss Colt went for coffee one of them, or both, stopped in at Room Thirty-eight and killed him. Does anyone want to explore it?"

SALLY COLT started to titter. It was a flaw in her, but I made allowances because it could have been the first time she had been at close quarters with a murder, and naturally she was strung tight. I came to the rescue: "Cross it off. I didn't, she didn't, and we didn't."

"Miss Colt?"

"Don't be silly!" Her voice was louder than necessary, and she low-



"Really, I don't think you're so prematurely gray!"

COLLIER'S BILL MITTLEBEELER

# QUIZ ON CUISINE

answers: no. 3

**Correct listings** for lamb in menu-ese, part one of the classic cuisine quiz on page 62: 1-c, 2-d, 3-j, 4-f, 5-a, 6-e, 7-i, 8-b, 9-h, 10-k, 11-l, 12-g.

**The picture puzzle** shows lamb and eggplant with the other ingredients that make a popular leftover lamb dish called Moussaka *(moos-sah-kah)* or Moussaka à la Turque. It originated in Romania, although today it is popular in many countries, particularly the Balkans and the Near East.

### Moussaka

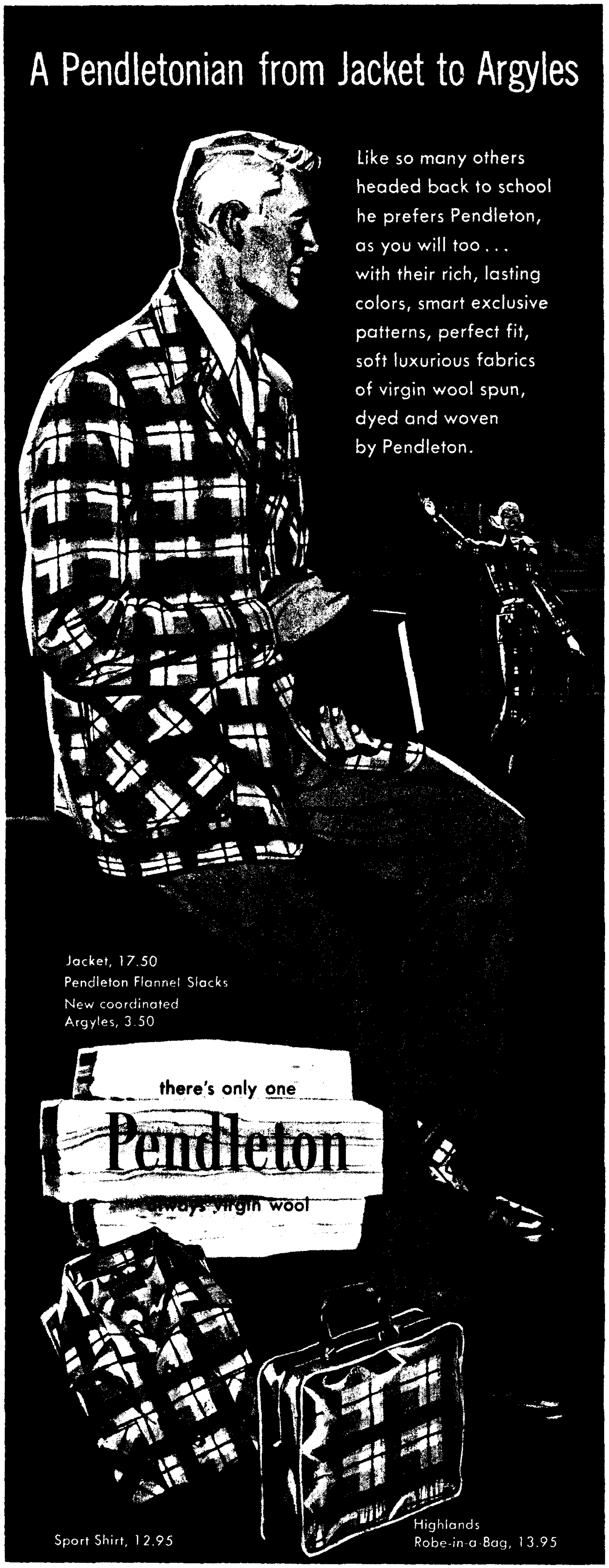
*3 medium eggplants*
*4 tablespoons butter*
*2 medium onions, chopped (1 cup)*
*2 cloves garlic, minced*
*½ cup olive oil*
*4 medium mushrooms, chopped (1 cup)*

*4 cups ground cooked lamb*
*1 6-ounce can tomato paste*
*2 tablespoons chopped parsley*
*2 teaspoons salt*
*1 teaspoon pepper*
*½ teaspoon nutmeg*
*3 eggs, beaten*
*rich tomato sauce*

**Method:**

Cut eggplants in half lengthwise and carefully cut the flesh from the skins, being careful not to pierce the skins. Chop the flesh coarsely. Heat butter in a large skillet and in it sauté the onions and garlic until onions are transparent. Add olive oil and chopped eggplant and sauté, stirring frequently, until eggplant is tender. Add mushrooms, ground lamb, tomato paste, parsley, salt, pepper and nutmeg, mix well and cook over moderate heat, stirring, for 5 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in eggs.

Oil bottom and sides of a charlotte mold 7 inches in diameter and 4 inches high and line it with the eggplant skins. Place the purple side of the skins against the inside of the mold in such a way that they may be folded over the filling. Fill mold with the lamb-eggplant mixture and fold skins over filling so that they meet in the center. Place mold in a larger pan of hot water and bake in 375° F. oven for 45 minutes. Take from oven, let stand for two or three minutes, then unmold on heated serving platter. Surround with a ribbon of rich tomato sauce and decorate with citrus slices or tomato. Serve with Beaujolais wine. Serves 6.



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ered it. "No. Mr. Goodwin is correct."

"Good. He often is." Wolfe shifted in his chair. His anatomy had taken a lot of punishment since six o'clock that morning. "Presumably, the police theory is that one of us, going along the hall on arrival, caught sight of Donahue in Room Thirty-eight, and proceeded to finish him. There couldn't have been time for a prolonged conversation unless the murderer entered the building much earlier than he arrived at Room Forty-two, and in that case the police will probably get him without any help from us. The point is that in all probability the mere sight of Donahue on those premises was enough to make the murderer strike. Do any of you qualify? I have reported to you fully and candidly on my association with that man. Did any of you have dealings with him?"

"I did," Dol Bonner said.

"Yes, Miss Bonner? Will you elaborate?"

"Certainly. I've told the police, so why not you? First, though, I left something out, not deliberately. When Miss Colt and I got to the third floor of the building I went to the women's room and she went on to Room Forty-two. It was twenty minutes to ten when I joined her there. The police know that too, of course. Also, I heard a police detective telling a man—I think it was the district attorney—that all of us had recognized the body."

"Indeed." Wolfe's frown was about gone. "All of you?"

"That's what he said." Her eyes went to Ide, to Amsel, to Kerr, and then back to Wolfe. "About my dealings with him, they were almost identical with yours. He came to my office last April and gave his name as Alan Samuels, and wanted me to arrange for a wire tap on the telephone at his home, a house in the Bronx, with exactly the same arrangements he made with you. I thought it wouldn't hurt any for me to learn something about wire tapping if I could do it legitimately, so I agreed to handle it if he would establish his identity. He showed me some papers, a driver's license and letters, but I said that wasn't enough."

SHE stopped to swallow. Evidently she wasn't any prouder of her performance than Wolfe was of his. "He said he had an account in a bank around the corner from my office on Madison Avenue, and asked me to go there with him. I had an appointment and couldn't leave the office, so I asked Miss Colt to go." She turned. "Sally, that's your part."

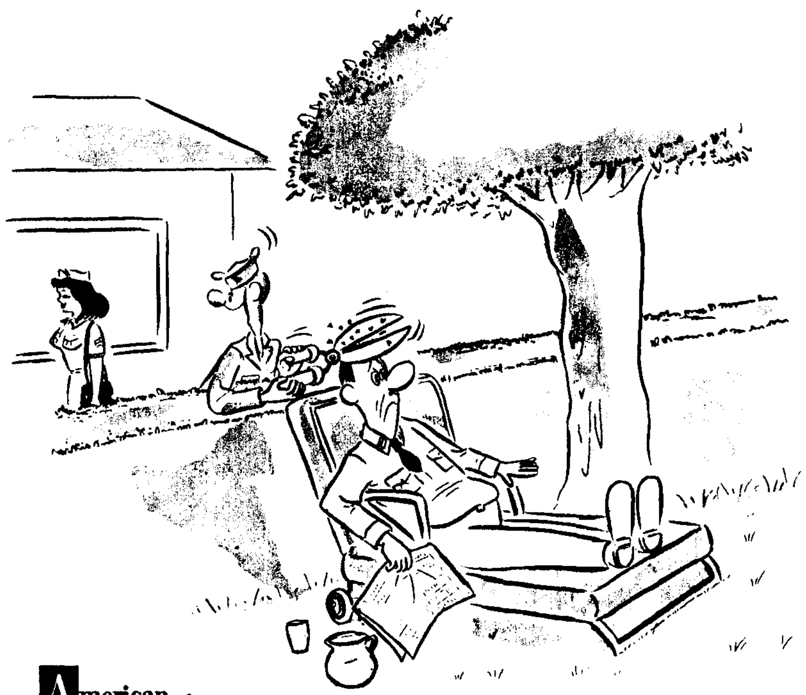
Sally wasn't looking very gay. "Miss Bonner told me what was required," she said, "and I went with him around the corner to the Madison Avenue branch of the *Continental Trust Company*. He took me through the gate in the railing to where there were four men at desks, and went to one of the desks. There was a little stand on the desk with a name on it, Frederick Poggett. The client called the man at the desk Mr. Poggett, and shook hands with him, and told him that in connection with a business transaction he needed to establish his identity, and would Mr. Poggett please identify him. Mr. Poggett said of course, and turned to me and said, 'This gentleman is Mr. Samuels, a customer of our bank.' I said, 'Alan Samuels?' and he said yes, and then told the client that if it was a matter of credit he would be glad to verify his balance. The client said that wouldn't be necessary, and we left. We went back to the office and I reported to Miss Bonner."

Dol Bonner nodded and took the ball. "In my case, Mr. Wolfe, it wasn't his secretary he suspected, it was his brother who was living in his house, but that's just a detail. He paid me in cash, a thousand dollars, and I found out how to arrange for the tap and did so. He was to come to the office at five o'clock every day for the report. The morning after he had got the fifth report he phoned to say that he didn't need the tap any longer and asked if he owed me anything. I told him yes, another five hundred dollars, and in an hour or so he came in and paid it."

She made a little gesture. "I never did suspect him. I still say there was no reason to. But when all the publicity about wire tapping started, and we were told to report under oath any and all connections we had had with wire tapping, I went to the bank and spoke with Mr. Poggett, taking Miss Colt with me. He remembered the incident, of course. After going to look at the records, he told me that Alan Samuels had opened a checking account at the bank on February eighteenth, giving a business address on Lexington Avenue. He, Poggett, had attended to it. He wouldn't tell me either the amount or the references Samuels had given, but he did tell me that the balance had been withdrawn, closing the account, on April twentieth, which was the day after Samuels had canceled the tap, and I did get the Lexington Avenue address out of him. Of course, I suspected I had been taken in, and I—Do you want me to go on? My efforts to trace him?"

## PRIVATE PUNKY

How to Get Along in the Army By NORMAN HOIFJELD



an American feature

"Not unless you found him. Did you?"

"No. I never did. The next time I saw him was in that room today. Dead."

"Wouldn't it have been a simple matter to check on your suspicion—either confirm it or allay it?"

"Oh." She was taken aback. "I left that out. Of course. I went myself to the address in the Bronx. A man named Alan Samuels lived there, but he wasn't the same man."

"Did you tell him of your—uh—inadvertent invasion of his privacy?"

"No. I admit I should have, but I didn't. I was sick about it, and I was sick of it."

"Did you inform yourself about him—his occupation, his standing, his interests?"

"No. What good would that do?"

"What is his address?"

"I don't—" She hesitated. "Is that important?"

WOLFE was frowning at her again. "Come, Miss Bonner. When a Bronx phone book will probably supply it?"

She flushed a little. "It merely seems to me that it's immaterial. Two-nine-seven-oh Borchard Avenue, the Bronx."

Wolfe turned. "Archie. Get Mr. Cohen. Give him that name and address and tell him we would like to have such information as is readily available. Within an hour, if possible."

I got up and went to the telephone and called Lon Cohen, a New York newspaperman on the Gazette. I got Lon in no time at all and made the request, but it took two minutes to get rid of him. He wanted an exclusive on how we had got arrested and on the kind of knot I had used on Donahue's necktie. I had to get rude and hang up on him. As I returned to my chair Wolfe invited the audience: "Do any of you want to ask Miss Bonner any questions?"

Apparently they didn't.

"I think," he said, "that we can best show our appreciation of Miss Bonner's candor by reciprocating it. Mr. Ide? Mr. Amsel? Mr. Kerr?"

Ide sat and pinched the skin over his Adam's apple. Amsel, his arms still folded on the back of his chair, kept his eyes on Wolfe. Jay Kerr opened his mouth and closed it. None of them seemed anxious to talk.

"I can understand," Wolfe said, "that by your vocation and training you have developed a high regard for discretion, but I hope you haven't made a fetish of it. According to Miss Bonner, all of you recognized the dead man. In that case, not only had you met him, but also you had met him under circumstances that made you think it hazardous, or at least imprudent, to pretend to no knowledge of him. As Miss Bonner said, what you have told the police can surely be told here, unless you have reason to fear—"

Jay Kerr blurted out, "Sure, I knew the skunk. I'll be glad to ante all I know about him, but I want a drink first."

"I beg your pardon," Wolfe apologized, and he meant it. "Away from home I'm not myself. I even neglect the amenities. Archie? Will you order for our guests?"

While we waited for supplies to come up, Wolfe went back to some details with Dol Bonner, such as the date Donahue had first called on her, but that was just to pass the time. Or maybe not. I was glad Fritz wasn't there. He suspects every woman who crosses our threshold of wanting to take over his kitchen. He would have been squirming now. Dol Bonner's caramel-colored eyes and long dark lashes were by no means her only physical attractions, and she was the right age; she had shown some sense and she was a companion in misery, having also been made a monkey of by Donahue. Of course, if Wolfe hung a murder on her she would no longer be a danger, but I noticed that he had stopped frowning at her. Oh, well, I thought, if she hooks him and Sally hooks me, we can all solve cases together and dominate the field.

AFTER the refreshments had come and been distributed, Wolfe focused on Jay Kerr. "Yes, sir? You were going to tell us."

Kerr sipped his drink. "He played me, too. Good. Only not the same pattern exactly. What was eating him was his wife. He wanted his home tapped, an apartment in Brooklyn. He wanted full reports on all voices, male and female, because he thought there might be a male around when he was away who shouldn't be there. I can tell you, and Miss Bonner too, you got gypped. He gave me two thousand at the go and another pair later."

"Thank you. I'll demand more next time. When was this?"

"It was early April when he contacted me. After two weeks, sixteen days if I remember right, he called the tap off and settled up."

"What was his name? The name he gave."

Kerr took a sip, swallowed, and made a face. "Well, the name he gave was Leggett. Arthur M. Leggett."

"That sounds familiar. L-E-G-G-E-double T?"

"That's right."

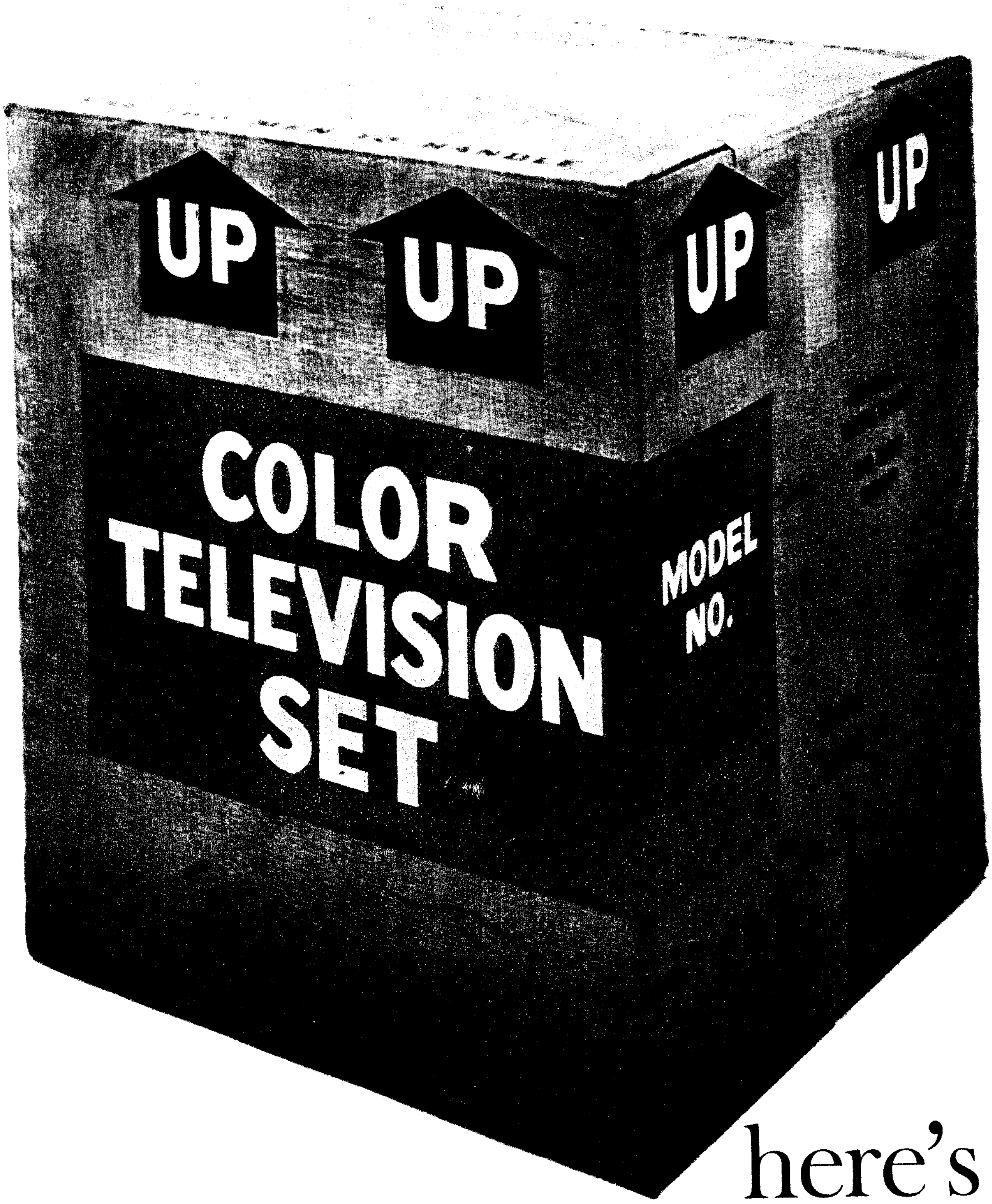
"I've seen it. Archie?"

"Yeah," I agreed. "He's the head of something."

"He's the president," Dol Bonner said, "of the Metropolitan Citizens League."

That woman was getting on my nerves. Now she was giving him information he had asked me for and hadn't got, and they weren't even engaged yet. Wolfe thanked her courteously. Courtesy is okay, but it can get to be a habit. He asked Kerr: "How did he establish his identity?" (*Continued on page 85*)

# Open before Christmas!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*(Continued from page 82)* "He didn't," Kerr said.

Wolfe grunted. "Why didn't he establish his identity, Mr. Kerr?"

"Why should he?" Kerr demanded. "Do you know how many husbands in the metropolitan area get suspicious about their wives every week on an average? Hundreds! Thousands! Some of them come to me for expert service. If I tried to check on all of them I'd spend my entire time on it."

"You must have heard that name, Arthur M. Leggett. A man of your widespread—uh—activities."

Kerr jerked his chin up. "Look, are you a cop? Or one of us?"

"I'm one of us."

"Then be yourself. Let the cops tell me what names I must have heard. Don't worry, they have and they will. And I reported the tap in my statement, because it was ethical and because I knew I had to. I knew they had two of the technicians singing, and I would have been sunk if they connected me with a job I hadn't reported."

NERO WOLFE nodded. "We have no desire to harass you, Mr. Kerr. We only ask that you contribute your share to our pool of information. You had no suspicion that your client was not Arthur M. Leggett?"

"No."

"And never have had?"

"No."

"Then when you were taken to view the corpse today, Mr. Kerr, you must have identified it as that of Arthur M. Leggett."

"I did."

"I see." Wolfe considered a moment. "Why not? And naturally, when you learned that that wasn't his name you were shocked and indignant, and now you have severe epithets for him. You're not alone in that; so have I; so has Miss Bonner. And so, doubtless, have Mr. Ide and Mr. Amsel." He emptied his beer glass, refilled it, then looked up. "Have you, Mr. Ide?"

Ide cleared his throat. "I want to say, Mr. Wolfe, that I feel better than I did when I entered this room."

"Good. Since it's my room, and Mr. Goodwin's, I am gratified."

"Yes, sir. The fact is, my experience with that man was very similar to yours and Miss Bonner's, and I have deeply regretted it. He imposed on me as he did on you, and in the same pattern. If I gave you all the details it would be mostly a repetition of what you and Miss Bonner have said."

"Nevertheless, we'd like to hear them."

"I see no point in it."

Ide's voice had sharpened a little, but Wolfe stayed affable. "One or more of the details might be suggestive. Or at least corroborative. When did it happen?"

"In April."

"How much did he pay you?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"Did he give his name as Donahue?"

"No. Another name. As I said, the pattern was very similar to the one he used with you."

"How did he establish his identity, Mr. Ide?"

"I prefer not to say. I mishandled it badly. I omitted that detail from my wire-tap statement. I suppose Mr. Hyatt will insist on it at the hearing, but I don't think the whole thing will be published, and I'm not going to publish it by telling it here. I was going to say, the reason I feel better is that now I have the consolation of knowing that I'm not the only one he made a fool of."

"You have, indeed. We have all qualified for dunce caps," Wolfe said generously. "How did it end? Did you get onto him, or did he call it off as he did with Miss Bonner and Mr. Kerr?"

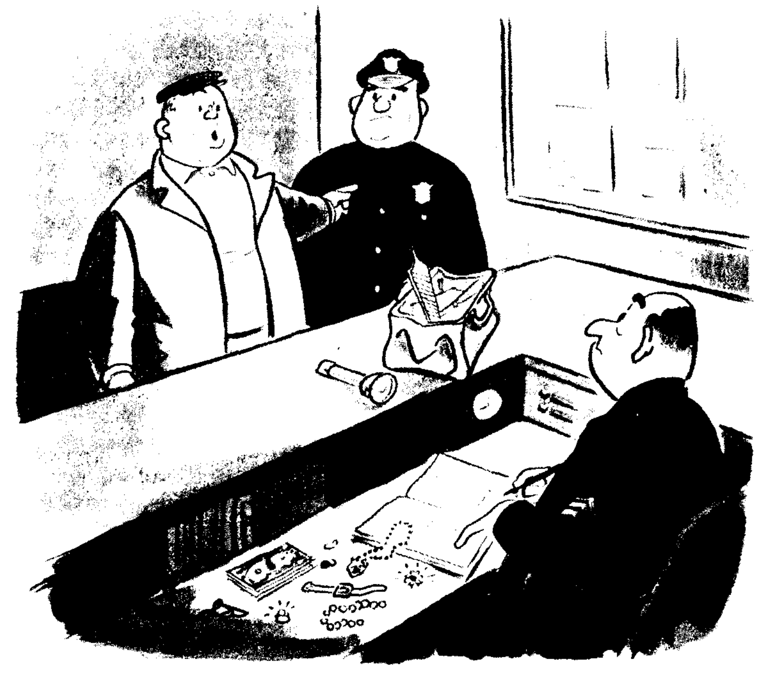
"I prefer not to say." From the expression on Ide's bony face, with its long hawk nose, it was clear he would prefer to switch to some harmless topic such as the weather. "I'll say this much: the tap was discontinued after ten days, and that ended my association with him. Like you and Miss Bonner and Mr. Kerr, I never saw him again until today, and then he was a corpse."

"And you identified the corpse as a client?"

"Yes, Mr. Wolfe. It would have been folly not to."

"What was the name he gave you when he hired you?" Wolfe asked.

**BUTCH**



"Now *I've* got a complaint to make. Him and the maid were smooching in the dark kitchen"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

Ide shook his head. "It was the name of a respectable and law-abiding citizen. I saw him and told him about it, and he was good enough to accept my apology. I hope his name won't have to be dragged into a murder case, and it won't be by me."

"But you have given it to the police, of course."

"No, not yet. I admit I may be compelled to. I can't let my career end by having my license taken away."

WOLFE looked at the others. "I suggest that we leave the question open as to whether Mr. Ide has contributed his share, at least until we have heard from Mr. Amsel." His glance settled on Steve Amsel. "Well, sir?"

"If I don't play, I'm it," Amsel said. "Huh?"

"It's not quite as simple as that," Wolfe told him. "But you've heard us, and it's your turn."

"Last one in is a monkey," Kerr declared.

"Nuts." Amsel finished his drink, left his chair to put the glass on the dresser, got out a cigarette and lighted it, and turned to face the room. "I'll tell you how it is," he said. "My situation's a little different. One thing, I was a boob to identify that stiff, but there he was, and in a case like that you can't stall. Now here we are. Miss Bonner said we might as well tell one another what we've told the cops, and I'll buy that, but my problem's not like yours. You see, I identified the stiff as a guy named Bill Donahue I knew once."

He had his audience with him, solid. He grinned around at them. "I said my situation's different. So I was stuck with that. I've told the cops I'd seen him around a few times last spring, but it was kinda vague; I couldn't remember much about it except that once he came and wanted me to arrange a tap for him and I turned him down. They wanted to know whose wire he wanted tapped, and I tried to remember but couldn't. I said I wasn't sure he had told me the name. So that's what I've told the cops, and that's what I'm telling you." He went to his chair and sat.

Wolfe's eyes were half closed. He spoke: "I suggest, Mr. Amsel, that since talking with the police you've had time to jog your memory. Possibly you can be a little more definite about the occasions when you saw Donahue last spring."

"Nothing doing," Amsel said. "Just vague."

"Or the name of the man whose wire he wanted tapped?"

"Nope. Sorry."

"One thing occurs to me. Mr. Kerr has said he knew, to use his words, that 'they had two of the technicians singing.' Supposing that your memory has failed you on another detail, supposing that you did arrange the tap and have forgotten about it—just a supposition—wouldn't your situation be quite untenable if the technicians do remember it?"

"Just supposing."

"Certainly."

"Well, I've heard there were a lot of technicians around. I guess they're pretty scarce now. Supposing the ones doing the singing aren't the ones I used? Supposing the ones I used aren't going to sing?"

Wolfe nodded. "Yes, if I can suppose, you can too. I understand your disinclination to tell us anything you haven't told the police, but I think we may reasonably ask this: Did you mention this incident in your statement on wire tapping?"

"What incident?"

"Your refusal to make the tap requested by Donahue."

"Why should I? We were told to report all taps. We weren't told to report refusals to make taps."

"You're quite right. Did you mention the name of Donahue at all in the statement?"

"No. What for?"

"Just so. You're right again, of course. I'm sure you'll agree, Mr. Amsel, that your contribution is even skimpier than Mr. Ide's. I don't know—"

THE telephone rang. I went and got it. It was Lon Cohen. As I spoke with him, or, rather, listened to him, the guests were politely silent. Again, after Lon had reported, he wanted the low-down, and I promised to supply him with an eight-column headline as soon as we got one. I asked him to hold on a minute and told Wolfe:

"Alan Samuels is a retired broker, Wall Street. His wife died four years ago. He has two sons and two daughters, all married. He gives money to worthy causes, nothing spectacular. Ivy League club. Director of a couple of museums. A year ago the governor appointed him a member of the Charity Funds Investigating Committee. I've got more, but it's not very exciting. Of course you note the item that might possibly be interesting."

"Yes. He's still on? Get the names of the members of that committee."

"Right." I went back to Lon. He said he'd have to send to the files, and did so, and then demanded some dope. I couldn't very well tell him that the other suspects were there in our room and Wolfe was doing his best to find a crack to start a wedge in, so I gave him a human-interest story about Nero Wolfe's behavior in the jug and other little side lights. The list came, and Lon read it off while I wrote it down. I told him not to expect the headline in time for the morning edition, and hung up. Then I handed the list to Wolfe, telling him: "That's it. Just five members, including the chairman."

He looked it over. He grunted. He looked at the guests. "Well. You may remember, from my statement, that Otis Ross is the chairman of the Charity Funds Investigating Committee. You have just heard that Alan Samuels is a member of that committee. So is Arthur M. Leggett. The names of the other two members are James P. Finch and Philip Maresco. It's a pity we have only three out of five. If it were unanimous it would be more than suggestive, it would be conclusive. Can you help me, Mr. Ide?"

Ide was looking uncomfortable. He spoke: "I said I wouldn't drag his name into this, but now it *is* in. I can't help it. You have named him."

"That makes four. Is there any point in leaving it to conjecture whether it was Finch or Maresco?"

"No. Finch."

Wolfe nodded. "That leaves only Maresco, and I hope he wasn't slighted. . . . Mr. Amsel. Doesn't that name,

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Philip Maresco, strike a chord in your memory? At least a faint echo?"

Amsel grinned at him. "Nothing doing, Wolfe. My memory's gone very bad. But if you want my advice, just forget my memory. It's a cinch. If I was you I'd just take it for granted."

"Very well put. Satisfactory. Do you think it possible, ladies and gentlemen, that it was through coincidence that the five men whose wires Donahue wanted tapped were all members of that committee?"

They didn't think so.

"Neither do I. Surely it invites inquiry. Miss Bonner, how many competent operatives, not counting Miss Colt, are immediately available to you?"

She was startled. "Why—you mean now? Tonight?"

"Tonight or in the morning. What time is it, Archie?"

"Quarter past eleven."

"Then the morning will have to do. How many?"

SHE considered, frowning prettily. "On my payroll," she said, "I have one woman and two men. Besides them, there are four women and three men whom I use occasionally."

"That makes ten. Mr. Ide?"

"What's this for?" Ide wanted to know.

"I'll explain later. Now just how many?"

"It depends on your definition of 'competent.' I have twelve good men on my staff. Eight or ten others might be available."

"Say twenty. That makes thirty. Mr. Kerr?"

"Call it nine on the payroll. For an emergency I could dig up five more, maybe six."

"Fifteen. That makes forty-five. Mr. Amsel?"

"I pass."

"None at all?"

"Well, I might. I've got no payroll and no staff. Wait till I hear the pitch, and I might."

"Then forty-five." Abruptly Wolfe got to his feet. "Now, if you'll permit me, I must arrange my mind. It shouldn't take long. I beg you to stay, all of you, to hear a suggestion I want to offer. And you must be thirsty. . . . Archie, please."

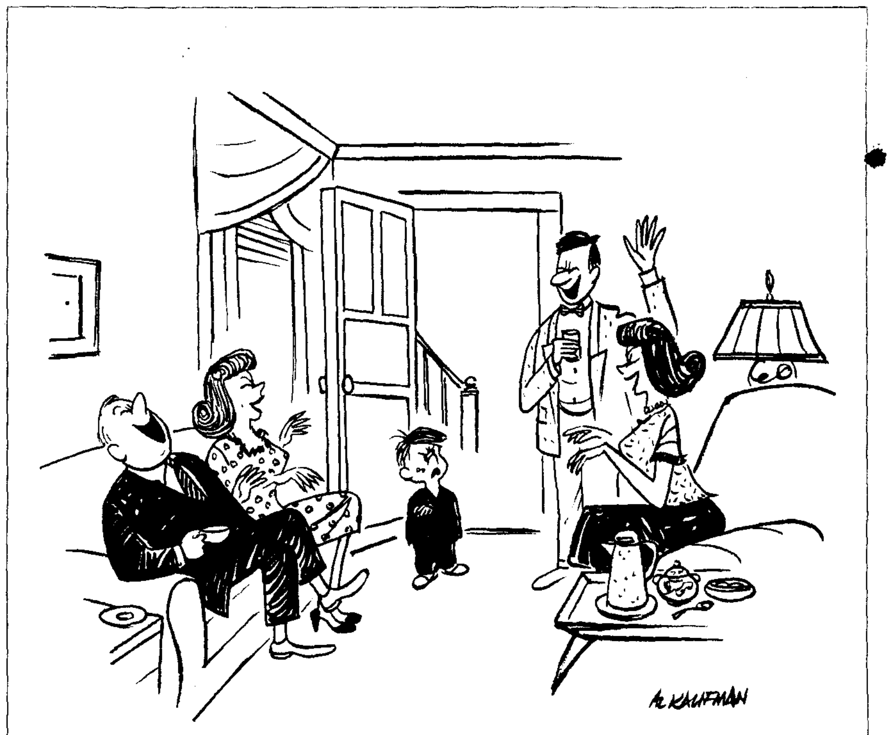
He moved his chair over near a window, turned it around, and sat with his back to the room.

After telephoning down their order I told our guests not to bother to keep their voices lowered, since nothing going on outside his head could disturb Wolfe when he was concentrating on the inside. They got up to stretch their legs. Harland Ide went to Dol Bonner and asked about her experience with women operatives, and Kerr and Amsel joined them and turned it into a general discussion. The drinks came and were distributed, and they went on exchanging views and opinions. You might have thought it was just a friendly gathering, unless you noticed their frequent glances at the back of Wolfe's head.

When he finally arose and started turning his chair around I glanced at my wrist. Eight minutes to midnight. It had taken him a half hour to arrange his mind. He moved the chair back to its former position, and sat, and the others followed suit.

"We could hear it tick," Steve Amsel said.

Wolfe frowned at him. "I beg your pardon?"



"If it's so cute now, how come you spanked me for it at the time?"

COLLIER'S AL KAUFMAN

"In your pan. The knocker."

"Oh. No doubt." Nero Wolfe was brusque. "It's late, and we have work to do. I have reached a working hypothesis about the murder, and I want to describe it and suggest a collective effort. I intend to ask for full co-operation from all of you, and I expect to get it. I'll try to supply my share, though I have no organization to compare with Mr. Ide's and Mr. Kerr's. . . . Archie, I must talk with Saul Panzer and it must be confidential. Can I do so from this room?"

"No, sir." I could have kicked him, asking such a dumb question in front of our fellow members. "Ten to one Groom would have it in ten minutes. And not from a booth in the hotel. You'll have to go out to one."

"Can you find one at this hour?"

"Sure."

"Then please do so, and get Saul. Tell him I'll call him at eight in the morning at his home. If he has other commitments ask him to cancel them. I need him."

"Right. As soon as we're through here."

"No. Now. If you please."

I could have kicked him again, but I couldn't start beefing in front of company. I went and got my hat and coat and beat it.

IF YOU'RE no more interested than I was in how I spent the next day, Tuesday, I might as well skip it.

There were happenings, but no developments that I was aware of. First, about Monday night and Saul Panzer. Saul is the best there is, and I would match him against all of the forty-five operatives our colleagues could scare up, but he ought to get home earlier and get to bed. I found a booth in a bar and grill, called the number, and got no answer. I waited five minutes and tried again, and then ten minutes and another try. That went on forever, and it was a quarter past one when I finally got Saul.

He said he had been out on a tailing job for Bascom, and he was going to resume it at noon tomorrow. I said he wasn't, unless he wanted Wolfe and me indicted for murder and probably convicted. I also told him to stand by for a call at eight in the morning. I gave him the highlights of the jolly day we had had, told him good night, and returned to the hotel. Up in Room 902, I found Wolfe sound asleep, in the bed nearest the window, with the window wide open and the room icy cold. From the open door to the bathroom I got enough light to undress by.

WHEN I sleep, I sleep, but even so I wouldn't have thought it possible that an animal of Wolfe's size could turn out, get erect, and get dressed without rousing me. In the cold, too. What got me was the click as he turned the doorknob. I opened my eyes, bounced up, and demanded: "Hey, where you going?"

He turned on the threshold. "To phone Saul."

"What time is it?"

"By the watch on your wrist, twenty past seven."

"You said eight o'clock!"

"I'll get something to eat first. Finish your rest. There's nothing to do, after I speak to Saul." He pulled the door shut and was gone. I turned over, worried a while, about how he would squeeze into a booth, and went back to sleep.

Not as deep as before, though. At the sound of his key in the lock I was wide awake. I looked at my wrist: eight thirty-five. He entered and closed the door, took off his hat and coat, and put them in the closet. I asked if he had got Saul, and he said yes and it was satisfactory. I asked how it had gone last night, had our fellow members agreed to co-operate, and he said yes and it was satisfactory. I asked what the program was for us, and he said there wasn't any. During this conversation he stripped, with no visible reaction to the freezing temperature of the room, put on his pajamas, got into bed and turned his back on me.

I was wide awake, it was going on nine o'clock, and I was hungry. I rolled out, washed and shaved, got dressed, and went down to the lobby. I bought a couple New York papers, proceeded to the dining room and ordered orange juice, griddlecakes, sausage, scrambled eggs and coffee. Eventually wearing out my welcome there, I transferred to the lobby and finished with the papers.

There was nothing in them about the murder of William A. Donahue that I didn't already know, except a few dozen useless details such as the medical examiner's opinion that he died somewhere between two and five hours before he got to him. It was the first time the Gazette had ever run pictures of Wolfe and me as jailbirds. The one of me was fair, but Wolfe's was terrible. There was one of Albert Hyatt, very good, and one of Donahue, which had evidently been taken after the scientists smoothed his face out.

I WENT out for some air, turning up my overcoat collar against the wind, and found that it was more fun to take a walk when you were out on bail. You feel like going on and on. It was after eleven o'clock when I got back to the hotel and let myself into Room 902. It was like a refrigerator.

Wolfe was still in bed, and didn't stir when I entered. I was gazing at him, not tenderly, when there was a knock on the door, a good loud one. I turned and opened it, and an oversized specimen started to walk right over me. I needed something like that. I stiff-armed him good, and he tottered back and nearly went down.

"I'm a police officer," he barked.

"Then say so. Even if you are, I'm not a rug. What do you want?"

"Are you Archie Goodwin?"

"Yes."

"You're wanted at the district attorney's office. You and Nero Wolfe. I'm here to take you."

The correct thing to do would have been to tell him we'd consider it and let him know, and shut the door on him, but I was sorer at Wolfe than I was at him. There had been no good reason for sending me out to phone Saul until the conference had ended. It had been absolutely childish, when he returned from talking with Saul, for him to go back to bed without giving me any idea what was cooking. I had offered to split with him fifty-fifty, but no, I was the goat and he was the lion. So I moved aside for the law to enter, and turned to see Wolfe's eyes open, glaring at us.

"That's Mr. Wolfe," I told the plainclothes man.

"Get up and dress," he commanded. "I'm taking you to the district attorney's office for questioning."

"Nonsense." Wolfe's voice was colder than the air. "I have given Mr. Hyatt and Mr. Groom all the information I possess. If the district attorney wishes to come to see me in an hour or so, I may admit him. Tell Mr. Groom he's an ass. He shouldn't have arrested me. Now he has no threat to hold over me, short of charging me with murder or getting my bail canceled, and the one would be harebrained and the other quite difficult. Get out of here! No! Wait a minute. Archie, how did this man get in here?"

"Walked. He knocked, and I opened the door."

"I see. You, who can be, and usually are, a veritable rock of fortitude. I see." His eyes moved. "You, sir. Were you sent for me only, or for both of us?"

"Both of you."

"Good. Take Mr. Goodwin. You could take me only by force, and I'm too heavy to lift. The district attorney can phone me later for an appointment, but I doubt if he'll get it."

The officer hesitated, and finally told me to come on. I went. Wolfe probably thought he had landed a kidney punch, but he hadn't. Since I was being kept off the program, kidding with a D.A. was as good a way to pass the time as any.

Another way of passing some time that had occurred to me was to offer to buy Sally Colt a lunch, but when the D.A. finally decided I was hopeless it was after two o'clock. I went to a drugstore and called Wolfe, asked if he had any instructions, and was told no. I called Sally Colt and asked if she felt like taking in a movie, and she said she would love to but was busy and couldn't. *She* was busy. Fine. I did hope she would find some way of saving me from the electric chair.

I started toward the counter for a sandwich and milk; then I remembered that this trip would go on the expense account, went and found the restaurant that Stanley Rogers had recommended, and ordered and consumed six dollars' worth of food, getting a receipt. The waiter told me where I could find a pool hall. I walked to it, telephoned to tell Wolfe where I was, and whiled away the afternoon, watching and taking on various customers. It was going on seven o'clock when the cashier called to me that I was wanted on the telephone. I took my time going. Let him wait.

"Hello."

"Hello, Mr. Goodwin?" said a voice that certainly wasn't Wolfe's. "This is Sally Colt. I hated to say no to your invitation, I really did, but I had to. I don't suppose you feel like making it a dinner instead of a movie?"

I took time out for control. Only one person could have told her where I was. But it wasn't her fault. I said, "Sure. I eat every day. When?"

"Any time now. At the hotel?"

"No, there's a better place, just two blocks away." I told her the name. "Shall we meet there in fifteen minutes?"

"It's a deal. I'll tell Mr. Wolfe where we'll be in case he needs us."

"I'll phone him."

"No, I'll tell him; he's right here." She hung up.

My feelings were too mixed to sort out. Rage: It was okay to make allowances for a genius, but this cold-shoulder business was too much. Curiosity: What on earth was he cooking up with Sally? Cheerfulness: Under almost any circumstances it's a pleasure to have a date with a good-looking girl. Expectation: Somewhere along the line she might see fit to tell me what my employer was up to.

SHE didn't. It was a very enjoyable meal, and before it was over I had to revise my verdict on she-dicks, but not a word about current affairs, and of course I wouldn't ask her. Wolfe had told her to lay off; it was perfectly obvious. We were finishing our coffee and considering whether to move to a place down the street where there was a dance floor, when the waiter came and told me I was wanted on the telephone. I went.

"Hello."

"Archie?"

"Yeah."

"Is Miss Colt with you?"

"Yeah."

"Come to the room, and bring her."

"Yeah."

I returned to the table, told her we were wanted, got the check and paid it, and we left. The sidewalk was icy in spots and she took my arm, which seemed a little sissy for a working detective, but at least she didn't tug. At the hotel, she went to her room, 917, to leave her things, and I waited in the hall for her. I had been told to bring her, and since that had been my only assignment for the day I wanted to carry it out properly. She rejoined me, we proceeded to 902, I opened the door with my key, and we entered.

The room was full of people.

"Well!" I said heartily, for I wasn't going to let my bitterness show in public. "Another party, huh?"

Wolfe was in the armchair toward the far wall. The writing table had been moved and was next to him, with papers on it. Dol Bonner was seated across the table from him. She was smirking. If you think I'm being unfair, that she wasn't really smirking but

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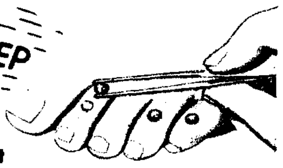

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was merely showing no signs of misery, you're absolutely right. Wolfe nodded at me.

"You may as well leave the door open, Archie. Mr. Groom and Mr. Hyatt are expected, momentarily."

My thought, as I put my hat and coat away, was that apparently Wolfe was going to try to pull an extra-fancy stunt and wrap it up in one package: not only put the finger on a murderer for Groom, but also mop up the hearing for Hyatt, so far as that bunch, including us, was concerned. It looked like a big order to fill without my help, but of course he had Dol Bonner. I thought it would be a pity if it turned out that she had knotted Donahue's necktie, and he had to fall back on me.

I WAS glancing around, noting that Ide and Kerr and Amsel were in the chairs farthest away from Wolfe, with two empty ones up front for the expected company, when footsteps sounded in the hall, and I turned. The company was here.

Nero Wolfe greeted them: "Good evening, gentlemen." He gestured. "Chairs for you."

They stood. Groom said, "I expected something like this. From you. You didn't say it was a convention."

"No, sir. I merely said that if you would come, and bring Mr. Hyatt, I was now prepared to add to my statement, substantially and cogently. I prefer to have witnesses present." He gestured again. "If you will be seated?"

Groom looked at Hyatt, swiveled for a glance at me, picked up one of the empty chairs and placed it against the wall. That way he had Wolfe and Dol Bonner on his right and the rest of us on his left, and couldn't be jumped from behind.

Hyatt wasn't so particular. He didn't bother to move the chair but just sat, with five of us—Ide, Kerr, Amsel, Sally and me—at his rear.

"Let's hear it," Groom told Wolfe.

"Yes, sir." Wolfe shifted his chair to face him more directly. "A mass of detail is involved, but I won't cover it exhaustively now. You'll get it. First, the situation as it stood yesterday evening. In an ill-considered excess of zeal, you had arrested Mr. Goodwin and me. Therefore—"

"I know what the situation was."

"Not as I saw it. Therefore, I had either to sit here and twiddle my thumbs, trusting to your skill and luck, or bestir myself. To begin with, I needed to learn, if possible, whether any of the other five people—those who had been in Room Forty-two with Mr. Goodwin and me—had had any association with Donahue. I invited them to this room for consultation, and they came. They—"

"I know they did. And today they wouldn't say what happened here. Not one of them. Nor Goodwin, nor you."

"I will now. This will go faster, Mr. Groom, if you don't interrupt. They were here nearly four hours, and you won't need all of it. As soon as I learned that all of them had recognized the body, and so had known Donahue, and that their times of arrival at that building yesterday eliminated none of them, the inevitable assumption was that one of them had killed him. I made that assumption, and held it for about an hour, proceeding with our discussion. Then I had to abandon it."

Groom started to speak and Wolfe showed him a palm. "If you please. Perhaps I should say 'suspended' instead of 'abandoned.' I suspended it because my attention was diverted to another quarter. I had noted it as an interesting point that seven people, who had been associated with Donahue in connection with wire tapping, had all been summoned to appear today. That it had been coincidence was against all probability, but it didn't have to be coincidence. It might have been so arranged purposely, for a comparison of their stories and even to bring them face to face.

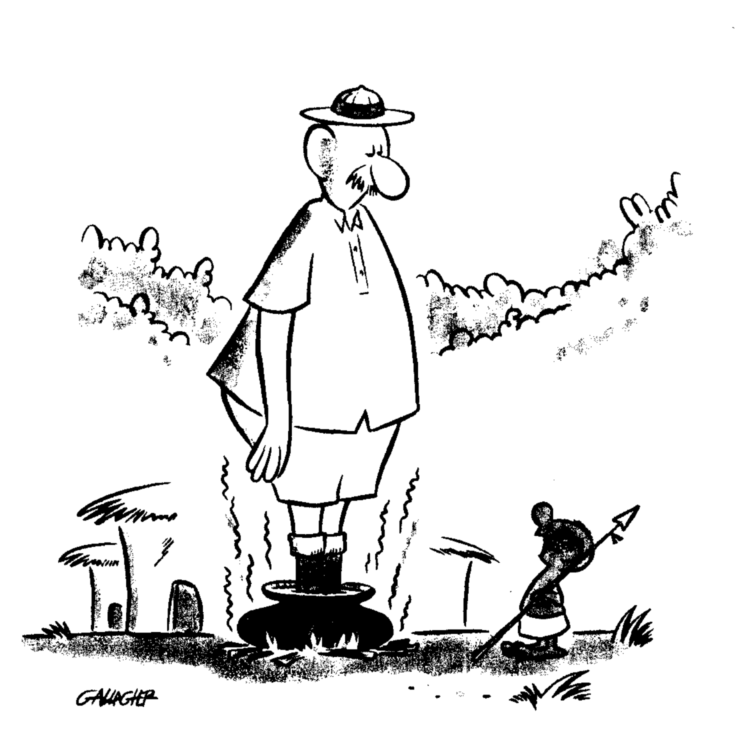
"But no. It developed that wouldn't do. None of us had mentioned Donahue's name in our statements about wire tapping. Miss Bonner and Mr. Ide and I had all reported being duped by a man who followed the same pattern with each of us, and our physical descriptions of him agreed, so we three might have been summoned by design to appear on the same day, but not Mr. Kerr and not Mr. Amsel. Mr. Kerr had merely reported tapping the wire of Arthur M. Leggett at Leggett's request. Mr. Amsel reported nothing—that is, nothing that could have linked him to Miss Bonner and Mr. Ide and me. Yesterday he identified Donahue as a man who had once asked him to make a tap and been refused, but he had made no mention of it in his statement."

"You're getting nowhere fast," Groom declared. "You had all known him. One of you saw him there and killed him."

"But why were we all there?" Wolfe demanded. "That Miss Bonner and Mr. Ide and I had been brought together purposely was understandable, but not Mr. Kerr and Mr. Amsel. There was no connection, on the record; and yet they *were* connected, most significantly, since they too had had dealings with Donahue. By coincidence only? I didn't believe it. One of them, possibly, but surely not both. So my attention was diverted to the question: Who had arranged for us all to be summoned to appear the same day? And simultaneously to another question: Was there anything in common among the five men whose wires Donahue had wanted to tap? That suggested still another: Why had he gone to five different detectives to arrange for the taps? Might it not have been because the five men *did* have something in common, and he didn't want that fact to be noted?"

Wolfe moved his eyes to Hyatt as if inviting an answer, but didn't get one. He returned to Groom: "My first question had to wait, since I couldn't very well call Mr. Hyatt and put it to him. The second was soon answered. I learned that four of the men whose wires had been tapped were members of the Charity Funds Investigating Committee, and had reason to suppose that the fifth one was also, embracing the entire committee. With that, I decided to describe the situation as I saw it to these ladies and gentlemen, and to enlist their co-operation. If it turned out that my surmise was wrong and one of them was in fact guilty, no harm would have been done; on the contrary, their reactions to my proposal might be indicative. I learned—"

"What proposal?" demanded Groom.



"Us pygmies have got to live, too"

COLLIER'S JOHN GALLAGHER

"I'm telling you. I learned that among them they had more than forty operatives in New York, and I could supply four or five. After describing the situation to them, I proposed that we put as many men as possible—and women—to work immediately. There were three main lines: one, the Hotel Marbury, where Donahue had lived; two, the background and interests and activities of Albert Hyatt, with emphasis on any discoverable connection with the Charity Funds Investigating Committee; and three—"

"You mean you suspected Hyatt of murder?"

"I mean I had formed a surmise I thought worth testing, and my colleagues agreed with me. I have already put the question: Who had arranged for all seven of us to appear on the same day? Mr. Hyatt was conducting the hearing. Another point, which is usually thought significant, but which you seem to have ignored, was that Mr. Hyatt was the last person, so far as was known, to see Donahue alive. Still another was that Hyatt had said that Donahue told him I had been given the name Donahue, and that I had known the tap was illegal. I knew that either Donahue had lied or Hyatt was lying, and Donahue was dead."

Wolfe lifted his shoulders and dropped them. "What I suspected at that point is no longer important. The third line of investigation was to find evidence of former association between Hyatt and Donahue. My colleagues made phone calls, and I made one myself. By ten o'clock, this morning we had—how many operatives, Miss Bonner?"

"By ten o'clock, thirty-four. By two this afternoon, forty-eight. Forty-two men and six women."

Steve Amsel suddenly exploded: "Too many detectives, Hyatt! Cancel our licenses! Too many!"

"Shut your trap!" Jay Kerr ordered him. "Wolfe's telling it."

Wolfe ignored them. "The reports started to reach us before one o'clock and have been arriving all afternoon, up to an hour ago, when we told the people in New York that we had enough for our purpose. Miss Bonner and Miss Colt took most of them, but the others helped. There was no important result from the first line of investigation, the Hotel Marbury. From the second, Hyatt's background interests and activities, there was nothing conclusive, but much that is indicative.

"Eighteen months ago derogatory information about the activities of fund-raising organizations began to appear in the press, and as the weeks passed, it increased in volume and significance. A little more than a year ago, Mr. Hyatt was retained as consulting counsel by a fund-raising organization that had realized large profits, variously estimated at from one to three million dollars annually, from its operations. That was about the time that the governor set up the Charity Funds Investigating Committee, and Mr. Hyatt's client might reasonably expect to be a major target of that committee. There is some evidence that Mr. Hyatt approached two members of the committee in an effort to learn its plans—"

"What do you mean, 'some evidence'?" Groom demanded.

WOLFE tapped the papers on the table. "It's here waiting for you, but as I said, it is not conclusive. The committee members were not loquacious with our private operatives, but no doubt they will be more helpful with officers of the law. I merely give you this from our second line of investigation: that Mr. Hyatt was keenly interested in that committee and its plans.

"The results from our third line were more than indicative, they were decisive. It was of course the most promising, and thirty of the operatives were assigned to it. They were provided with pictures of Hyatt and Donahue from newspapers, and they found three people who had seen them together on two different occasions last spring, under circumstances that may fairly be described as furtive. I will not oblige Mr. Hyatt by naming the people and occasions and places, but that information is here." He tapped the papers again.

"Mr. Hyatt has stated, in my hearing and yours, that he had never seen Donahue before yesterday morning. You asked if I suspect him of murder. I do now, yes. There are of course questions I am not prepared to answer, except with conjectures if you want them. For instance, the most important one: Why did he arrange for all of us—he knew, of course, with whom Donahue had arranged for the taps—to appear before him on the same day? As a conjecture, because that was his best alternative, since we all had to be summoned for inquiry sooner or later, either in New York or in Albany, and he wanted to be sure he got us himself, not his colleagues in New York. Having us all on the same day insured that we would all be at hand, to be called back if the occasion demanded it; and if things went smoothly he might well have intended to have us together before him and tell us magnanimously that, since our separate statements corroborated the assumption that we had all been imposed upon by a scoundrel, he would recommend that no action be taken against us."

WOLFE turned a hand over. "For he supposed, of course, that Donahue was safely out of the way, out of the state and not to be found. No doubt he had so arranged it. The situation held no great hazard for him. The fact that one of his clients was a target of investigation by one of the governor's committees had no known connection with the investigation he was himself conducting, and he was confident that no such connection would be discovered or even suspected. Possibly he was even cocky, for he may have got, from the tapped wires, the information about the committee's plans and intentions that he needed. If so, he got a shattering blow when he answered his phone yesterday morning and was told that a man named Donahue wanted to see him about something urgent and confidential."

Wolfe's eyes went to Hyatt and back to Groom. "If you want another conjecture, as to what passed between Hyatt and Donahue in Room Thirty-eight yesterday, the most obvious one is that Donahue threatened to divulge the whole story, either as a screw for extortion, or because Donahue had learned that we seven had been called to appear together and suspected that he was to be made a scapegoat. Those questions, and others, are your concern, Mr. Groom, not ours. Our only concern was to show you that you were much too ready with a false assumption. As for Mr. Goodwin and me, I suppose you could successfully defend an action for false arrest, but I trust you have learned a valuable lesson. Can the charge against us be dismissed tonight?"

"No. Not until court opens in the morning." Groom got up and went to the table and flattened his hand on the papers. He looked at the special deputy. "Mr. Hyatt, do you want to say anything?"

Hyatt was a lawyer. His back was to me, so I couldn't see his face, but I doubt if it was showing anything much. "No," he said, "except I deny all of Wolfe's allegations and implications regarding me, and that I'll hold him responsible for them. I have nothing to say here and now." He got up and started for the door. Groom made no move to stop him, and couldn't be expected to, at least until he had inspected the papers.

Steve Amsel called after him. "Too many detectives, Hyatt!"

YESTERDAY afternoon I was in the office with Wolfe, discussing a little job we had taken on, when the phone rang and I answered it. "Nero Wolfe's office, Archie Goodwin speaking."

"This is Dol Bonner. How are you?"

"Better than ever."

"Good. May I speak to Mr. Wolfe?"

"Hold it. I'll see." I covered the transmitter and turned and told Wolfe. He made a face, hesitated, and reached for his telephone. I kept mine to my ear, since I was supposed to unless he told me otherwise.

"Yes, Miss Bonner? Nero Wolfe."

"How are you?"

"Well, thank you."

"I'm glad I got you. Of course you've heard the news?"

"I don't know. What news?"

"The jury reached a verdict at noon. They found Hyatt guilty of first-degree murder."

"So. I hadn't heard. To be expected, surely."

"Of course. Why I called, Harland Ide phoned me an hour ago. He thinks it would be a little barbarous to celebrate a man's conviction for murder, and I agree, so that's not the idea, but he suggested that we should show our appreciation to you somehow. Anyway, the Secretary of State has reported the results of the hearing and we're all going to keep our licenses, so we could celebrate that. Mr. Ide thought we might have a little dinner for you, just the seven of us, and wanted to know if I approved, and I said I did. Just now he called again and said that Mr. Kerr and Mr. Amsel liked the idea, and he asked me to propose it to you. Any evening you choose next week—or as for that, any other week. We hope you will, and of course, Mr. Goodwin. And of course Miss Colt."

Silence. I was watching Wolfe's face. His lips were pressed tight.

"Are you on, Mr. Wolfe?"

"Yes, I'm on. I rarely accept invitations to meals."

"I know. This isn't a meal, it's a tribute."

"Which it would be churlish to decline. Mr. Goodwin thinks I *am* churlish, but I'm not. I am merely self-indulgent. I offer a countersuggestion. I too feel appreciation, for the efficient and effective co-operation I received. I suggest that instead of dining at some restaurant, which I suppose is intended, you people come to my house for dinner. Any evening next week except Thursday."

"But that would be turning it wrong side up!"

"Not at all. I said I feel appreciation too."

"Well . . . shall I ask Mr. Ide? And the others?"

"I wish you would."

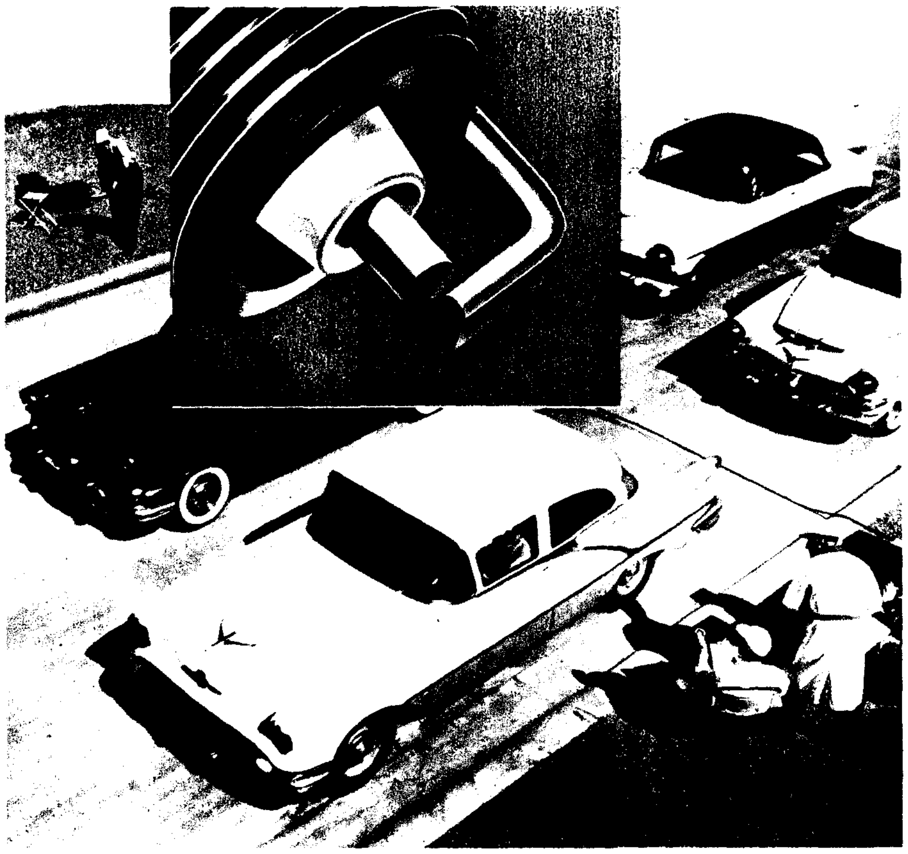
"All right. I'll let you know."

AND she did. In less than an hour. It's all set for next Wednesday evening. I'm looking forward to it. It will be a treat to see Fritz's face when he sees Dol Bonner, seated at Wolfe's right, aim her caramel-colored eyes at him under her long dark lashes.

As for the fifty-fifty split on the blame for our wire tap, that's still under discussion off and on. And as for my being left off the program that day in Albany, that needed no discussion. Since all the work had to be done by the forty-eight operatives in New York and there was nothing I could contribute, why deal me in? Especially since I could be useful as a diversion for Groom and the D.A., and I couldn't very well get careless and give them a hint of what Wolfe was up to if I didn't know.

That's how Wolfe looked at it. How I look at it doesn't matter, except to me.

—REX STOUT



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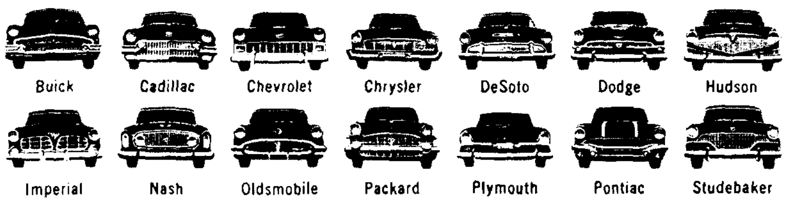

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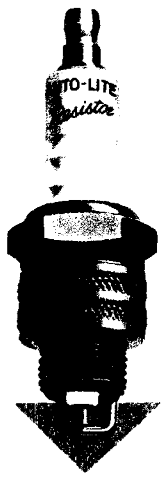

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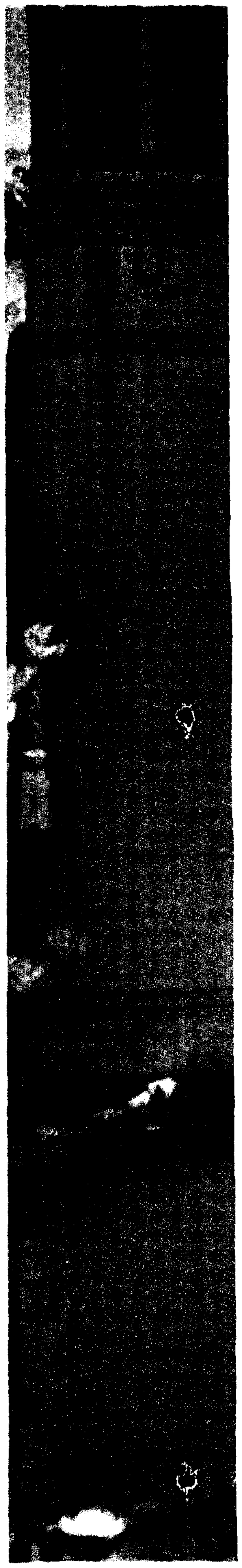
*Nina Foch (left) as Bithia, the Pharaoh's daughter, is prepared for her entrance into the water where she finds the child Moses*

*Yul Brynner (below) as film Pharaoh Rameses II whose tyranny caused the Israelites to begin their great Exodus from Egypt*



*In the bulrushes of the*

## YUL BRYNNER'S CANDID CAMERA COVERS

# The Ten Commandments

In 43 years spent making 70 Hollywood epics, Cecil Blount DeMille has directed casts of countless thousands, rolled up profits in the tens of millions and attracted an audience which feverish publicists estimate totals one and a half times the world's population. But never before his latest colossal, The Ten Commandments, did he encounter such an oddity as a photo-snapping Pharaoh. The Pharaoh was Yul Brynner (Collier's, July 6th) who plays Rameses II. While DeMille was filming his biggest movie spectacle yet, Brynner spent his spare time photographing his director (opposite page) and fellow actors at work. Explains Brynner:

*Between takes, Miss Foch, with a property man's aid, moves ark of Moses in position*

*"Nile," where a few minutes later the infant Moses appears. DeMille sights through a camera finder to set up scene. Of all his candid portraits, this was Brynner's favorite*

# *In preparation 10 years, DeMille's The Ten Commandments is the most expensive film ever made*

"My greatest problem was finding something to do in the long waits between takes. So I hid my camera behind my throne or in my chariot and during rehearsals or while waiting for a scene to begin, I would bring it out and start shooting."

Brynner's photographs, shown here, candidly cover what may be DeMille's last personally directed motion picture. To portray the life of Moses from a foundling in the bulrushes to the moment when he receives the stone tablets atop Mount Sinai, the seventy-five-year-old past master of the screen spectacular has outdone even himself. Ten years in preparation, The Ten Commandments, which will be released by Paramount this fall, is the most expensive ($13,000,000) movie ever made. Leaving nothing to the imagination, DeMille hired some 7,000 extras for his on-location Exodus scene in Egypt, parted the Red Sea (on a Hollywood lot), imported camels from Australia, flew in lotus blooms from British Guiana and cast a star for each million he dispensed in production.

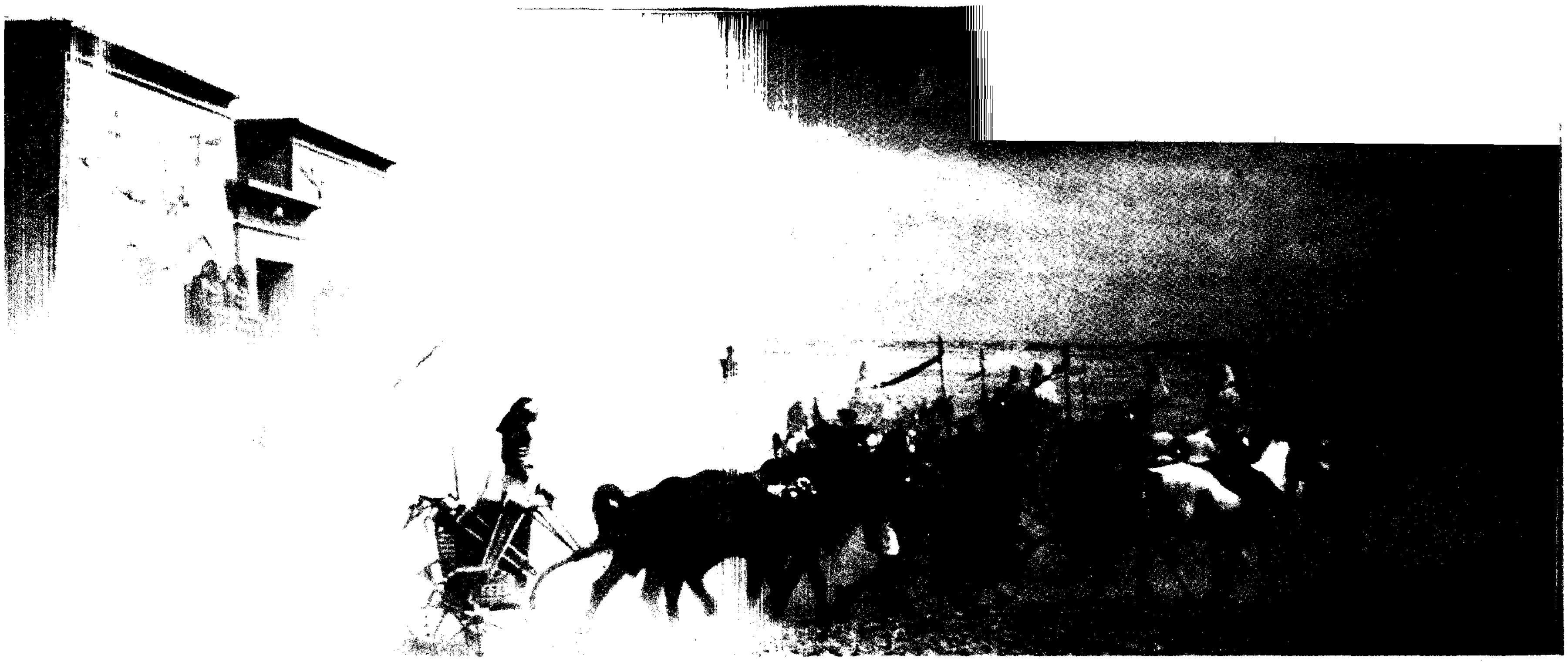
Despite all the physical opulence DeMille maintained an inspired feeling throughout the long weeks of shooting. Thus caught up in his spirit, there were times, according to Brynner, when an almost religious atmosphere enveloped the set. "It was," he says, "as if all our make believe were really happening." —PETER MAAS

*Sir Cedric Hardwicke (left) plays kindly Pharaoh, Sethi, who ruled when the young Moses was found in bulrushes. At right is Vincent Price, the cruel Baka, slain, according to the Bible, by Moses who then fled to Sinai*

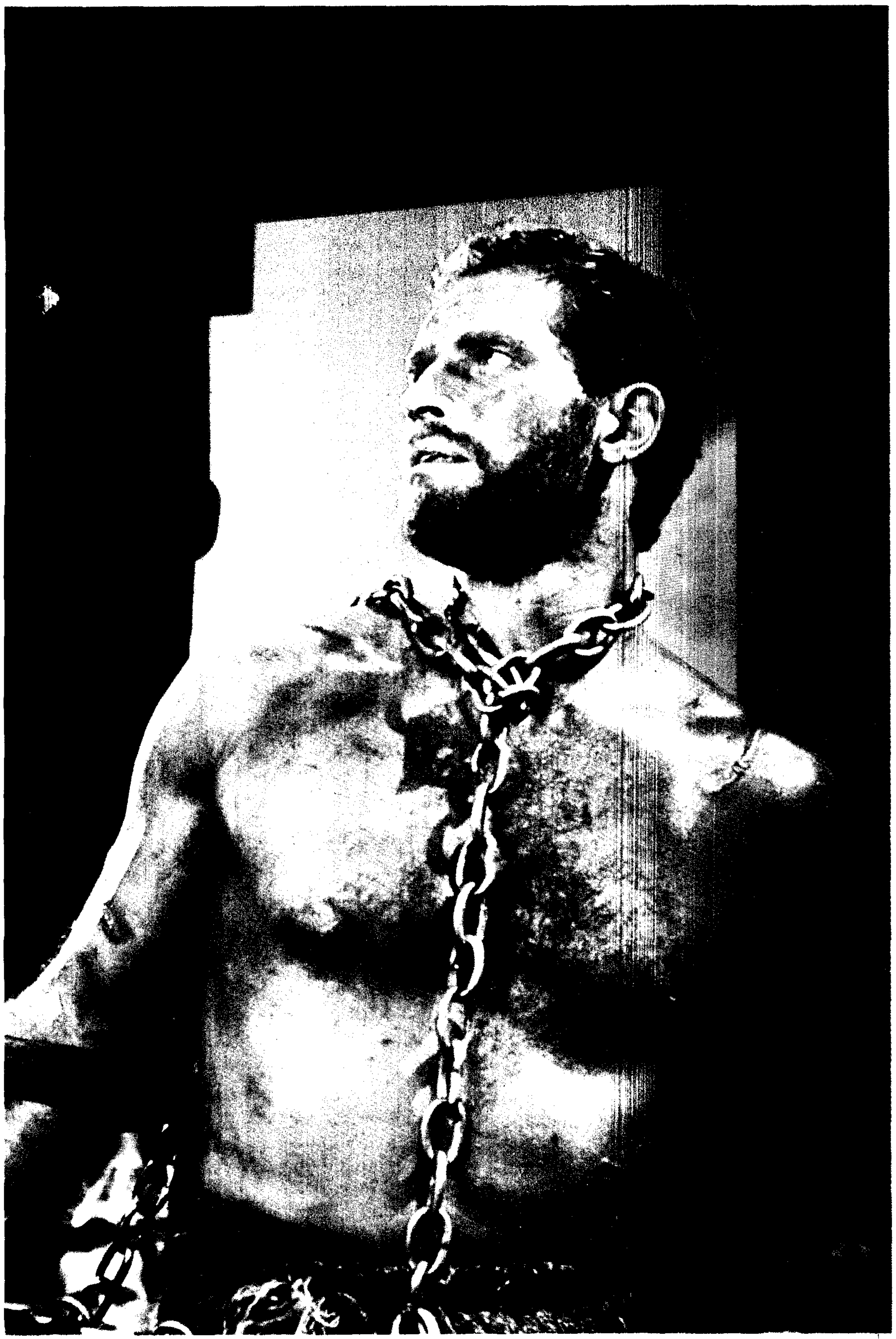
*Brynner's camera catches tense moment between Edward G. Robinson and Debra Paget. Here, the evil Dathan, betrayer of Moses, has the Hebrew slave girl Lilia garbed in the finery of an Egyptian lady in order to persuade her to join his household*

*As Aaron, John Carradine goes with his brother Moses to the Pharaoh's court in an attempt to free the captive Israelites from bondage in Egypt*

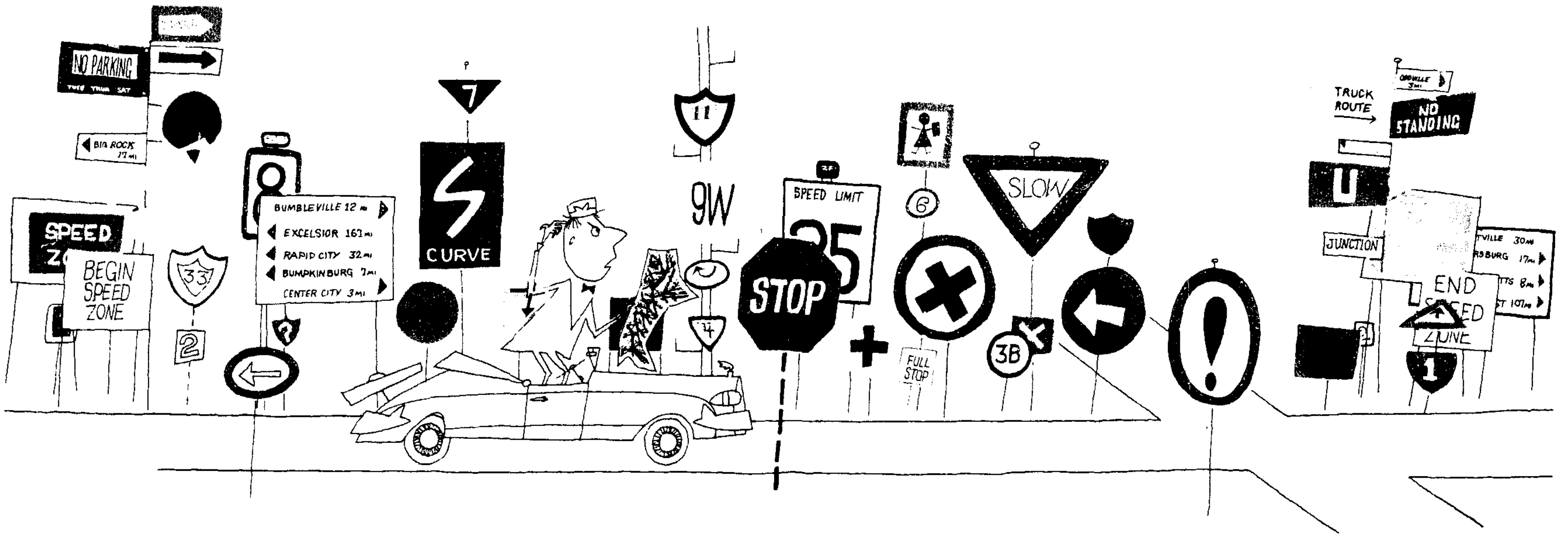
*In typical mass movement DeMille is famed for, the children of Israel start their descent to the shores of the Red Sea. The 10-minute crossing required three years of preparation, includes dumping 300,000 gallons of water on pursuing Egyptians*



*[illegible] a gate [illegible] Cairo, the film Pharaoh's chariot army returns to repeat for DeMille's camera its breakneck chase of the fleeing children of Israel*



*Two views of Charlton Heston in the film's top role of Moses. At left, as a young man, he is brought in chains before the Pharaoh's court while (above), in the movie's climactic moment, he receives the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai. DeMille chose Heston for part due to his resemblance to Michelangelo's Moses, went so far as to cast Heston's son as the infant Moses*



BILL CHARMATZ

# Those Crazy, Mixed-up Traffic Laws

LAUNCHING OF THE NEW 42,000-mile federal highway program puts fresh urgency into an old question: What's going to be done to *straighten out the jumble of conflicting state traffic laws?*

The new highway-building program will open broad new avenues to the millions of interstate motorists. Will the traffic pattern they find on these highways in 1960 be tangled up in a 1916-model confusion of legal intricacies and contradictions?

Every motorist who has crossed a state line has run into exasperating—and dangerous—inconsistencies. In reconsidering its own traffic laws, a New York State legislative committee recently surveyed the comparable laws of all 48 states. It found that in Washington and Oregon the car entering an intersection from the right always has the right of way; down the coast, in California, it goes to whichever gets there first. Thirty-eight states require a driver to turn left *before* he reaches the center of an intersection. The other 10 are equally firm in demanding that he turn *after* reaching the center, with Tennessee describing what is law in the other 38 as "recklessness." Only 25 states have laws providing that cars must drive to the right of a rotary traffic circle. Most drivers, when they see a left arm fully extended, expect the car ahead to make a left turn, but in Pennsylvania and Michigan it can mean anything: start, stop, or a turn in either direction. Iowa drivers are taught not to park within five feet of a fire hydrant, or seven feet of a stop sign. But when they cross into Illinois they find that the limits are 15 and 30 feet.

In most states parking is legal within 18 inches of the curb. But in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the limit is six inches. A driver who backs up in Ohio breaks the law if he doesn't sound a warning first. Twenty-one states allow parking on bridges; 27 forbid it. And though children in most states expect to have all traffic stop while a school bus is loading or unloading, the New York committee found that drivers from Colorado, Utah and the District of Columbia are not used to stopping.

The Chevy Chase Circle, on the outskirts of Washington, D.C., lies on the border between the District and Maryland. In the District of Columbia, the car *in* a traffic circle has the right of way. But according to Maryland law the car *entering* has the right of way . . .

We have the means to straighten out the present legislative jumble. All we lack, seemingly, is the will.

Thirty years ago—in 1926—a committee under the Secretary of Commerce distilled the best of each state's laws into a single Uniform Vehicle Code. That code has since been constantly reviewed and revised to keep it abreast of the changing patterns of traffic. Its adoption by the states has been urged by, among others, the American Automobile Association, the Bureau of Public Roads, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Safety Council and the National Highway Users Conference. The latest Governors' Conference named a special committee under Connecticut's Governor Abraham Ribicoff to begin a new study aimed at adoption of uniform laws and uniform enforcement among the states.

The 30 years of campaigning for adoption of the Uniform Vehicle Code covers more than half the automotive history of the United States. But 13 state legislatures have still refused, or haven't bothered, to bring their rules of the road even into "substantial" agreement with those set forth in the code. The result has been a legislative hodgepodge that makes it virtually impossible for the conscientious interstate driver to know what laws apply in the place where he is. Add the radical differences in the degree of enforcement among various states and communities, and we have a fabric of regulation and nonregulation that can't help but undermine basic respect for the law itself.

One of the fundamental reasons for having traffic laws at all is to establish a degree of uniformity, and therefore of predictability, in the driving habits of those motorists with whom we're going to share the road. But where is our predictability when a left-hand-turn signal in New York may mean a right-hand turn in Pennsylvania? Or when a driver with the right of way under Oregon law comes to an intersection and meets another driver who has the right of way under his native California law? And what, we may wonder, will happen to the flow of traffic if ever a law-abiding Marylander about to enter the Chevy Chase Circle meets an equally conscientious Washington driver already in it—so that each is required to wait for the other?

In the days when a 25-mile trip was a major undertaking, we could afford to indulge local whims in the making of traffic laws. But today hardly anyone does all his driving within a single state. Automobile designers have superbly anticipated the motoring needs of a nation that has telescoped yesterday's journey into a jaunt today. Those who plan our highways have at least followed closely behind these needs. But the makers of our laws have seemed to ignore one basic principle of traffic regulation: it matters less what the rules of the road are than it does that everyone driving on the same roads drive by the same rules.

Don McClaugherty, chairman of the Uniform Laws and Safety Committee of the Highway Transportation Congress, has estimated that eliminating the present jumble of conflicting state traffic laws could reduce road accidents by 30 per cent. Even allowing for Mr. McClaugherty's possible optimism, there can be no doubt that at least a significant part of the 38,000 persons who died last year in automobile accidents would still be alive if we had had one set of rules that all drivers could follow.

The rules are written. Adoption of the Uniform Vehicle Code has been urged by virtually every expert group of national stature in the field. Beyond that the experts cannot go; the rest is up to the legislatures of the several states. Our new highways are costing billions. But for new laws money is not the prime factor. What's called for, mainly, is foresight—and action.

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